THE

# WORKS

OF THE

# Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK's, DUBLIN.

---

ARRANGED, REVISED, AND CORRECTED,
WITH NOTES,
By THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

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A NEW EDITION,
IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. XII.

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LONDON:
Printed for C. BATHURST, W. STRAHAN, B. COLLINS,
J. F. & C. RIVINGTON, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, J. DODSLEY,
T. LONGMAN, R. BALDWIN, T. CADELL,
J. NICHOLS, T. EGERTON, & W. BENT.
MDCCLXXXIV.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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# TWELFTH VOLUME.

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# LETTERS

TO AND FROM

# DR. SWIFT.

## From PETER LUDLOW, Esq.

September 10, 1718.

I SEND you the incloſed pamphlet by a private hand, not daring to venture it by the common poſt; for it is a melancholy circumſtance we are now in, that friends are afraid to carry on even a bare correſpondence, much more to write news, or ſend papers of conſequence (as I take the incloſed to be) that way. But I ſuppoſe I need make no apology for not ſending it by poſt, for you muſt know, and own too, that my fears are by no means groundleſs. For, your friend Mr. Manley * has been guilty of opening letters that were not directed to him, nor his wife, nor really to one of his acquaintance. Indeed, I own, it ſo happened, that

* Poſt-maſter general of Ireland, whom Dr. Swift had greatly befriended in queen Anne's time.

they were of no conſequence, but ſecrets of ſtate, ſecrets of families, and other ſecrets (that one would by no means let Mr. Manley know) might have been diſcovered; beſides a thouſand, nay, for ought I know, more than a thouſand calamities might have enſued; I need not (I believe) enumerate them to you; but, to be plain with you, no man nor woman would (with their eyes open) be obliged to ſhew all they had to Mr. Manley. Theſe I think ſufficient reaſons for ſending it in the manner I do; but ſubmit them and myſelf to your candour and cenſure.

The paper, I believe, you'll find very artfully written, and a great deal couched under the appearance (I own at firſt) of blunders, and a ſilly Tale. For, who, with half an eye, may not perceive, that, by the old woman's being drowned at Ratcliff-highway, and not dead yet, is meant the Church, which may be ſunk or drowned, but in all probability will riſe again. Then the man, who was followed, and overtaken, is eaſily gueſſed at. He could not tell (the ingenious author ſays) whether ſhe was dead: true! but may be he will tell ſoon. But then the author goes on (who muſt be ſuppoſed a high-church-man) and enquires of a man riding a horſeback upon a mare. That's prepoſterous, and muſt allude to a great man who has been guilty (or he is foully belied) of very prepoſterous actions; when the author comes up to him, the man takes him for a Robber, or Tory, and ran from him, but you find he purſued him furiouſly. Mark that: and the horſe.—This is indeed carry-

ing a figure farther than Homer does: he makes the ſhield or its device an epithet ſometimes to his warrior, but never, as I remember, puts it in place of the perſon; but there is a figure for this in rhetorick, which I own I don't remember; by which we often ſay, He is a good fiddle, or rather, as by the Gown is often meant particular Parſons. Well then, you find the Horſe, ſeeing himſelf dead, or undone, ran away as faſt as he could, and left the prepoſterous fellow to go afoot. During this their misfortune, the candid author (whom I cannot mention without a profound reſpect) calls them friends, and means to do them no harm; only enquires after the welfare of the church.—Ah! dear Sir, this is the true character of the Tories. And here I cannot but compare the generoſity and goodnature of the one, with the ſullen ingratitude of the other; we find the horſe gone, and they footing it give a ſurly anſwer; while the other (though a conqueror) offers his friendſhip, and aſks the queſtion with a "Pray inform me."

I have gone, my dear friend, thus far with the paper, to ſhew you how excellent a piece I take it to be, and muſt beg the favour of you to give me your opinion of it, and ſend me your animadverſions upon the whole; which I am confident you won't refuſe me, when you conſider of how great an advantage they will be to the whole earth, who, may be, to this day, have read over theſe ſheets with too ſuperficial an underſtanding; and eſpecially ſince it is the requeſt of, learned Sir, your moſt dutiful and obedient humble ſervant,

Sir POLITICK WOULD-BE.

I ſubmit it to your better judgment (when you make a more curious enquiry into the arcana of this piece) to conſider whether, by Sir John Vangs (who you find lives by the water-ſide) muſt not be meant the Dutch; ſince you find too, that he eats bag pudding freezing hot; this may ſeem a paradox, but I have been aſſured by a curious friend of mine of great veracity, who had lived many winters in Holland, that nothing is more common than for hot pudding to freeze in that cold country: but then what convinces me that by Sir John, the Dutch muſt be meant, is, that you find he creeps out of a ſtopper-hole, which alludes to their mean origin. I muſt obſerve too, that gammer Vangs had an old woman to her ſon. That's a bob for Glorious *.—But I am under great concern to find ſo hard a ſentence paſt upon poor Swift, becauſe he's little. I think him better than any of them, and hope to ſee him greater.

## From Mr. PRIOR †.

MY DEAR DEAN, London, Sept. 25, 1718.

I HAVE now made an end of what you, in your haughty manner, call wretched work. My book is quite printed off; and if you are as much upon the *bagatelle*, as you pretend to be, you will find more pleaſure in it than you imagine. We are go-

* The common appellation in Ireland for king William III.

† On the back of this letter the Dean has written—"Levanda eſt "enim paupertas eorum hominum, qui diu reipublicæ viventes, "pauperes ſunt, & nullorum magis."

ing

ing to print the ſubſcribers names: if, therefore, you have any by you, which are not yet remitted, pray ſend them over by the next poſt. If you have not, pray ſend me word of that too; that, in all caſes, I may at laſt hear from you. E—— of O—— has been in town all this ſummer, is now going into Herefordſhire, and ſays I ſhall ſee you very ſoon in England. I would tell you with what pleaſure this would be, if I knew upon what certainty the hopes of it were founded. Write me word of this too; for upon it I would order my matters ſo, that I may be as much with you as I can; and this you will find no little favour; for, I aſſure you, we are all ſo changed, that there is very little choice of ſuch company as you would like; and except about eighteen hundred that have ſubſcribed to my book, I do not hear of as many more in this nation, that have common ſenſe. My couſin Pennyfeather and Will. Phillips drink your health. I cough, but I am otherwiſe well; and till I ceaſe to cough, *i. e.* to live, I am, with intire friendſhip and affection, dear Sir, your moſt obedient and humble ſervant,

M. PRIOR.

## From Mr. ADDISON.

DEAR SIR, Briſtol, Oct. 1, 1718.

I HAVE received the honour of your letter at Briſtol, where I have juſt finiſhed a courſe of water-drinking, which I hope has pretty well recovered me from the leavings of my laſt winter's

ſickneſs. As for the ſubject of your letter, though you know an affair of that nature cannot well nor ſafely be treated of in writing, I deſired a friend of mine to acquaint Sir Ralph Gore, that I was under a pre-engagement, and not at my own choice to act in it, and have ſince troubled my lady Aſhe with a letter to the ſame effect, which I hope has not miſcarried. However, upon my return to London, I will farther inquire into that matter, and ſee if there is any room left for me to negociate as you propoſe.

I live ſtill in hopes of ſeeing you in England, and if you would take my houſe at Bilton in your way, (which lies upon the road within a mile of Rugby) I would ſtrain hard to meet you there, provided you would make me happy in your company for ſome days. The greateſt pleaſure I have met with for ſome months, is in the converſation of my old friend Dr. Smalridge; who, ſince the death of the excellent man you mention, is to me the moſt candid and agreeable of all biſhops; I would ſay clergymen, were not deans comprehended under that title. We have often talked of you; and when I aſſure you he has an exquiſite taſte of writing, I need not tell you how he talks on ſuch a ſubject. I look upon it as my good fortune, that I can expreſs my eſteem of you, even to thoſe, who are not of the biſhop's party, without giving offence. When a man has ſo much compaſs in his character, he affords his friends topics enough to enlarge upon, that all ſides admire. I am ſure a ſincere and zealous friendly behaviour diſtinguiſhes

guiſhes you as much as your many more ſhining talents; and as I have received particular inſtances of it, you muſt have a very bad opinion of me, if you do not think I heartily love and reſpect you; and that I am ever, dear Sir, your moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant,

J. ADDISON.

## From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, London, Oct. 14, 1718.

THIS ſerves for an envelope to the incloſed; for I cannot tell whether you care to hear from any of your friends on this ſide. In your laſt, I think, you deſired me to let you alone to enjoy your own ſpleen. Can you purchaſe your fifty pounds a year in Wales. Yet I can tell you, beforehand, Lewis ſcorns to live with you there. He keeps company with the greateſt, and is principal governor in many families. I have been in France; ſix weeks at Paris, and as much at Rouen; where, I can aſſure you, I hardly heard a word of news or politics, except a little clutter about ſending ſome impertinent preſidents du parliament to priſon, that had the impudence to talk for the laws and liberties of their country. I was aſked for Monſieur Swift by many people, I can aſſure you; and particularly by the duke d'Aumont. I was reſpectfully and kindly treated by many folks, and even by the great Mr. Laws *. Amongſt other things,

* The contriver of the Miſſiſſippi ſcheme.

I had the honour to carry an Iriſh * lady to court, that was admired beyond all the ladies in France for her beauty. She had great honours done her. The huſſar himſelf was ordered to bring her the king's cat to kiſs. Her name is Bennet. Among other folks I ſaw your old friend lord Bolingbroke, who aſked for you. He looks juſt as he did. Your friends here are in good health; not changed in their ſentiments towards you. I left my two girls in France with their uncle, which was my chief buſineſs. I don't know that I have any friends on your ſide, beſide Mr. Ford, to whom give my ſervice, and to Dr. Parnell and Mr. Jervoiſe.

* The celebrated beauty Miſs Nelly Bennet, on whom theſe lines were written;

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her couſins)
Acroſs the Thuilleries, each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.

The king, as he at dinner ſat
Did beckon to his huſſar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming Nell to buſs her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
To ſee her ſo reſpected:
The men look'd arch, as Nelly ſtrok'd,
And puſs her tail erected.

But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly;
Then ſaid the duke de Villeroi,
*Ah! qu'elle eſt bien jolie?*

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praiſes;
Admir'd her roſe, and *lis ſans farde*,
Which are your terms *Francoiſes*.

If it be poſſible for you, obey the contents of the incloſed; which, I ſuppoſe, is a kind invitation. The dragon is juſt as he was, only all his old habits ten times ſtronger upon him than ever. Let me beg of you not to forget me, for I can never ceaſe to love and eſteem you, being ever your moſt affectionate and obliged humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

From the Same.

DEAR BROTHER, London, Dec. 11, 1718.

FOR ſo I had called you before, were it not for a certain reverence I pay to deans. I find you wiſh both me and yourſelf to live to be old and rich. The ſecond goes in courſe along with the firſt; but you cannot give ſeven (that is the tythe of ſeventy) good reaſons for either. Glad at my heart ſhould I be, if Dr. Helſham or I could do you any good. My ſervice to Dr. Helſham; he does not want my advice in the caſe. I have done good lately to a patient and a friend in that complaint of a vertigo, by cinnabar of antimony and caſtor, made up into bolus's with confect of alkermes. I had no great opinion of the cinnabar; but trying it amongſt other things, my friend found good of this preſcription. I had tried the caſtor alone before, not with ſo much ſucceſs. Small quantities of *tinctura ſacra*, now and then will do you good. There are twenty lords, I believe,

lieve, would ſend you horſes, if they knew how. One or two have offered to me, who, I believe, would be as good as their words. Mr. Rowe, the poet laureat, is dead, and has left a damned jade of a Pegaſus. I'll anſwer for it, he won't do as your mare did, having more need of Lucan's preſent, than Sir Richard Blackmore. I would fain have Pope get a patent for life for the place, with a power of putting in Durfey his deputy. The dragon is come to town, and was entering upon the detail of the reaſons of ſtate, that kept him from appearing at the beginning, *&c.* when I did believe at the ſame time, it was only a law of nature, to which the dragon is moſt ſubject, *Remanere in ſtatu in quo eſt, niſi deturbetur ab extrinſeco.* Lord Harley and lady Harley give you their ſervice. Lewis is in the country with lord Bathurſt, and has writ me a moſt dreadful ſtory of a mad dog, that bit their huntſman; ſince which accident, I am told, he has ſhortened his ſtirrups three bores; they were not long before. Lord Oxford preſented him with two horſes. He has ſold one, and ſent the other to graſs, *avec beaucoup de ſageſſe.* I do not believe the ſtory of lord Bolingbroke's marriage, for I have been conſulted about the lady; and, by ſome defects in her conſtitution, I ſhould not think her appetite lay much towards matrimony. There is ſome talk about reverſing his attainder; but I wiſh he may not be diſappointed. I am for all precedents of that kind. They ſay the Pretender is likely to have his chief miniſter impeached like ****. He has his wife priſoner too.

The

The footmen of the houſe of commons chooſe their ſpeaker, and impeach, &c. I think it were proper, that all monarchs ſhould ſerve their apprenticeſhips as Pretenders, that we might diſcover their defects. Did you ever expect to live to ſee the duke of Ormond fighting againſt the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, and the duke of Berwick fighting for it? France, in confederacy with England, to reduce the exorbitant power of Spain? I really think there is no ſuch good reaſon for living till ſeventy, as curioſity. You ſay you are ready to reſent it as an affront, if I thought a beautiful lady a curioſity in Ireland; but pray is it an affront to ſay, that a lady, hardly known or obſerved for her beauty in Ireland, is a curioſity in France. All deans naturally fall into paralogiſms. My wife gives you her kind love and ſervice, and, which is the firſt thing that occurs to all wives, wiſhes you well married. I have not clean paper more than to bid you—Adieu.

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

March 17, 1719.

I HAVE not theſe ſeveral years taſted ſo ſenſible a pleaſure, as your letters of the 6th of January and 16th of February gave me; and I know enough of the tenderneſs of your heart, to be aſſured, that the letter I am writing will produce much the ſame effect on you. I feel my own pleaſure, and I feel your's. The trueſt reflection, and

at

at the ſame time, the bittereſt ſatire, which can be made on the preſent age, is this; that to think as you think, will make a man paſs for romantic. Sincerity, conſtancy, tenderneſs, are rarely to be found. They are ſo much out of uſe, that the man of mode imagines them to be out of nature. We meet with few friends; the greateſt part of thoſe, who paſs for ſuch, are, properly ſpeaking, nothing more than acquaintance; and no wonder, ſince Tully's maxim is certainly true, that friendſhip can ſubſiſt *non niſi inter bonos*, at that age of life, when there is balm in the blood, and that confidence in the mind, which the innocency of our own heart inſpires, and the experience of other men's deſtroys. I was apt to confound my acquaintance and my friends together. I never doubted but that I had a numerous cohort of the latter. I expected, if ever I fell into misfortune, to have as many, and as remarkable inſtances of friendſhip to produce, as the Scythian, in one of Lucian's Dialogues, draws from his nation. Into theſe misfortunes I have fallen. Thus far my propitious ſtars have not diſappointed my expectations. The reſt have almoſt entirely failed me. The fire of my adverſity has purged the maſs of my acquaintance; and the ſeparation made, I diſcover, on one ſide, a handful of friends; but on the other, a legion of enemies, at leaſt of ſtrangers. Happily this fiery trial has had an effect on me, which makes me ſome amends. I have found leſs reſource in other people, and more in myſelf, than I expected. I make good, at this hour, the motto

which

which I took nine years ago, when I was weak enough to liſt again under the conduct of a man *, of whom nature meant to make a ſpy, or, at moſt, a captain of miners; and whom fortune, in one of her whimſical moods, made a general.

I enjoy, at this hour, with very tolerable health, great tranquillity of mind. You will, I am ſure, hear this with ſatisfaction; and ſure it is, that I tell it you without the leaſt affectation. I live, my friend, in a narrower circle than ever; but, I think, in a larger. When I look back on what is paſt, I obſerve a multitude of errors, but no crimes. I have been far from following the advice which Cælius gave to Cicero; *Id melius eſt ſtatuere quod tutius ſit:* and I think, may ſay to myſelf, what Dolobella ſays, in one of his letters, to the ſame Cicero: *Satisfactum eſt jam a te, vel officio, vel familiaritati: ſatisfactum etiam partibus, et ei reipublicæ, quam tu probabas. Reliquum eſt, ubi nunc eſt reſpublica, ibi ſimus potius, quàm, dum illam veterem ſequamur, ſimus in nullâ.* What my memory has furniſhed on this head, (for I have neither books nor papers here concerning home affairs) is writ with great truth, and with as much clearneſs as I could give it. If ever we meet, you will, perhaps, not think two or three hours abſolutely thrown away in reading it. One thing I will venture to aſſure you of before-hand, which is, that you will think I never deſerved more to be commended, than while I was the moſt blamed; and,

* Robert, earl of Oxford.

that

that you will pronounce the brighteſt part of my character to be that, which has been diſguiſed by the nature of things, miſrepreſented by the malice of men, and which is ſtill behind a cloud. In what is paſt, therefore, I find no great ſource of uneaſineſs. As to the preſent, my fortune is extremely reduced; but my deſires are ſtill more ſo. Nothing is more certain than this truth, that all our wants, beyond thoſe, which a very moderate income will ſupply, are purely imaginary; and that his happineſs is greater, and better aſſured, who brings his mind up to a temper of not feeling them, than his, who feels them, and has wherewithal to ſupply them. Hor. epiſt. i. lib. 1.

——Vides, quæ maxima credis
Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto devites, &c.

Which I paraphraſed thus, not long ago, in my poſt-chaiſe:

Survey mankind, obſerve what riſques they run,
What fancy'd ills, thro' real dangers, ſhun;
Thoſe fancy'd ills, ſo dreadful to the great,
A loſt election, or impair'd eſtate.
Obſerve the merchant, who, intent on gain,
Affronts the terrors of the Indian main;
Tho' ſtorms ariſe, and broken rocks appear,
He flies from poverty, knows no other fear.
Vain men! who might arrive, with toil far leſs,
By ſmoother paths, at greater happineſs.
For 'tis ſuperior bliſs, not to deſire
That trifling good, which fondly you admire,
Poſſeſs precarious, and too dear acquire.

What

What hackney gladiator can you find,
By whom the Olympic crown would be declin'd?
Who, rather than that glorious palm to ſeize,
With ſafety combat, and prevail with eaſe,
Would chooſe on ſome inglorious ſtage to tread,
And, fighting, ſtroll from wake to wake for bread?

As to what is to happen, I am not anxious about it: on which ſubject I have twenty fine quotations at the end of my pen; but, I think, it is better to own frankly to you, that upon a principle (which I have long eſtabliſhed) we are a great deal more mechanical than our vanity will give us leave to allow; I have familiarized the worſt proſpects to my ſight; and, by ſtaring want, ſolitude, neglect, and the reſt of that train in the face, I have diſarmed them of their terrors. I have heard of ſomebody, who, while he was in the Tower, uſed, every morning, to lay down on the block, and ſo act over his laſt ſcene.

Nothing diſturbs me, but the uncertainty of my ſituation, which the zeal of a few friends, and the inveteracy of a great many enemies, entertain. The more prepared I am to paſs the remainder of my life in exile, the more ſenſibly ſhall I feel the pleaſure of returning to you, if his majeſty's unconditional favour, (the offers of which prevented even my wiſhes) proves at laſt effectual. I cannot apply to myſelf, as you bid me do;—*Non tibi parvum ingenium, non incultum eſt*, and what follows; and, if ever we live in the ſame country together, you ſhall not apply to me,——*Quod ſi frigida cu-rarum fomenta relinquere poſſes.*

I have

I have writ to you, before I was aware of it, a long letter. The pleaſure of breaking ſo long a ſilence tranſports me; and your ſentiment is a ſufficient excuſe. It is not ſo eaſy to find one for talking ſo much about myſelf; but I ſhall want none with you upon this ſcore. Adieu.

This letter will get ſafe to London; and from thence, I hope, the friend, to whom I recommend it, will find means of conveying it to you.—For God's ſake, no more apologies for your quotations, unleſs you mean, by accuſing yourſelf, to correct me.

There never was a better application than your's, of the ſtory of Pierochole. The ſtorks will never come, and they muſt be porters all their lives. They are ſomething worſe; for I had rather be a porter than a tool: I would ſooner lend out my back to hire, than my name. They are at this time the inſtruments of a ſaucy gardener, who has got a gold croſs on his ſtomach, and a red cap on his head.

A poor gentleman, who puts me often in mind of one of Scandal's pictures in Congreve's play of Love for Love, where a ſoldier is repreſented with his heart where his head ſhould be, and no head at all, is the conductor of this doughty enterprize; which will end in making their cauſe a little more deſperate than it is. Again, adieu.

Let me hear from you by the ſame conveyance, that brings you this. I am in pain about your health. From the 6th of January to the 16th of February is a long courſe of illneſs.

To

## To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, May, 1719.

I FORGET whether I formerly mentioned to you what I have obſerved in Cicero; that in ſome of his letters, while he was in exile, there is a ſort of melancholy pleaſure, which is wonderfully affecting. I believe the reaſon muſt be, that in thoſe circumſtances of life, there is more leiſure for friendſhip to operate, without any mixture of envy, intereſt, or ambition. But, I am afraid, this was chiefly when Cicero writ to his brethren in exile, or they to him; becauſe common diſtreſs is a great promoter both of friendſhip and ſpeculation: for, I doubt, proſperity and adverſity are too much at variance, ever to ſuffer a near alliance between their owners.

Friendſhip, we ſay, is created by a reſemblance of humours. You allow that adverſity both taught you to think and reaſon much otherwiſe than you did; whereas, I can aſſure you, that thoſe who contrived to ſtay at home, and keep what they had, are not changed at all; and if they ſometimes drink an abſent friend's health, they have fully diſcharged their duty. I have been, for ſome time, nurſing up an obſervation, which perhaps may be a juſt one: that no men are uſed ſo ill, upon a change of times, as thoſe who acted upon a public view, without regard to themſelves. I do not mean from the circumſtance of ſaving more or leſs

money, but becauſe I take it, that the ſame grain of caution, which diſpoſes a man to fill his coffers, will teach him how to preſerve them upon all events. And I dare hold a wager that the duke of Marlborough, in all his campaigns, was never known to loſe his baggage. I am heartily glad to hear of that unconditional offer you mention; becauſe I have been taught to believe there is little good-nature to be had from that quarter; and if the offer were ſincere, I know not why it has not ſucceeded, ſince every thing is granted that can be aſked for, unleſs there be an exception only for generous and good-natured actions. When I think of you with relation to Sir * Roger, I imagine a youth of ſixteen marrying a woman of thirty for love; ſhe decays every year, while he grows up to his prime; and when it is too late, he wonders how he could think of ſo unequal a match, or what is become of the beauty he was ſo fond of.—I am told, he outdoes himſelf in every quality for which we uſed to quarrel with him. I do not think, that leiſure of life, and tranquillity of mind, which fortune and your own wiſdom has given you, could be better employed than in drawing up very exact memoirs of thoſe affairs, wherein, to my knowledge, you had the moſt difficult and weighty part: and I have often thought, in comparing periods of time, there never was a more important one in England, than that which made up the four laſt years of the late queen. Neither do I think any thing could

* Lord Oxford.

be

be more entertaining, or uſeful, than the ſtory of it fully and exactly told, with ſuch obſervations, in ſuch a ſpirit, ſtyle, and method, as you alone are capable of performing it. One reaſon why we have ſo few memoirs written by principal actors, is, becauſe much familiarity with great affairs makes men value them too little; yet ſuch perſons will read Tacitus and Commines with wonderful delight. Therefore I muſt beg two things; firſt, that you will not omit any paſſage becauſe you think it of little moment; and ſecondly, that you will write to an ignorant world, and not ſuppoſe your reader to be only of the preſent age, or to live within ten miles of London. There is nothing more vexes me in old hiſtorians, than when they leave me in the dark in ſome paſſages which they ſuppoſe every one to know. It is this lazineſs, pride, or incapacity of great men, that has given way to the impertinents of the nation where you are, to peſter us with memoirs full of trifling and romance. Let a Frenchman talk twice with a miniſter of ſtate, he deſires no more to furniſh out a volume; and I, who am no Frenchman, deſpairing ever to ſee any thing of what you tell me, have been ſome time providing materials for ſuch a work, only upon the ſtrength of having been always among you, and uſed with more kindneſs and confidence than it often happens to men of my trade and level. But I am heartily glad of ſo good a reaſon to think no farther that way, although I could ſay many things which you will never allow yourſelf to write. I have already drawn your character at length in one

tract, and a ſketch of it in another. But I am ſenſible that when Cæſar deſcribes one of his own battles, we conceive a greater idea of him from thence, than from all the praiſes any other writer can give him.

I read your Paraphraſe with great pleaſure; and the goodneſs of the poetry convinces me of the truth of your philoſophy. I agree, that a great part of our wants is imaginary; yet there is a different proportion, even in real want, between one man and another. A king deprived of his kingdom, would be allowed to live in real want, although he had ten thouſand a year; and the caſe is parallel in every degree of life. When I reaſon thus on the caſe of ſome abſent friends, it frequently takes away all the quiet of my mind. I think it indecent to be merry, or take ſatisfaction in any thing, while thoſe who preſided in councils or armies, and by whom I had the honour to be beloved, are either in humble ſolitude, or attending, like Hannibal, in foreign courts, *donec Bithyno libeat vigilare tyranno.* My health (a thing of no moment) is ſomewhat mended; but, at beſt, I have an ill head and an aching heart. Pray God ſend you ſoon back to your country in peace and honour, that I may once more ſee him *cum quo morantem ſæpe diem ſregi, &c.*

From

## From Mr. PRIOR.

DEAR SIR, Weſtminſter, May 5, 1718.

SINCE I love you with all the ties of inclination and friendſhip, and wiſh you all the happineſs of life, health eſpecially, the chiefeſt, you will pardon me being a little peeviſh, when I received your's of the twenty-eighth paſt, which told me I muſt not expect to ſee you here, and that you were not perfectly well at Dublin. I hope there is a little ſpleen mixed with your diſtemper; in which caſe your horſe may be your phyſician, and your phyſician may have the happineſs of being your companion; an honour, which many here would envy him. As to the *ſang froid* of fifty, who has it not, that is worth converſing with, except Harley and Bathurſt? at leaſt, make no more that ſort of complaint to me. *Iſthæc commemoratio eſt quaſi exprobratio*; for fifty (as Mr. Locke obſerves) is equal to fifty; and a cough is worſe than the ſpleen. My bookſeller is a blockhead; ſo have they all been, or worſe, from Chaucer's ſcrivener, down to John and Jacob; Mr. Hyde only excepted, to whom my books in quires are conſigned, and the greateſt care taken, that they are rightly put up. Several of the ſubſcribers to you requiring their books here, have had them. I need not repeat my thanks to you, for the trouble this matter has given you; or intreat your favour for Alma and Solomon. I ſhall perform your commands to the earl of Ox-

ford, *ſemper idem*; and drink your health with our friends, which is all I can do for you at this diſtance, till your particular order enjoins me any thing, by which I may ſhew you, that I am, and deſire always to continue, with the greateſt truth and regard, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

M. PRIOR.

From the Same.

SIR, Weſtminſter, Dec. 8, 1719.

HAVING ſpent part of my ſummer very agreeably in Cambridgeſhire with dear lord Harley, I am returned without him to my own palace in Duke-ſtreet, whence I endeavour to exclude all the tumult and noiſe of the neighbouring Court of Requeſts, and to live *aut nihil agendo aut aliud agendo*, till he comes to town. But there is worſe than this yet, I have treated lady Harriot * at Cambridge; (Good God! a fellow of a college treat!) and ſpoke verſes to her † in a gown and cap! What! the plenipotentiary ſo far concerned in the damned peace at Utrecht; the man, that makes up half the volume of terſe proſe, that makes up the report of the committee, ſpeaking verſes! *Sic eſt, homo ſum;* and am not aſhamed to ſend thoſe very

* Lady Harriot Harley, only daughter of Edward lord Harley; afterwards ducheſs of Portland.

† They are printed in what is called by the editor, Samuel Humphreys, Eſq; the third volume of Prior's Works; and are intitled, "Verſes ſpoken to Lady Henrietta Cavendiſh Holles Harley, in the "Library of St. John's College, Cambridge, Nov. 9, 1719."

verſes

verſes to one, who can make much better. And now let me aſk you, How you do? and what you do? How your Iriſh country air agrees with you, and when you intend to take any Engliſh country air? In the ſpring I will meet you where you will, and go with you where you will; but I believe the beſt rendezvous will be Duke-ſtreet, and the faireſt field for action Wimple*; the lords of both thoſe ſeats agreeing, that no man will be more welcome to either than yourſelf.

It is many months ſince the complaints of my ſubſcribers are redreſſed, and that they have ceaſed to call the bookſeller a blockhead, by transferring that title to the author. We have not heard from Mr. Hyde, but expect, that at his leiſure he will ſignify to Tonſon what may relate to that whole matter, as to the ſecond ſubſcriptions. In the mean time, I hope the books have been delivered without any miſtake; and ſhall only repeat to you, that I am ſenſible of the trouble my poetry has given you, and return you my thanks in plain proſe. Earl of Oxford, *pro more ſuo*, went late into the country, and continues there ſtill. Our friends are all well; ſo am I, *niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt*; which is at this preſent writing, and will continue ſo all the winter. So, with weak lungs, and a very good heart, I remain always, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

M. PRIOR.

P. S. Service to Matthew Pennyfeather, and all friends. Adieu.

* The ſeat of lord Harley.

## To Miſs VANHOMRIGH.

May 12, 1719.

JE vous fais des complimens ſur votre perfection dans la langue Françoiſe. Il faut vous connoitre long temps avant de connoitre toutes vos perfections ; toujours en vous voyant et entendant, il en paroit des nouvelles, qui eſtoient auparavant cachées ; il eſt honteux pour moy de ne ſçavoir que le Gaſcon et le Patois, au prix de vous. Il n'y a rien à redire dans l'ortographie, la proprieté, l'élegance, le douceur et l'eſprit. Et que je ſuis ſot moy de vous repondre en meſme langage, vous qui eſtes incapable d'aucune ſottiſe, ſi ce n'eſt l'eſtime qu'il vous plaiſt d'avoir pour moy ; car il n'y a point de merite, ni aucun preuve de mon bon gout, de trouver en vous tout ce que la nature a donné à un mortel, je veux dire l'honneur, la vertu, le bon ſens, l'eſprit, la douceur, l'agrément, et la fermeté d'ame ; mais en vous cachant, commes vous faites, le monde ne vous connoît pas, et vous perdez l'eloge des millions de gens. Depuis que j'ay l'honneur de vous connoître, j'ay toujours remarqué que ni en converſation particuliere, ni generale, aucun mot a echappé de votre bouche, qui pouvoit être mieux exprimé. Et je vous jure, qu'en faiſant ſouvent la plus ſevere critique, je ne pouvois jamais trouver aucun defaut en vos actions, ni en vos paroles : la coqueterie, l'affectation, la pruderie ſont des imperfections que vous n'avez jamais connues. Et avec

tout

tout cela, croyez pas vous, qu'il eſt poſſible de ne vous eſtimer au deſſus du reſte du genre humain. Quelles beſtes en jupes ſont les plus excellentes de celles, que je vois ſemées dans le monde, au prix de vous: en les voyant, en les entendant, je dis cent fois le jour; ne parlez, ne regardez, ne penſez, ne faites rien comme ces miſerables. Quelle calamité à faire mepriſer autant de gens, qui ſans ſonger de vous, ſeroient aſſez ſupportables: mais il eſt temps de vous delaſſer, et de vous dire Adieu: avec tout le reſpect, la ſincerité, et l'eſtime du monde, je ſuis, et ſeray toujours.

## To Dr. SHERIDAN*.

SIR, Dec. 14, 1719. Nine at night.

IT is impoſſible to know by your letter whether the wine is to be bottled to-morrow, or no.

If it be, or be not, why did not you in plain Engliſh tell us ſo?

For my part, it was by mere chance I came to ſit with the ladies this night.

And if they had not told me there was a letter from you, and your man Alexander had not gone, and come back from the deanry, and the boy here had not been ſent to let Alexander know I was here, I ſhould have miſs'd the letter outright.

Truly I don't know who's bound to be ſending for corks to ſtop your bottles, with a vengeance.

* In this letter, though written in proſe, every paragraph ends with a rhime to the foregoing one.

Make

Make a page of your own age, and ſend your man Alexander to buy corks, for Saunders already has gone above ten jaunts.

Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnſon ſay, truly they don't care for your wife's company, though they like your wine; but they had rather have it at their own houſe to drink in quiet.

However they own it is very civil in Mr. Sheridan to make the offer; and they cannot deny it.

I wiſh Alexander ſafe at St. Katherine's to-night, with all my heart and ſoul, upon my word and honour.

But I think it baſe in you to ſend a poor fellow out ſo late at this time of year, when one would not turn out a dog that one valued; I appeal to your friend Mr. Connor.

I would preſent my humble ſervice to my lady Mountcaſhel; but truly I thought ſhe would have made advances to have been acquainted with me, as ſhe pretended.

But now I can write no more, for you ſee plainly my paper is ended.

P. S. I wiſh when you prated,
Your letter you'd dated,
Much plague it created,
I ſcolded and rated,
My ſoul it much grated,
For your man I long waited.
I think you are fated,
Like a bear to be baited:

Your

Your man is belated,
The caſe I have ſtated,
And me you have cheated.
My ſtable's unſlated,
Come back t'us well freighted;
I remember my late-head,
And wiſh you tranſlated,
For teazing me.

2 P. S. Mrs. Dingley
Deſires me ſingly
Her ſervice to preſent you,
Hopes that will content you;
But Johnſon madam
Is grown a ſad dame,
For want of your converſe,
And cannot ſend one verſe.

3 P. S. You keep ſuch a twattling
With you and your bottling,
But I ſee the ſum total,
We ſhall ne'er have one bottle;
The long and the ſhort,
We ſhall not have a quart.
I wiſh you would ſign't,
That we may have a pint.
For all your * colloguing,
I'd be glad of a † knogging:

* Colloguing is a phraſe uſed in Ireland for a ſpecious appearance of kindneſs, without ſincerity.

† Knogging is in Ireland, the name of a meaſure of liquor anſwering to the Engliſh quartern or gill.

But

But I doubt 'tis a ſham,
You won't give us a dram.
'Tis of ſhine, a mouth moon-full,
You won't part with a ſpoonful,
And I muſt be nimble,
If I can fill my thimble.
You ſee I won't ſtop,
Till I come to a drop;
But I doubt the oraculum
Is a poor ſupernaculum;
Tho' perhaps you may tell it
For a grace, if we ſmell it.

STELLA.

## To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

MY LORD, December 19, 1719.

I FIRST congratulate with you upon growing rich; for I hope our friend's information is true, *Omne ſolum diti patria.* Euripides makes the queen Jocaſta aſk her exiled ſon, how he got his victuals? But who ever expected to ſee you a trader or dealer in ſtocks? I thought to have ſeen you where you are, or perhaps nearer: but *diis aliter viſum.* It may be with one's country as with a lady: if ſhe be cruel and ill-natured, and will not receive us, we ought to conſider that we are better without her. But, in this caſe, we may add, ſhe has neither virtue, honour, nor juſtice. I have gotten a metzotinto (for want of a better) of Ariſtippus, in my drawing-room: the motto at the top is, *Omnis Ariſtippum,*

*ſippum*, &c. and at the bottom, *Tantâ fœdus cum gente ferire, commiſſum juveni.* But, ſince what I heard of Miſſiſſippi, I am grown fonder of the former motto. You have heard that Plato followed merchandize three years, to ſhew he knew how to grow rich, as well as to be a philoſopher: and I gueſs, Plato was then about forty, the period which the Italians preſcribe for being wiſe, in order to be rich at fifty—*Senes ut in otia tuta recedant.* I have known ſomething of courts and miniſters longer than you, who knew them ſo many thouſand times better; but I do not remember to have ever heard of, or ſeen, one great genius, who had long ſucceſs in the miniſtry: and recollecting a great many, in my memory and acquaintance, thoſe who had the ſmootheſt time, were, at beſt, men of middling degree in underſtanding. But, if I were to frame a romance of a great miniſter's life, he ſhould begin it as Ariſtippus has done; then be ſent into exile, and employ his leiſure in writing the memoirs of his own adminiſtration; then be recalled, invited to reſume his ſhare of power, act as far as was decent; at laſt, retire to the country, and be a pattern of hoſpitality, politeneſs, wiſdom, and virtue. Have you not obſerved, that there is a lower kind of diſcretion and regularity, which ſeldom fails of raiſing men to the higheſt ſtations, in the court, the church, and the law? It muſt be ſo: for, Providence, which deſigned the world ſhould be governed by many heads, made it a buſineſs within the reach of common underſtandings; while one great genius is hardly found among ten millions. Did

you

you never obſerve one of your clerks cutting his paper with a blunt ivory knife? did you ever know the knife to fail going the true way? whereas, if he had uſed a razor, or a pen-knife, he had odds againſt him of ſpoiling a whole ſheet. I have twenty times compared the motion of that ivory implement, to thoſe talents that thrive beſt at court. Think upon Lord Bacon, Williams, Strafford, Laud, Clarendon, Shafteſbury, the laſt duke of Buckingham; and of my own acquaintance, the earl of Oxford and yourſelf, all great geniuſes in their ſeveral ways; and if they had not been ſo great, would have been leſs unfortunate. I remember but one exception, and that was lord Somers, whoſe timorous nature, joined with the trade of a common lawyer, and the conſciouſneſs of a mean extraction, had taught him the regularity of an alderman, or a gentleman uſher. But, of late years I have been refining upon this thought: for I plainly ſee, that fellows of low intellectuals, when they are gotten at the head of affairs, can ſally into the higheſt exorbitances, with much more ſafety, than a man of great talents can make the leaſt ſtep out of the way. Perhaps it is for the ſame reaſon, that men are more afraid of attacking a vicious, than a mettleſome horſe: but I rather think it owing to that inceſſant envy, wherewith the common rate of mankind purſues all ſuperior natures to their own. And I conceive, if it were left to the choice of an aſs, he would rather be kicked by one of his own ſpecies, than a better. If you will recollect that I am towards ſix years older than when I ſaw you laſt, and

twenty

twenty years duller, you will not wonder to find me abound in empty ſpeculations: I can now expreſs in a hundred words, what would formerly have coſt me ten. I can write epigrams of fifty diſtichs, which might be ſqueezed into one. I have gone the round of all my ſtories three or four times with the younger people, and begin them again. I give hints how ſignificant a perſon I have been, and nobody believes me: I pretend to pity them, but am inwardly angry. I lay traps for people to deſire I would ſhew them ſome things I have written, but cannot ſucceed; and wreak my ſpite, in condemning the taſte of the people and company where I am. But it is with place, as it is with time. If I boaſt of having been valued three hundred miles off, it is of no more uſe than if I told how handſome I was when I was young. The worſt of it is, that lying is of no uſe; for the people here will not believe one half of what is true. If I can prevail on any one to perſonate a hearer and admirer, you would wonder what a favourite he grows. He is ſure to have the firſt glaſs out of the bottle, and the beſt bit I can carve.—Nothing has convinced me ſo much that I am of a little ſubaltern ſpirit, *inopis atque puſilli animi*, as to reflect how I am forced into the moſt trifling amuſements, to divert the vexation of former thoughts, and preſent objects.—Why cannot you lend me a ſhred of your mantle, or why did not you leave a ſhred of it with me when you were ſnatched from me?—You ſee I ſpeak in my trade, although it is growing faſt a trade to be aſhamed of.

I cannot but wiſh that you would make it poſſible for me to ſee a copy of the papers you are about; and I do proteſt it neceſſary that ſuch a thing ſhould be in ſome perſon's hands beſide your own, and I ſcorn to ſay how ſafe they would be in mine. Neither would you diſlike my cenſures, as far as they might relate to circumſtantials. I tax you with two minutes a day, until you have read this letter, although I am ſenſible you have not half ſo much from buſineſs more uſeful and entertaining.

My letter which miſcarried was, I believe, much as edifying as this, only thanking and congratulating with you for the delightful verſes you ſent me. And I ought to have expreſſed my vexation, at ſeeing you ſo much better a philoſopher than myſelf; a trade you were neither born nor bred to: But I think it is obſerved, that gentlemen often dance better than thoſe who live by the art. You may thank fortune that my paper is no longer, *&c.*

## From the Ducheſs of ORMOND.

SIR, April 18, 1720.

YOU'D have great reaſon to be angry with me, if my long ſilence had been occaſioned by any thing but my care of you; for having no ſafe hand to ſend by till now, I would not write, for fear it might be conſtrued a ſort of treaſon (miſpriſion at leaſt) for you to receive a letter from one-half of a proſcribed man. I enquire of every body I ſee, that I imagine has either ſeen you or heard from you, how you have your health; for wealth and happineſs

happineſs I don't ſuppoſe you abound in; for it is hard to meet with either in the country you are in, and be honeſt as you are. I thank God our parliament has taken them to taſk, and finding how ill a uſe they made of their judicature when they had it, have thought it not fit to truſt them with it any longer *. I hope the next thing will be to tax Ireland from hence, and then no more opportunities for bills of attainder, which is very happy; for elſe young Hopeful † might have been in danger. They were ſo good and obedient to the powers above, that whether there were reaſon or not, or as prince Butler ſaid, crime or no crime, the man was condemned, and a price ſet upon his head.

I want much to hear what you think of Great Britain; for all our relations here want much to ſee you, where are ſtrange changes every day. You remember, and ſo do I, when the South-ſea was ſaid to be my lord Oxford's brat, and muſt be ſtarved at nurſe. Now the king has adopted it, and calls it his beloved child; though, perhaps, you may ſay, if he loves it no better than his ſon,

* The houſe of peers in Ireland having tranſmitted to King George I. a long repreſentation, ſetting forth their right to the final judicature of cauſes in that kingdom, the houſe of lords in England reſolved, on the eighth of January 1719-20, on the contrary, that the barons of the Exchequer in Ireland had acted, in the affair of Anneſley and Sherlock, with courage, according to law, in ſupport of his majeſty's prerogative, and with fidelity to the crown of Great Britain; and a bill was ſoon after brought in, for the better ſecuring the dependency of the kingdom of Ireland upon the crown of Great Britain.

† The ducheſs ſeems to mean the prince of Wales, afterwards king George II. then upon ill terms with his father, and his father's miniſters.

it may not be ſaying much: but he loves it as well as he does the ducheſs of K——*, and that is ſaying a good deal. I wiſh it may thrive, for many of my friends are deep in it: I wiſh you were ſo too. I believe, by this time, you are very ſorry I have met with an opportunity of troubling you with this ſcrawl; but the ſtrong muſt bear with the infirmities of the weak; and therefore, brother, I hope you will pardon the impertinencies of your poor ſiſter, whoſe brain may be reaſonably thought turned with all ſhe has met with. But nothing will hinder her from being, as long as ſhe lives, moſt ſincerely your very humble ſervant, and faithful friend,

M. ORMOND.

## From Mr. PRIOR.

SIR, Weſtm. May 4, 1720.

FROM my good friend the Dean I have two letters before me, of what date I will not ſay, and I hope you have forgot, that call out for vengeance; or, as other readings have it, for an anſwer. You told me in one of them, you had been purſued with a giddy head; and I preſume you judged by my ſilence, that I have laboured under the ſame diſtemper. I don't know why you have not buried me, as you did Partridge, and given the wits of the age, the Steeles and Addiſons, a

* 'Kendal, Erengard Meleſina Schuylenberg, baroneſs of Schuylenberg in Germany. She was created ducheſs of Kendal by king George I. on the thirtieth of April 1719.'

new occaſion of living ſeven years upon one of your thoughts. When you have finiſhed the copy of verſes which you began in England, our writers may have another hint, upon which they may dwell ſeven years longer.

Are you Frenchman enough to knew how a Gaſcon ſuſtains his family for a week?

Dimanche, une Eſclanche;
Lundi, froide et Salade;
Mardi, j'aime la Grillade;
Mecredi, Hachée;
Jeudi, bon pour la Capillotade;
Vendredi, Point de Gras;
Samedi, qu'on me caſſe les os, et les chiens ſe creveront des reſtes de mon Mouton.

We can provide ſuch ſort of cookery, if you will but ſend us the *eſclanche*; but rather bring it with you, for it will eat much better, when you are in the company.

Lord Oxford has been a twelvemonth in Herefordſhire, as far from us, literally, though not geographically, as if he had been with you in Ireland. He has writ no more to us, than if we were ſtill miniſters of ſtate. But, in the balance of account, *per contra*, I have lord Harley at London; and have either lived with him at Wimple, or upon him here, ever ſince his father left us. I know no reaſon why you ſhould not expect his picture, but that he promiſed it to you ſo often. I wrote to him ſix months ſince, and inſtead of acknowledging my letter, he took a more compendious way of ſending a gentleman to lady Harriot, in

Dover-ſtreet; and bid him call at Weſtminſter, to know if I had any thing to ſay to his lord. He was here to a day, when he was ſure the ſcaffold was ready, and the axe whetted; and is in Herefordſhire, when the conſent of all mankind either juſtifies his miniſtry, or follows the plan of it. The South-ſea Company have raiſed their ſtock to three hundred and fifty, and he has not ſix-pence in it. Thou art a ſtranger in Iſrael, my good friend; and ſeemeſt to know no more of this lord, than thou didſt of the Conde de P——, when firſt I conſtrued him to thee at the coffee-houſe.

I labour under the diſtemper you complain of, deafneſs, eſpecially upon the leaſt cold. I did not take care of my ears, till I knew if my head was my own or not; but am now ſyringing, and I hope to profit by it. My couſin is here, and well, and I ſee him ſometimes; but I find he has had a caution, which depended upon his expecting more from court, and is juſtifiable in a man, who, like him, has a great family. I have given your compliments to my two favourites. We never forget your health.

I have ſeen Mr. Butler, and ſerved him to the utmoſt of my power with my *amici potentiores*. Though he had a good cauſe, and a ſtrong recommendation, he truſted wholly to neither of them, but added the greateſt diligence in his ſolicitations.

Auditor Harley thanks you, for remembering him and his ſinging man*. As to the affair of ſubſcriptions, do all at your leiſure, and in the

* Probably a perſon recommended to the Dean's cathedral.

manner

manner you judge moſt proper; and ſo I bid you heartily farewel, aſſuring you, that I am ever moſt truly your's.

M. P.

Friend Ford ſalutes you. Adieu.

Richardſon, whom I take to be a better painter than any named in your letter, has made an excellent picture of me; from whence lord Harley (whoſe it is) has a ſtamp taken by Vertue. He has given me ſome of them for you to give to our friends at or about Dublin. I will ſend them by Tonſon's canal to Hyde at Dublin, in ſuch a manner, as that, I hope, they may come ſafe to you.

## To ROBERT COPE, Eſq.

Dublin, May 26, 1720.

IF all the world would not be ready to knock me down for diſputing the good-nature and generoſity of you and Mrs. Cope, I ſhould ſwear you invited me out of malice: ſome ſpiteful people have told you I am grown ſickly and ſplenetick; and, having been formerly ſo yourſelf, you want to triumph over me with your health and good humour; and ſhe is your accomplice. You have made ſo particular a muſter of my wants and humours, and demands and ſingularities, and they look ſo formidable, that I wonder how you have the courage to be ſuch an undertaker. What if I ſhould add, that once in five or ſix weeks I am deaf for three or four days together; will you and Mrs. Cope undertake to bawl to me, or let me mope in my

chamber till I grow better? *Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.* I hunted four years for horſes, gave twenty-ſix pounds for one of three years and a half old, have been eighteen months training him, and when he grew fit to ride, behold my groom gives him a ſtrain in the ſhoulder, he is roweled, and gone to graſs. Shew me a misfortune greater in its kind. Mr. Charleton has refuſed Wadman's living; why, God knows; and got the ducheſs to recommend his brother to it; the moſt unreaſonable thing in the world. The day before I had your letter, I was working with Mr. Nutley and Mr. Whaley, to ſee what could be done for your lad, in caſe Caulfeild ſhould get the living which Mr. Whaley (the primate's chaplain) is to leave for Wadman's. Becauſe, to ſay the truth, I have no concern at all for Charleton's brother, whom I never ſaw but once. We know not yet whether Whaley's preſent living will not be given to Dr. Kearney *; and I cannot learn the ſcheme yet, nor have been able to ſee Dr. Stone. The primate † is the hardeſt to be ſeen or dealt with in the world. Whaley ſeems to think the primate will offer Caulfeild's living to young Charleton. I know not what will come of it. I called at Sir William Fownes's ‡; but he is in the county of Wicklow.—If we could have notice of any thing in good time, I cannot but think that, muſtering

* Treaſurer of Armagh.

† Dr. Thomas Lindſay was made biſhop of Raphoe, June 6, 1713, and tranſlated to Armagh, Jan. 4, 1713-14. He died July 13, 1724.

‡ An alderman and lord mayor of Dublin, father of Mr. Cope's lady.

up

up friends, ſomething might be done for Barclay; but really the primate's life is not upon a very good foot, though I ſee no ſudden apprehenſions. I could upon any occaſion write to him very freely, and I believe my writing would be of ſome weight, for they ſay he is not wholly governed by Croſs *. All this may be viſion; however, you will forgive it. I do not care to put my name to a letter; you muſt know my hand. I preſent my humble ſervice to Mrs. Cope; and wonder ſhe can be ſo good to remember an abſent man, of whom ſhe has no manner of knowledge, but what ſhe got by his troubling her. I wiſh you ſucceſs in what you hint to me, and that you may have enough of this world's wiſdom to manage it. Pray God preſerve you and your fireſide. Are none of them yet in your lady's opinion ripe for Sheridan? I am ſtill under the diſcipline of the bark, to prevent relapſes. Charles Ford comes this ſummer to Ireland. Adieu.

## From Miſs VANHOMRIGH.

Sellbridge, 1720.

BELIEVE me, it is with the utmoſt regret that I now complain to you, becauſe I know your good nature ſuch, that you cannot ſee any human creature miſerable without being ſenſibly touched. Yet what can I do? I muſt either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or ſink under the inex-

† Rector of St. Mary's, Dublin.

preſſible diſtreſs I now ſuffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks ſince I ſaw you; and in all that time, I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuſe. Oh! have you forgot me? You endeavour by ſeverities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you: for with the utmoſt diſtreſs and confuſion, I beheld myſelf the cauſe of uneaſy reflections to you: yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to leſſen the inexpreſſible paſſion, which I have for——. Put my paſſion under the utmoſt reſtraint; ſend me as diſtant from you as the earth will allow, yet you cannot baniſh thoſe charming ideas which will ever ſtick by me, while I have the uſe of memory: nor is the love I bear you only ſeated in my ſoul; for there is not a ſingle atom of my frame, that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourſelf that ſeparation will ever change my ſentiments: for I find myſelf unquiet in the midſt of ſilence, and my heart is at once pierced with ſorrow and love. For heaven's ſake, tell me, what has cauſed this prodigious change in you, which I have found of late. If you have the leaſt remains of pity for me left, tell it me tenderly. No—do not tell it ſo, that it may cauſe my preſent death. And do not ſuffer me to live a life like a languiſhing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have loſt any of your tenderneſs for me.

From

From the Same.

Part of a Letter written in the year 1720.

IS it poſſible, that again you will do the very ſame thing I warned you of ſo lately? I believe you thought I only raillied, when I told you the other night, that I would peſter you with letters. Once more I adviſe you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behaviour quickly, for I do aſſure you, I have too much ſpirit to ſit down contented with this treatment. Becauſe I love frankneſs extremely, I here tell you now, that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all thoſe fail, I am reſolved to have recourſe to the black one, which, it is ſaid, never does. Now ſee what inconveniency you will bring both yourſelf and me into. Pray think calmly of it; is it not much better to come of yourſelf than to be brought by force, and that perhaps at a time when you have the moſt agreeable engagement in the world: for when I undertake any thing, I don't love to do it by halves.

To Miſs VANHOMRIGH.

IF you write as you do I ſhall come the ſeldomer, on purpoſe to be pleaſed with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read, can poſſibly write ſo well. You are miſtaken: ſend me a letter without your hand

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on the outſide, and I hold you a crown I ſhall not read it. But raillery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reaſons, that I ſhould make your houſe a ſort of conſtant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health, and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinder me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, that I am in rebellion with a dozen of people beſide yourſelf, for not ſeeing them. For the reſt, you need make uſe of no other black art beſide your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have ſaid the ſame: but you are a white witch, and can do no miſchief. If you have employed any of your art on the black ſcarf, I defy it, for one reaſon—gueſs. Adieu.

## To the Same.

I RECEIVED your letter when ſome company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in ſuch confuſion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does buſineſs for me, told me ſhe heard I was in love with one—naming you, and twenty particulars; that little Maſter —— and I viſited you; and that the archbiſhop did ſo; and that you had abundance of wit, *&c.* I ever feared the tattle of this naſty town, and told you ſo: and that was the reaſon why I ſaid to you long ago, that I would ſee you ſeldom when you were in Ireland; and I muſt beg you to be eaſy, if, for ſome time, I viſit you ſeldomer, and not in

ſo

ſo particular a manner. I will ſee you at the latter end of the week, if poſſible. Theſe are accidents in life that are neceſſary, and muſt be ſubmitted to; and tattle, by the help of diſcretion, will wear off.

## From Miſs VANHOMRIGH.

Sellbridge, 1720.

TELL me ſincerely, if you have once wiſhed with earneſtneſs to ſee me, ſince I wrote to you: no, ſo far from that you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was diſtreſſed. Solitude is inſupportable to a mind which is not eaſy. I have worn out my days in ſighing, and my nights with watching, and thinking of —— who thinks not of me. How many letters ſhall I ſend you before I receive an anſwer? Can you deny me, in my miſery, the only comfort which I can expect at preſent? Oh! that I could hope to ſee you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent paſſions, which terminate all in one, that unexpreſſible paſſion I have for you. Conſider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect of me; and ſhew ſome tenderneſs for me, or I ſhall loſe my ſenſes. Sure you cannot poſſibly be ſo much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to ſo great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts (which no human creature is capable of gueſſing at, becauſe never any one living thought like you) I ſhould find you had often

in

in a rage, wiſhed me religious, hoping then I ſhould have paid my devotions to heaven: but that would not ſpare you; for were I an enthuſiaſt, ſtill you'd be the deity I ſhould worſhip. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are preſent every where: your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you ſtrike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear: at other times a charming compaſſion ſhines through your countenance, which revives my ſoul. Is it not more reaſonable to adore a radiant form one has ſeen, than one only deſcribed?

## From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 15, 1720.

I SIT down with the firſt opportunity I have to write to you, and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to ſend this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent viſits, below any man of ſenſe or honour to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are ſpent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid ſpleen as far as I can; ſo that when I am not ſo good a correſpondent as I could wiſh, you are not to quarrel and be governor; but to impute it to my ſituation, and to conclude infallibly, that I have the ſame reſpect and kindneſs for you I ever profeſſed to have, and ſhall ever preſerve; becauſe you will always merit the utmoſt that can be given you, eſpecially if you go on to read and ſtill farther improve your mind, and the talents

talents that nature has given you. I am in much concern for poor Mobkin; and the more, becauſe I am ſure you are ſo too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our ſakes, and read pleaſant things that will make you laugh, and not ſit moping with your elbows on your knees on a little ſtool by the fire. It is moſt infallible that riding would do Mobkin more good than any other thing, provided fair days and warm cloaths be provided: and ſo it would to you; and if you loſe any ſkin, you know Job ſays, ſkin for ſkin will a man give for his life. It is either Job or Satan ſays ſo, for ought you know. I am getting an ill head in this curſed town, for want of exerciſe. I wiſh I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was ſitting laſt night with half a ſcore of both ſexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Every body grows ſilly and diſagreeable, or I grow monkiſh and ſplenetic; which is the ſame thing. Converſation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and ſcarcity of money.

## From Sir THOMAS HANMER.

SIR, Mildenhall, Oct. 22, 1720.

I RECEIVED the favour of a letter from you about ten days ſince, at which time the duke of Grafton * was at London; but as he was ſoon ex-

* Charles, whoſe mother Iſabella, daughter of Henry Bennet, earl of Arlington, married to her ſecond huſband Sir Thomas Hanmer.

pected

pected in the country, and is now actually returned, I thought it beſt, rather than write, to wait for an opportunity of ſpeaking to him; and yeſterday I went over to his houſe, on purpoſe to obey your commands. I found he was not a ſtranger to the ſubject of my errand; for he had all the particulars of the ſtory very perfect, and told me, my lord Arran had ſpoke to him concerning it*. I added my ſolicitations, backed with the reaſons, with which you had furniſhed me; and he was ſo kind to promiſe, he would by this poſt write to the chief juſtice; how explicitly or how preſſingly I cannot ſay, becauſe men in high poſts are afraid of being poſitive in their anſwers; but I hope it will be in ſuch a manner as will be effectual.

If the thing is done, it will be beſt, that the means ſhould be a ſecret by which it is brought about; and for this reaſon you will excuſe me, if I avoid putting my name to the outſide of my letter, leſt it ſhould excite the curioſity of the Poſt-office. If this affair ends to your ſatisfaction, I am glad it has proved to me a cauſe of hearing from you, and an occaſion of aſſuring you, that I am, Sir, your very humble ſervant,

THO. HANMER.

* The proſecution of Waters. See the following letter from Sir Conſtantine Phipps.

From

## From Sir CONSTANTINE PHIPPS.

SIR, Ormond-ſtreet, Jan. 14, 1720-21.

HAVING been a little indiſpoſed, I went at Chriſtmas into the country, which prevented me from ſooner acknowledging the favour of your letter. As to Waters's * caſe, I was informed of it; and the laſt term I ſpoke to Mr. Attorney-general † about it; but he told me, he could not grant a writ of error in a criminal caſe, without direction from the king; ſo that Waters is not likely to have much relief from hence, and therefore I am glad you have ſome hopes it will drop in Ireland. I think the chief ‡ juſtice ſhould have that regard to his own reputation, to let it go off ſo; for I believe the oldeſt man alive, or any law-book, cannot give any inſtance of ſuch a proceeding. I was informed who was aimed at by the proſecution, which made me very zealous in it; which I ſhall be in every thing, wherein I can be ſerviceable to

* Dr. Swift's printer: he was proſecuted for printing "A Propoſal "for the univerſal Uſe of the Iriſh Manufactures," ſaid by miſtake to have been written in 1721. The Dean, in his letter to Pope, dated January 10, 1721, ſays, that the jury, which tried him, had been culled with the utmoſt induſtry; but that, notwithſtanding, they brought him in not guilty. That Whitſhed, the judge, ſent them out nine times, and kept them eleven hours; till, being tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the judge by a ſpecial verdict. The duke of Grafton, lord lieutenant, ſoon after, upon mature advice, and permiſſion from England, granted a *noli proſequi*.

† 'Sir Robert Raymond.'

‡ Whitſhed.

that

that gentleman, for whom no body has a greater eſteem, than your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

CON. PHIPPS.

## From Mr. PRIOR.

DEAR SIR, Weſtm. Feb. 28, 1720-21.

IF I am to chide you for not writing to me, or beg your pardon, that I have not writ to you, is a queſtion; for our correſpondence has been ſo long interrupted, that I ſwear I don't know which of us wrote laſt. In all caſes, I aſſure you of my continual friendſhip, and kindeſt remembrance of you; and with great pleaſure, expect the ſame from you. I have been ill this winter. Age, I find, comes on; and the cough does not diminiſh.

Non ſum qualis eram bonæ
Sub Regno Cynaræ——Paſs for that.

I am tired with politics, and loſt in the South-ſea. The roaring of the waves, and the madneſs of the people, were juſtly put together. I can ſend you no ſort of news, that holds either connexion or ſenſe. It is all wilder than St. Anthony's dream; and the bagatelle is more ſolid than any thing, that has been endeavoured here this year. Our old friend Ox—— is not well, and continues in Herefordſhire. John of Bucks * died laſt night, and Conningſby was ſent laſt week to the Tower. I frequently drink your health with lord Harley,

* 'John Sheffield, duke of Buckinghamſhire.'

who

who is always the ſame good man, and grows daily more beloved as more univerſally known. I do ſo too with our honeſt good natured friend Ford, whom I love for many good reaſons, and particularly for that he loves you. As to the ſubſcriptions, in which I have given you a great deal of trouble already, to make the reſt of that trouble leſs, I deſire you to ſend the incloſed letter to Mr. Hyde, that he may raze out the names of thoſe gentlemen who have taken out their books, and take what convenient care he can of the remaining books. And as to the pecuniary part, I find no better way than that you will remit it, as you did the former ſum, by bill of Exchange. Mr. Ford likewiſe judges this the beſt, and ſecureſt method.

How do you do as to your health? Are we to ſee you this ſummer? Anſwer me theſe queſtions. Give my ſervice to all friends, and believe me to be ever, with great truth and eſteem, dear Sir your's,

M. PRIOR.

## From the Same.

DEAR SIR, Weſtminſter, April 25, 1721.

I KNOW very well, that you can write a good letter, if you have a mind to it; but that is not the queſtion. A letter from you ſometimes is what I deſire. Reſerve your tropes and periods for thoſe you love leſs; and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are; whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers,

treating the women, or conſtruing *propria quæ maribus* to the country curate. You and I are ſo eſtabliſhed authors, that we may write what we will, without fear of cenſure; and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the *bagatelle* to any thing elſe, we deſerved to have had our brains knocked out ten years ago.

I have received the money punctually of Mr. Dan. Hayes, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks, that your friendſhip in that affair ought to claim, and your generoſity does contemn. There's one turn for you: good.

The man you mentioned in your laſt has been in the country theſe two years, very ill in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you obſerve of him is ſo true, that his ſickneſs is all counted for policy, that he will not come up, till the public diſtractions force ſomebody or other, (whom God knows) who will oblige ſomebody elſe to ſend for him in open triumph, and ſet him in *ſtatu quo prius*. That in the mean time, he has foreſeen all that has happened; checkmated all the miniſtry; and to divert himſelf at his leiſure hours, has laid all thoſe lime-twigs for his neighbour Coningſby *, that keep that precious bird in the cage, out of which himſelf ſlipt ſo cunningly and eaſily.

Things, and the way of mens judging them, vary ſo much here, that it is impoſſible to give you any juſt account of ſome of our friends actions. Roffen

* 'Thomas, earl of Coningſby, created ſo by king George I. in 1719.'

is more than ſuſpected to have given up his party, as Sancho did his ſubjects, for ſo much a head, *l'un portant l'autre.* His cauſe, therefore, which is ſomething originally like that of Lutrin, is oppoſed or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly ſuſtained by the miniſtry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of moſt men, than he is; and I wiſh our friend Har—* were higher than he is.

Our young Harley's vice is no more covetouſneſs, than plainneſs of ſpeech is that of his couſin Tom. His lordſhip is really *amabilis*, and lady *Harriette*, *adoranda*.

I tell you no news, but that the whole is a complication of miſtakes in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it: Of the miniſters I ſpeak, for the moſt part, as well eccleſiaſtical as civil. This is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am ſure you receive very kindly, that I am ever your friend and your ſervant,

M. PRIOR.

Friend Shelton, commonly called Dear Dick, is with me. We drink your health. Adieu.

## To [STELLA] Mrs. JOHNSON. †

JACK GRATTAN ſaid nothing to me of it till laſt night; 'tis none of my fault: how did I know but you were to dine abroad? You ſhould

* 'Lord Harcourt.'

† Indorſed by Mrs. Johnſon; An anſwer to no letter.

have ſent your meſſenger ſooner; yes, I think the dinner you provided for yourſelves may do well enough here, but pray ſend it ſoon. I wiſh you would give a body more early warning; but you muſt blame yourſelves. Delany ſays he will come in the evening; and for ought I know Sheridan may be here at dinner: which of you was it that undertook this frolick? Your letter hardly explained your meaning, but at laſt I found it. Pray don't ſerve me theſe tricks often. You may be ſure, if there be a good bottle you ſhall have it. I am ſure I never refuſed you, and therefore that reflection might have been ſpared. Pray be more poſitive in your anſwer to this.

Deanry-houſe,
Sunday morning, April 30, 1721.

Margooſe, and not Mergooſe, it is ſpelt with an a, ſimpleton.

No, I am pretty well after my walk. I am glad the archdeacon * got home ſafe, and I hope you took care of him. It was his own fault; how could I know where he was? and he could have eaſily overtaken me; for I walked ſoftly on purpoſe, I told Delany I would.

## To the Rev. Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Dublin, May 18, 1721.

I HAD your letter, and the copy of the biſhop's circular incloſed, for which I thank you; and yet I will not pretend to know any thing of it, and

* Archdeacon Wall.

hope

hope you have not told any body what you did. I ſhould be glad enough to be at the viſitation, not out of any love to the buſineſs or the perſon, but to do my part in preventing any miſchief. But in truth my health will not ſuffer it; and you, who are to be my proxy, may ſafely give it upon your veracity. I am confident the biſhop would not be diſſatisfied with wanting my company, and yet he may give himſelf airs when he finds I am not there. I now employ myſelf in getting you a companion to cure your ſpleen. I am

Your faithful humble ſervant,

J. S.

## To the BISHOP of MEATH.

MY LORD, July 5, 1721.

I HAVE received an account of your lordſhip's refuſing to admit my proxy at your viſitation, with ſeveral circumſtances of perſonal reflections on myſelf, although my proxy atteſted my want of health; to confirm which, and to lay before you the juſtice and Chriſtianity of your proceeding, above a hundred perſons of quality and diſtinction can witneſs, that ſince Friday the 26th of May, I have been tormented with an ague, in as violent a manner as poſſible, which ſtill continues, and forces me to make uſe of another hand in writing to you. At the ſame time, I muſt be plain to tell you, that if this accident had not happened, I ſhould have uſed all endeavours to avoid your viſitation, upon the public promiſe I made you three years ago, and

the motives which occaſioned it; becauſe I was unwilling to hear any more very injurious treatment and appellations given to my brethren, or myſelf; and by the grace of God, I am ſtill determined to abſent myſelf on the like occaſions, as far as I can poſſibly be diſpenſed with by any law, while your lordſhip is in that dioceſe, and I a member of it. In which reſolution I could not conceive but your lordſhip would be eaſy; becauſe, although my preſence might poſſibly contribute to your real (at leaſt future) intereſt, I was ſure it could not to your preſent ſatisfaction.

If I had had the happineſs to have been acquainted with any one clergyman in the dioceſe, of your lordſhip's principles, I ſhould have deſired him to repreſent me, with hopes of better ſucceſs: but I wiſh you would ſometimes think it convenient to diſtinguiſh men, as well as principles; and not to look upon every perſon, who happens to owe you canonical obedience, as if ——

I have the honour to be Ordinary over a conſiderable number of as eminent divines as any in this kingdom, who owe me the ſame obedience, as I owe to your lordſhip, and are equally bound to attend my viſitation; yet neither I, nor any of my predeceſſors, to my knowledge, did ever refuſe a regular proxy.

I am only ſorry that you, who are of a country famed for good-nature, have found a way to unite the haſty paſſion of your own countrymen *, with the long, ſedate reſentment of a Spaniard: but I

* The biſhop was a Welſhman; his name Evans.

have

have an honourable hope, that this proceeding has been more owing to party, than complexion. I am,

My Lord, your lordſhip's
moſt humble ſervant.

## To VANESSA.

Gallſtown, near Kinnegad, July 5, 1721.

IT was not convenient, hardly poſſible, to write to you before now, though I had a more than ordinary deſire to do it, conſidering the diſpoſition I found you in laſt; though I hope I left you in a better. I muſt here beg you to take more care of your health by company and exerciſe, or elſe the ſpleen will get the better of you, than which there is not a more fooliſh or troubleſome diſeaſe, and what you have no pretences to in the world, if all the advantages of life can be any defence againſt it. Cadenus —— aſſures me, he continues to eſteem, and love, and value you above all things, and ſo will do to the end of his life; but at the ſame time intreats that you would not make yourſelf or him unhappy by imaginations. The wiſeſt men of all ages have thought it the beſt courſe to ſeize the minutes as they fly, and to make every innocent action an amuſement. If you knew how I ſtruggle for a little health, what uneaſineſs I am at in riding and walking, and refraining from every thing agreeable to my taſte, you would think it but a ſmall thing to take a coach now and then, and to converſe with fools or impertinents, to avoid ſpleen and ſickneſs. Without health you will loſe all deſire of drinking coffee, and be ſo low as to have no

ſpirits. Pray write to me cheerfully, without complaints or expoſtulations, or elſe Cadenus ſhall know it, and puniſh you. What is this world without being as eaſy in it as prudence and fortune can make it. I find it every day more ſilly and inſignificant, and I conform myſelf to it for my own eaſe. I am here as deeply employed in other folks plantations and ditches, as if they were my own concern; and think of my abſent friends with delight, and hopes of ſeeing them happy, and of being happy with them. Shall you, who have ſo much honour and good ſenſe, act otherwiſe, to make Cad—— and yourſelf miſerable? Settle your affairs, and quit this ſcoundrel iſland, and things will be as you deſire. I can ſay no more, being called away. *Mais ſoyez aſſurée, que jamais perſonne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, eſtimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.* I have drunk no coffee ſince I left you, nor intend it till I ſee you again: there is none worth drinking but yours, if myſelf may be the judge. Adieu.

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

July 28, 1721.

I NEVER was ſo angry in all my life, as I was with you laſt week, on the receipt of your letter of the 19th of June. The extreme pleaſure it gave me takes away all the excuſes, which I had invented for your long neglect. I deſign to return my humble thanks to thoſe men of eminent gratitude and integrity, the weavers and the judges, and

and earneſtly to entreat them, inſtead of toſſing you in the perſon of your proxy, who had need to have iron ribs to endure all the drubbings you will procure him, to toſs you in your proper perſon, the next time you offend, by going about to talk ſenſe or to do good to the rabble. Is it poſſible, that one of your age and profeſſion ſhould be ignorant, that this monſtrous beaſt has paſſions to be moved, but no reaſon to be appealed to; and that plain truth will influence half a ſcore men at moſt in a nation, or an age, while myſtery will lead millions by the noſe?

Dear Jonathan, ſince you cannot reſolve to write as you preach, what public authority allows, what councils and ſenates have decided to be orthodox inſtead of what private opinion ſuggeſts, leave off inſtructing the citizens of Dublin. Believe me, there is more pleaſure, and more merit too, in cultivating friendſhip, than in taking care of the ſtate. Fools and knaves are generally beſt fitted for the laſt; and none but men of ſenſe and virtue are capable of the other. How comes it then to paſs, that you, who have ſenſe, though you have wit, and virtue, though you have kept bad company in your time, ſhould be ſo ſurpriſed, that I continue to write to you, and expect to hear from you, after ſeven years abſence?

*Anni prædantur euntes*, ſay you; and time will lop off my luxuriant branches: perhaps it will be ſo. But I have put the pruning-hook into a hand, which works hard to leave the other as little to do of that kind as may be. Some ſuperfluous twigs are

every

every day cut; and as they leſſen in number, the bough, which bears the golden fruit of friendſhip, ſhoots, ſwells, and ſpreads.

Our friend told you what he heard, and what was commonly ſaid, when he told you, that I had taken the fancy of growing rich. If I could have reſolved to think two minutes a day about ſtocks, to flatter Law * half an hour a week, or to have any obligation to people I neither loved nor valued, certain it is that I might have gained immenſely. But not caring to follow the many bright examples of theſe kinds, which France furniſhed, and which England ſent us over, I turned the little money I had of my own, without being let into any ſecret, very negligently: and if I have ſecured enough to content me, it was becauſe I was ſoon contented. I am ſorry to hear you confeſs, that the love of money has got into your head. Take care, or it will, ere long, ſink into your heart, the proper ſeat of paſſions. Plato, whom you cite, looked upon riches, and the other advantages of fortune, to be deſirable; but he declared, as you have read in *Diogenes Laertius*; *Ea etſi non affluerint, nihilominus tamen beatum fore ſapientem.* You may think it, perhaps, hard to reconcile his two journies into Sicily with this maxim, eſpecially ſince he got four-ſcore talents of the tyrant. But I can aſſure you, that he went to the elder Dionyſius only to buy books, and to the younger only to borrow a piece of ground, and a number of men, women and children, to try

* The projector of the Miſſiſſippi ſcheme in France, which produced the South-ſea ſcheme here.

his

his Utopia. Ariſtippus was in Sicily at the ſame time; and there paſſed ſome Billingſgate between theſe reverend perſons. This philoſopher had a much ſtronger fancy to grow rich than Plato: he flattered, he cracked jeſts, and danced over a ſtick to get ſome of the Sicilian gold; but ſtill even he took care, *ſibi res, non ſe rebus ſubmittere.* And I remember, with great edification, how he reproved one of his catechumens, who bluſhed, and ſhrunk back, when his maſter ſhewed him the way to the bawdy-houſe. *Non ingredi turpe eſt, ſed egredi non poſſe turpe eſt.* The concluſion of all this is; *un honnete homme* ought to have *cent mille livres de rente*, if you pleaſe; but a wiſe man will be happy with the hundredth part. Let us not refuſe riches, when they offer themſelves; but let us give them no room in our heads or our hearts. Let us enjoy wealth, without ſuffering it to become neceſſary to us. And, to finiſh with one of Seneca's quaint ſentences; "Let us place it ſo, that fortune may "take it without tearing it from us." The paſſage you mention does follow that, which I quoted to you, and the advice is good. Solon thought ſo; nay, he went farther: and you remember the reaſon he gave for ſitting in the council of Piſiſtratus, whom he had done his utmoſt to oppoſe; and who, by the way, proved a very good prince. But the epiſtle is not writ by Cicero, as you ſeem to think. It is, if I miſtake not, an epiſtle of Dolabella to him. Cato, you ſay, would not be of the ſame mind. Cato is a moſt venerable name, and Dolabella was but a ſcoundrel with wit and valour; and

yet

yet there is better ſenſe, nay, there is more virtue, in what Dolabella adviſes, than in the conduct of Cato. I muſt own my weakneſs to you. This Cato, ſo ſung by Lucan in every page, and ſo much better ſung by Virgil in half a line, ſtrikes me with no great reſpect. When I ſee him painted in all the glorious colours which eloquence furniſhes, I call to mind that image of him, which Tully gives in one of his letters to Atticus, or to ſomebody elſe; where he ſays, that having a mind to keep a debate from coming on in the ſenate, they made Cato riſe to ſpeak, and that he talked till the hour of propoſing matters was over. Tully inſinuates, that they often made this uſe of him. Does not the moving picture ſhift? Do you not behold Clarke of Tauntondean, in the gown of a Roman ſenator, ſending out the members to piſs? The cenſor uſed ſharp medicines; but, in his time, the patient had ſtrength to bear them. The ſecond Cato inherited this receipt without his ſkill; and like a true quack, he gave the remedy, becauſe it was his only one, tho' it was too late. He haſtened the patient's death; he not only haſtened it, he made it more convulſive and painful.

The condition of your wretched country is worſe than you repreſent it to be. The healthful Indian follows his maſter, who died of ſickneſs to the grave; but I much doubt, whether thoſe charitable legiſlators exact the ſame, when the maſter is a lunatic, and cuts his own throat. I mourn over Ireland with all my heart, but I pity you more. In reading your letter, I feel your pulſe; and I judge of

of your diſtemper as ſurely by the figures, into which you caſt your ink, as the learned doctor, at the hand and the urinal, could do, if he pored over your water. You are really in a very bad way. You ſay your memory declines: I believe it does, ſince you forget your friends, and ſince repeated importunity can hardly draw a token of remembrance from you. There are bad airs for the mind, as well as the body: and what do you imagine, that Plato, ſince you have ſet me upon quoting him (who thanked heaven, that he was not a Bœotian) would have ſaid of the *ultima Thule?* Shake off your lazineſs, ramble over hither, and ſpend ſome months in a kinder climate. You will be in danger of meeting but one plague here, and you will leave many behind you. Here you will come among people, who lead a life ſingular enough to hit your humour; ſo near the world, as to have all its conveniencies; ſo far from the world, as to be a ſtranger to all its inconveniencies; wanting nothing, which goes to the eaſe and happineſs of life; embarraſſed by nothing, which is cumberſome. I dare almoſt venture to ſay, that you will like us better than the perſons you live with, and that we ſhall be able to make you retrograde (that I may uſe a canonical ſimile) as the ſun did on the dial of Hezechias, and begin anew the twelve years, which you complain are gone. We will reſtore to you the *nigros anguſto fronte capillos;* and with them, the *dulce loqui*, the *ridere decorum, et inter vina fugam Cynaræ mœrere protervæ. Hæc eſt vita ſolutorum miſerâ ambitione gravique*, and not yours.

I was

I was going to finiſh with my ſheet of paper; but having bethought myſelf, that you deſerve ſome more puniſhment, and calling all my anger againſt you to my aid, I reſolve, ſince I am this morning in the humour of ſcribbling, to make my letter at leaſt as long as one of your ſermons; and, if you do not mend, my next ſhall be as long as one of Dr. Manton's*, who taught my youth to yawn, and prepared me to be a high-churchman, that I might never hear him read, nor read him more.

You muſt know, that I am as buſy about my hermitage, which is between the Chateau and the Maiſon Bourgeoiſe, as if I was to paſs my life in it: and if I could ſee you now and then, I ſhould be willing enough to do ſo. I have in my wood the biggeſt and cleareſt ſpring perhaps in Europe, which forms, before it leaves the park, a more beautiful river than any which flows in Greek or Latin verſe. I have a thouſand projects about this ſpring, and among others, one, which will employ ſome marble. Now marble, you know, makes one think of inſcriptions: and if you will correct this, which I have not yet committed to paper, it ſhall be graved, and help to fill the table-books of Spons and Miſſons † yet to come.

* 'Thomas Manton, D. D. who had been ejected from the rectory of Covent-garden, for non-conformity, after the reſtoration. He was a voluminous writer in divinity, and publiſhed a large folio volnme of ſermons on the 119th pſalm.'

† 'James Spon, M. D. and Maximilian Miſſon, were two eminent travellers, who have publiſhed their travels; in which are inſerted many inſcriptions.'

Propter

Propter fidem adverſus Reginam, et partes,
Intemeraté ſervatam,
Propter operam, in pace generali conciliandâ
Strenue ſaltem navatam,
Impotentia veſanæ factionis
Solum vertere coactus,
Hic ad aquæ lene caput ſacræ
Injuſté exulat
Dulcé vivit
H. De B. An. &c.

*Ob* were better than *propter*, but *ob operam* would never pleaſe the ear. In a proper place, before the front of the houſe, which I have new built, I have a mind to inſcribe this piece of patch-work.

Si reſipiſcat patria, in patriam rediturus;
Si non reſipiſcat, ubivis melius quam inter
Tales civis futurus,
Hanc villam inſtauro et exorno:
Hinc, velut ex portu, alienos caſus
Et fortunæ ludum inſolentem
Cernere ſuave eſt.
Hic, mortem nec appetens nec timens
Innocuis deliciis,
Doctâ quiete,
et
Felicis animi immotâ tranquillitate,
Fruiſcor.
Hic mihi vivam quod ſupereſt aut exilii,
Aut ævi.

If in a year's time you ſhould find leiſure to write to me, ſend me ſome mottos for groves, and ſtreams, and fine proſpects, and retreat, and contempt of grandeur, &c. I have one for my greenhouſes, and one for an alley, which leads to my apartment, which are happy enough. The firſt is *Hic ver aſſiduum, atque alienis menſibus æſtas.* The other is,——*fallentis ſemita vitæ.*

You ſee I amuſe myſelf *de la bagatelle* as much as you; but here lies the difference; your bagatelle leads to ſomething better; as fiddlers flouriſh careleſly, before they play a fine air. But mine begins, proceeds, and ends in bagatelle.

Adieu: it is happy for you that my hand is tired.

I'll take care, that you ſhall have my picture, and I am ſimple enough to be obliged to you for aſking for it. If you do not write to me ſoon, I hope it will fall down as ſoon as you have it, and break your head.

## From the Ducheſs of ORMOND.

SIR, September 1, 1721.

I DON'T know how to account for your long ſilence, unleſs your time has been taken up in making an intereſt with thoſe in power here, for one of the two archbiſhoprics, that we heard were void, but I am very glad, are not ſo. Set your heart at reſt, for they are promiſed; and therefore you may as well write to a ſiſter, when next you honour this kingdom with any diſpatches. As to

any

any greater people, it is a ſhame to think how you have neglected thoſe of your own houſe. I had once determined to write to you no more, ſince no anſwer was to be expected; but then revenge came into my head, and I was reſolved to teaſe you, till at laſt, to be quiet, you will ſend me ſome plauſible excuſe at leaſt, for never enquiring after brother or ſiſter. I wonder when you'll be good-natured enough to come and ſee how we do; but Ireland has ſuch powerful charms, that I queſtion whether you would leave it to be one of our archbiſhops. I was at your brother Arran's * a good while this ſummer and have been much upon the ramble, or elſe you'd have ſooner had theſe juſt reproaches from me; whom you have no way of appeaſing, but by a letter of at leaſt four ſides of paper: though I am ſo good a Chriſtian, upon this occaſion, as to be, notwithſtanding all this ill treatment,

Sir, your moſt ſincere friend,
and humble ſervant,
M. ORMOND.

## To Mr. WORRALL.

DEAR JACK, Gallſtown, Sept. 14, 1721.

I ANSWERED your letter long ago, and have little to ſay at preſent. I ſhall be in town by the beginning of next month, although a fit of good weather would tempt me a week longer; for I never ſaw or heard of ſo long a continuance of

* Another of the ſixteen.

bad, which has hindered me from ſeveral little rambles I intended; but I row or ride every day, in ſpite of the rain, in ſpite of a broken ſhin, or falling into the lakes, and ſeveral other trifling accidents. Pray what have you done with the Litchfield man? Has he mended his voice, or is he content to ſit down with his Chriſtchurch preferment? I doubt Mrs. Brent will be at a loſs about her induſtry books, for want of a new leaf, with a liſt drawn of the debtors. I know you are ſuch a bungler you cannot do it, and therefore I deſire that you would, in a looſe ſheet of paper, make a ſurvey liſt, in your bungling manner, as ſoon as ſhe wants it, and let that ſerve till I come. Preſent my ſervice to Mrs. Worrall. I wonder how you, and ſhe, and your heir, have ſpent the ſummer, and how often you have been at Dunleary, and whether you have got her another horſe, and whether ſhe hates dying in the country as much as ever. Deſire Mrs. Brent, if a meſſenger goes from hence, to give him my fuſtian waiſtcoat, becauſe the mornings grow cold. I have now and then ſome threatnings with my head; but have never been abſolutely giddy above a minute, and cannot complain of my health, I thank God. Pray ſend them incloſed to the poſt-office. I hear you have let your houſe to Mrs. Dopping, who will be a good tenant, if ſhe lives. I ſuppoſe your new houſe is finiſhed, and if Mrs. Worral does not air it well, it may get you a new wife, which I would not have you tell her, becauſe it will do the buſineſs better than a boat at Dalky. I hope you have ordered an account

count of abſent vicars, and that their behaviour has not been ſo bad as uſual during my ſickneſs in town; if ſo, I have but an ill ſub-dean.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

P. S. Tell Mrs. Brent, that if Loyd agrees, I ſhall be glad one of his hogſheads was left unrack'd.

## To ARCHBISHOP KING.

MY LORD, Gallſtown, near Kinnegad, Sept. 28, 1721.

I HAD the honour of your grace's letter of the firſt inſtant; and although I thought it my duty to be the laſt writer in correſponding with your grace, yet I know you are ſo punctual, that if I ſhould write ſooner, it would only be the occaſion of giving you a new trouble, before it ought in conſcience to be put upon you. Beſides, I was in ſome pain that your letter of Sept. 1, was not the firſt you had writ, becauſe, about ten days after, a friend ſent me word, that your grace ſaid you had writ to me ſix weeks before, and had no anſwer; whereas I can aſſure your grace that I received but one from you; nor had I reaſon to expect it, having not done myſelf the honour to write to you before. I will tell you the ſecret of dating my letter: I was in fear leſt the poſt ſhould be gone, and ſo left a blank, and wiſely huddled it up without thinking of the date; but we country gentlemen are frequently guilty of greater blunders; and in that article I grow more perfect every day.

I believe you ſeriouſly that you will take care of your health, to prevent a ſucceſſor: that is to ſay, I believe you tell truth in jeſt; for I know it is not the value of life that makes you deſire to live, and am afraid the world is much of your mind; for it is out of regard to the public, or ſome of themſelves, more than upon your own account, that they wiſh your continuance among us.

It ſeems you are a greater favourite of the lieutenant's * than you care to own; for we hear that he killed but two bucks, and ſent you a preſent of one.

I hear you are likely to be the ſole oppoſer of the bank: and you will certainly miſcarry, becauſe it would prove a moſt perfidious thing. Bankrupts are always for ſetting up banks: how then can you think a bank will fail of a majority in both houſes?

You are very perverſe, my lord, in miſinterpreting the ladies favour, as if you muſt die to obtain it; I aſſure you it is directly contrary; and if you die, you will loſe their favour for ever: I am commanded to tell you ſo; and therefore, at the peril of your life, and of their good graces, look to your health.

I hear the Biſhop of Bangor †, deſpairing of doing any good with you, has taken up with Hereford. I am a plain man, and would be glad at any time to ſee fifty ſuch biſhops hanged, if I could thereby have ſaved the life of his predeceſſor, for whom I had a great eſteem and friendſhip. I do

* Charles duke of Grafton.
† Dr. Benjamin Hoadly.

not

not much approve the compliments made you by compariſons drawn from good and bad emperors, becauſe the inference falls ſhort on both ſides. If Julian had immediately ſucceeded Conſtantine, it would have been more to the purpoſe. Sir James of the Peak ſaid to Bouchier thè gameſter, "Sirrah, "I ſhall look better than you, when I have been a "month in my grave." A great man in England was blaming me for deſpiſing ſomebody or other; I aſſured him I did not at all deſpiſe the man he mentioned; that I was not ſo liberal of my contempt; nor would beſtow it where there was not ſome degree of merit. Upon this principle, I can ſee no proper ground of oppoſition between your grace, and that wretch of Bangor. I have read indeed, that a dog was once made king of Norway, but I forget who was his predeceſſor; and therefore am at a loſs for the other part of the compariſon.

I am afraid the clatter of ladies tongues is no very good cure for a giddineſs in the head. When your grace, (as you ſay) was young, as I am not, the ladies were better company, or you more eaſily pleaſed. I am perpetually reproaching them for their ignorance, affectation, impertinence, (but my paper will not hold all) except lady Betty Rochfort, your old acquaintance.

I own, my head, and your grace's feet, would be ill joined; but give me your head and take my feet, and match us in the kingdom if you can.

My lord, I row after health like a waterman, and ride after it like a poſt-boy, and find ſome little ſucceſs; but *ſubeunt morbi triſtiſque ſenectus*. I have

a receipt to which you are a ſtranger; my lord Oxford and Mr. Prior uſed to join with me in taking it; to whom I often ſaid, when we were two hours diverting ourſelves with trifles, *vive la bagatelle.* I am ſo deep among the workmen at Mr. Rochfort's canals and lakes, ſo dextrous at the oar, ſuch an alderman after the hare ——

I am juſt now told from ſome news-papers, that one of the king's enemies, and my excellent friend, Mr. Prior, is dead; I pray God deliver me from many ſuch trials. I am neither old nor philoſopher enough to be indifferent at ſo great a loſs; and therefore I abruptly conclude, but with the greateſt reſpect, my lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful,
and obedient ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

## To the Rev. Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Dublin, Nov. 3, 1721.

YOU ſtole in and out of town without ſeeing either the ladies or me; which was very ungratefully done, conſidering the obligations you have to us, for lodging and dieting with you ſo long. Why did you not call in the morning at the deanry? Beſides, we reckoned for certain that you came to ſtay a month or two, as you told us you intended. I hear you were ſo kind as to be at Laracor, where I hope you planted ſomething; and I intend to be down after Chriſtmas, when you muſt

continue

continue a week. As for your plan, it is very pretty, too pretty for the uſe I intend to make of Laracor. All I would deſire is, what I mention in the paper I left you, except a walk down to the canal. I ſuppoſe your project would coſt me ten pounds and a conſtant gardener. Pray come to town, and ſtay ſome time, and repay yourſelf ſome of your dinners. I wonder how a miſchief you came to miſs us. Why did you not ſet out a Monday, like a true country parſon? Beſides, you lay a load on us, in ſaying one chief end of your journey was to ſee us; but I ſuppoſe there might be another motive, and you are like the man that died of love and the colic. Let us know whether you are more or leſs monkiſh, how long you found yourſelf better by our company, and how long before you recovered the charges we put you to? The ladies aſſure you of their hearty ſervices; and I am, with great truth and ſincerity,

Your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

June 1, 1721-2.

I RECEIVED your letter of the twenty-ninth of September, above a fortnight ago; and ſhould have ſet you an example, by anſwering it immediately, (which I do not remember you ever ſet me) if I had not been obliged to abandon the ſilence and quiet of this beloved retreat, and to thruſt myſelf into the hurry and babble of an im-

pertinent town. In leſs than ten days, which I ſpent at Paris, I was more than ten times on the point of leaving my buſineſs there undone; and yet this buſineſs was to ſave four-fifths of four hundred thouſand livres, which I have on the town-houſe; *reſtes miſerables de naufrage de ma fortune.* Luckily I had the fear of you before my eyes; and though I cannot hope to deſerve your eſteem by growing rich, I have endeavoured to avoid your contempt by growing poor. The expreſſion is equivocal; a fault, which our language often betrays thoſe, who ſcribble haſtily, into; but your own conſcience will ſerve for a comment, and fix the ſenſe. Let me thank you for remembering me in your prayers, and for uſing your credit above, ſo generouſly in my behalf. To deſpiſe riches with Seneca's purſe, is to have at once all the advantages of fortune and philoſophy.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno?

You are not like H. Guy *, who, among other excellent pieces of advice gave me this, when I firſt came to court; to be very moderate and modeſt in my applications for my friends, and very greedy and importunate, when I aſked for myſelf. You call Tully names, to revenge Cato's quarrel; and to revenge Tully's, I am ready to fall foul

* 'Henry Guy, who had been ſecretary to the treaſury during three ſucceſſive reigns, died February 23, 1710, and left to William Pulteney, Eſq; late earl of Bath, near forty thouſand pounds, with an eſtate of about five hundred pounds a year; as the latter owns, in his Anſwer to one Part of a late infamous libel, &c. publiſhed in 1731, p. 39.

of

of Seneca. You churchmen have cried him up for a great ſaint; and as if you imagined, that to have it believed he had a month's mind to be a Chriſtian, would reflect ſome honour on Chriſtianity, you employed one of thoſe pious frauds, ſo frequently practiſed in the days of primitive ſimplicity, to impoſe on the world, a pretended correſpondence between him and the great apoſtle of the Gentiles *. Your partiality in his favour, ſhall biaſs me no more, than the pique which Dion Caſſius and others ſhew againſt him. Like an equitable judge, I ſhall only tax him with avarice in his proſperity, adulation in his adverſity, and affectation in every ſtate of life. Were I conſiderable enough to be baniſhed from my country, methinks I would not purchaſe my reſtoration, at the expence of writing ſuch a letter to the prince himſelf, as your Chriſtian Stoic wrote to the emperor's ſlave, Polybius †. Thus I think of the man, and yet I read the author with pleaſure; though I join in condemning thoſe points, which he introduced into the Latin ſtyle; thoſe eternal witticiſms, ſtrung like beads together, and that impudent manner of talking to the paſſions, before he has gone about to convince the judgment; which Eraſmus, if I remember right,

* 'It conſiſts of thirteen letters, which ſeemed to St. Jerom and St. Auguſtin to have been genuine. But Du Pin (Nouvelle Bibliotheque des Auteurs Eccleſiaſtiques, tom. i. p 24. edit. 1690, 4to), acknowledges, that they contain nothing worthy of the apoſtle or philoſopher, and have not the leaſt reſemblance to the ſtyle of either. This is likewiſe the judgment of the moſt learned among the modern critics.'

† 'Seneca de Conſolatione ad Polybium.'

objects

objects to him. He is seldom instructive, but he is perpetually entertaining; and when he gives you no new idea, he reflects your own back upon you with new lustre. I have lately writ an excellent treatise in praise of exile *. Many of the hints are taken from *Consolatio ad Helviam*, and other parts of his works. The whole is turned in his style and manner; and there is as much of the spirit of the *portique*, as I could infuse without running too far into the *mirabilia*, *inopinata*, *et paradoxa*; which Tully, and I think Seneca himself, ridicules the school of Zeno for. That you may laugh at me in your turn, I own ingenuously, that I began in jest, grew serious at the third or fourth page, and convinced myself, before I had done, of what perhaps I shall never convince any other, that a man of sense and virtue may be unfortunate, but can never be unhappy. Do not imagine, however, that I have a mind to quarrel with Aristippus: he is still my favourite among the philosophers; and if I find some faults in him, they are few and venial.

You do me much honour, in saying, that I put you in mind of lord Digby; but say it to no one else, for fear of passing for partial in your parallels, which has done Plutarch more hurt than it has done good to his Grecian heroes. I had forgot, or I never knew, the remarkable passage which you mention. Great virtue, unjustly persecuted, may hold such language, and will be heard with applause, with general applause I mean, not universal. There

* 'It is printed in his works, under the title of Reflections upon Exile.'

was

was at Athens a wretch, who ſpit in the face of Ariſtides, as he marched firm, calm, and almoſt gay, to execution. Perhaps there was not another man among the Athenians, capable of the ſame vile action. And for the honour of my country, I will believe, that there are few men in England, beſide lord Oxford, capable of hearing that ſtrain of eloquence, without admiration. There is a ſort of kindred in ſouls, and they are divided into more families than we are apt to imagine. Digby and Harley are abſolute ſtrangers to one another. Touch a uniſon, and all the uniſons will give the ſame ſound; but you may thrum a lute till your fingers are ſore, and you will draw no ſound out of a Jew's harp.

I thank you for correcting my inſcriptions, and I thank you ſtill more for promiſing to gather up mottos for me, and to write often to me. I am as little given to beg correſpondents, as you are to beg pictures; but ſince I cannot live with you, I would fain hear from you. To grow old with good ſenſe, and a good friend, was the wiſh of Thales; I add, with good health: to enjoy but one and a half of theſe three, is hard. I have heard of Prior's death *, and of his epitaph †; and have ſeen a ſtrange book, writ by a grave

* 'He died Sept. 18, 1721.'

† In the following triplet, written by himſelf.

"To me 'tis given to die; to you 'tis given
"To live. Alas! one moment ſets us even;
"Mark how impartial is the will of heaven!"

Biſhop Atterbury, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated Sept. 27, 1721, ſays, "I will take care to make good, in every reſpect, what I 'ſaid to him when living, particularly as to the triplet he wrote "for

grave and eloquent doctor *, about the duke of Buckinghamſhire. People, who talk much in that moment, can have, as I believe, but one of theſe two principles, fear, or vanity. It is therefore much better to hold one's tongue. I am ſorry, that the firſt of theſe perſons, our old acquaintance Matt. lived ſo poor as you repreſent him. I thought that a certain lord †, whoſe marriage with a certain heireſs was the ultimate end of a certain adminiſtration, had put him above want. Prior might juſtly enough have addreſſed himſelf to his young patron, as our friend Ariſtippus did to Dionyſius; you have money, which I want; I have wit and knowledge, which you want. I long to ſee your Travels ‡; for, take it as you will, I do not retract what I ſaid. I will undertake to find, in two pages of your *bagatelles*, more good ſenſe, uſeful knowledge, and true religion, than you can ſhew me in the works of nineteen in twenty of the profound divines and philoſophers of the age.

I am obliged to return to Paris in a month or ſix weeks time, and from thence will ſend you my picture. Would to heaven I could ſend you as

" for his own epitaph; which, while we were on good terms, I " promiſed him ſhould never appear on his tomb while I was dean " of Weſtminſter."

* ' Richard Fiddes, D. D. publiſhed in 1721, in Octavo, ' A Letter in anſwer to one from a freethinker; occaſioned by the late duke of Buckinghamſhire's Epitaph; wherein certain Paſſages in it, that have been thought exceptionable, are vindicated; and the Doctrine of the Soul's Immortality aſſerted, &c.' This was followed by A Second Letter, publiſhed the ſame year.'

† ' Edward lord Harley, who married in October 1713, the lady Henrietta Cavendiſh Holles, only daughter and heir of John duke of Newcaſtle.'

‡ ' Gulliver's.'

like

like a picture of my mind: you would find yourſelf, in that draught, the object of the trueſt eſteem, and the ſincereſt friendſhip.

## From Dr. SNAPE.

REVEREND SIR, Windſor, April 23, 1722.

I TAKE the opportunity of two of our choir going over to try their fortune in your country, at once to return my thanks for a very obliging letter you favoured me with ſome years ago, and your kind interpretation of my endeavours at that time to aſſert the cauſe of our eſtabliſhment againſt a prelate *, who was undermining it: and alſo to recommend to your favour the bearer, Mr. Elford; who, upon the encouragement of your worthy primate, is going to ſettle at Armagh. I cannot pretend to ſay, he has the ſame compaſs of voice with his late brother, whom the good queen ſo much admired; but I will venture to ſay, he has a greater compaſs of underſtanding; and upon the whole, that he is a good choir-man. The other, that bears him company, was a very uſeful choriſter to us. His voice, ſince its breaking, is ſomewhat harſh, but I believe will grow mellower. If you find either of them for your purpoſe, eſpecially the bearer, when you have a vacancy in your church, I ſhall be much obliged to you for any favour you are pleaſed to ſhew him, and be ready to approve myſelf, on any occaſion, reverend Sir, your moſt obedient and affectionate ſervant,

A. SNAPE.

* 'Biſhop Hoadly.'

To

## To VANESSA.

Clogher, June 1, 1722.

THE weather has been ſo conſtantly bad that I have wanted all the healthy advantages of the country, and it ſeems likely to continue ſo. It would have been infinitely better once a week to have met at Kendal, and ſo forth, where one might paſs three or four hours in drinking coffee in the morning, or dining *tête-à-tête*, drinking coffee again till ſeven. God ſend you through your law-ſuit, and your reference. And remember that riches are nine parts in ten of all that is good in life, and health is the tenth; drinking coffee comes long after, and yet it is the eleventh; but without the two former you cannot drink it right: and remember the china in the old houſe, and Rider-ſtreet, and the colonel's journey to France, and the London wedding, and the ſick lady at Kenſington, and the indiſpoſition at Windſor, and the ſtrain by the box of books at London. Laſt year I writ you civilities, and you were angry. This year I will write you none, and you will be angry; yet my thoughts were ſtill the ſame—*Croyez que je ſerai toujours tout ce que vous deſirez. Adieu.*

To

## To the Same.

Loughgall, County of Armagh, July 13, 1722.

I AM well pleaſed with the account of your viſit, and the behaviour of the ladies. I ſee every day as ſilly things among both ſexes, yet endure them for the ſake of amuſement. The worſt thing in you and me is, that we are too hard to pleaſe; and whether we have not made ourſelves ſo, is the queſtion; at leaſt I believe we have the ſame reaſon. One thing that I differ from you in is, that I do not quarrel with my beſt friends. I believe you have ten angry paſſages in your letter, and every one of them enough to ſpoil two days apiece of riding and walking. We differ prodigiouſly in one point: I fly from the ſpleen to the world's end; you run out of your way to meet it. I doubt the bad weather has hindered you much from the diverſions of your country houſe, and put you upon thinking in your chamber. The uſe I have made of it, was to read, I know not how many, diverting books of hiſtory and travels. I wiſh you would get yourſelf a horſe, and have always two ſervants to attend you, and viſit your neighbours; the worſe the better: there is a pleaſure in being reverenced; and that is always in your power, by your ſuperiority of ſenſe, and an eaſy fortune. The beſt maxim I know in this life is, to drink your coffee when you can; and when you cannot, to be eaſy without it: while you continue to be ſplenetic,

count upon it, I will always preach. Thus much I ſympathize with you, that I am not cheerful enough to write; for I believe coffee, once a week, is neceſſary to that. I can ſincerely anſwer all your queſtions as I uſed to do; but then I give all poſſible way to amuſements, becauſe they preſerve my temper, as exerciſe does my health; and without health and good humour I would rather be a dog. I have ſhifted ſcenes oftener than ever I did in my life, and I believe have lain in thirty beds ſince I left town, and always drew up the clothes with my left hand; which is a ſuperſtition I have learned theſe ten years. I long to ſee you in figure and equipage. Pray do not loſe that taſte. Farewel.

## To the Same.

Auguſt 7, 1722.

I AM this hour leaving my preſent reſidence; and if I fix any where ſhall let you know it.

A long vacation.—Law lies aſleep, and bad weather. How do you wear away the time? Is it among the groves and fields of your country ſeat, or among your couſins in town; or thinking in a train that will be ſure to vex you; and then reaping, and forming teaſing concluſions from miſtaken thoughts. The beſt companion for you is a philoſopher; whom you would regard as much as a ſermon. I have read more traſh ſince I left you, than would fill all your ſhelves, and am abundantly the better for it, though I ſcarce remember a ſyllable. What a fooliſh thing is time; and how fooliſh

fooliſh is man, who would be as angry if time ſtopt, as if it paſſed. But I will not proceed at this rate; for I am writing, and thinking myſelf faſt into the ſpleen, which is the only thing I would not compliment you by imitating. So adieu till the next place I fix in.

## To ROBERT COPE, Eſq.

Dublin, October 9, 1722.

I AM but juſt come to town, and therefore look upon myſelf to have juſt left Loughgail, and that this is the firſt opportunity I have of writing to you.

Strange revolutions ſince I left you: a biſhop * of my old acquaintance in the Tower for treaſon, and a doctor of my new acquaintance made a biſhop. I hope you are returned with ſucceſs from your Connaught journey, and that you tired yourſelf more than you expected in taking the compaſs of your new land; the conſequence of which muſt be, that you will continue needy ſome years longer than you intended.—Your new biſhop Bolton was born to be my tormentor; he ever oppoſed me as my ſubject †, and now has left me embroiled for want of him. The government, in conſideration of the many favours they have ſhewn me, would fain have me give St. Bride's to ſome one of their hang-dogs, that Dr. Howard may come in to St.

* Dr. Atterbury, biſhop of Rocheſter.

† Dr. Bolton had been chancellor of St. Patrick's.

Werburgh's. So that I muſt either diſoblige Whig and Tory in my chapter, or be ungrateful to my patrons in power.—When you come to town, you muſt be ready, at what time you hear the ſound of tabret, harp, &c. to worſhip the brazen image ſet up, or elſe be caſt into a cold watery furnace; I have not yet ſeen it, for it does not lie in my walks, and I want curioſity.—The wicked Tories themſelves begin now to believe there was ſomething of a plot; and every plot coſts Ireland more than any plot can be worth. The court has ſent a demand here for more money by three times than is now in the hands of the treaſury, and all the collectors of this kingdom put together. I eſcaped hanging very narrowly a month ago; for a letter from Preſton, directed to me, was opened in the poſt-office, and ſealed again in a very ſlovenly manner, when Manley found it only contained a requeſt from a poor curate. This hath determined me againſt writing treaſon: however, I am not certain that this letter may not be intepreted as comforting his moſt excellent majeſty's enemies, ſince you have been a ſtate priſoner. Pray God keep all honeſt men out of the hands of lions and bears, and uncircumciſed Philiſtines!—I hoped my brother Orrery * had loved his land too much to hazard it on

* Charles Boyle, born in Auguſt 1676, was entered, when only fifteen, of Chriſt's Church, Oxford; and early diſtinguiſhed himſelf by publiſhing the life of Lyſander, from the Greek of Plutarch; and ſtill more, by his edition of Phalaris in 1695, and the conſequential controverſy with Dr. Bentley. He ſucceeded to the title of earl of Orrery, Aug. 23, 1703, on the death of his elder brother Lionel, and had a regiment given him; was elected a knight of

on Revolution principles. I am told that a lady of my acquaintance was the diſcoverer of this plot, having a lover among the true Whigs, whom ſhe preferred before an old battered huſband.

You never ſaw any thing ſo fine as my new Dublin plantations of elms; I wiſh you would come and viſit them; and I am very ſtrong in wine, though not ſo liberal of it as you.—It is ſaid that Kelly the parſon * is admitted to Kelly the ſquire †, and that they are cooking up a diſcovery between them, for the improvement of the hempen

of the Thiſtle, Oct. 12, 1705; raiſed to the rank of major-general in 1709, and ſworn of the privy-council. At the time the peace of Utrecht was ſettling, he was appointed envoy extraordinary to the ſtates of Flanders and Brabant, Jan. 11, 1710-11; and, for his ſervices, was created baron Boyle of Marſton, in Somerſetſhire, Sept. 10, 1711. He reſided at Bruſſels, as envoy, till June 1713; and, on the acceſſion of king George I. was continued in his command in the army, made a lord of the bed-chamber; and lord lieutenant of the county of Somerſet, Dec. 3, 1714. He reſigned his poſt in the bed-chamber in 1716, his regiment having before been taken from him; was committed to the Tower, Sept. 28, 1722, on ſuſpicion of being concerned in Layer's plot; whence he was at laſt diſcharged, after ſuffering ſeverely in his health; and died Aug. 28, 1731, aged 57. His lordſhip's taſte as a fine writer is well eſtabliſhed; and the noble inſtrument invented by him, which bears his name, is a proof of his mechanical genius; he had alſo a peculiar turn to medicine; and bought and read whatever was publiſhed on that ſubject.

* George Kelly, taken upon ſuſpicion of treaſonable correſpondence, was tried by the houſe of lords, and found guilty, and ſentenced to be confined in the Tower for life; but he made his eſcape in the year 1736.

† Captain Dennis Kelly, who had a very good eſtate in Ireland, was committed to the Tower in 1722, on ſuſpicion of correſponding with the Pretender; but nothing could be proved againſt him. Mr. Kelly's daughter was honoured with the friendſhip of Dr. Swift; and ſeveral of her letters are in the collection of his works.

manufacture. It is reckoned that the beſt trade in London this winter will be that of an evidence. As much as I hate the Tories, I cannot but pity them as fools. Some think likewiſe, that the Pretender ought to have his choice of two caps, a red cap or a fool's cap. It is a wonderful thing to ſee the Tories provoking his preſent majeſty, whoſe clemency, mercy, and forgiving temper, have been ſo ſignal, ſo extraordinary, ſo more than humane, during the whole courſe of his reign; which plainly appears, not only from his own ſpeeches and declarations, but alſo from a moſt ingenious pamphlet juſt come over, relating to the wicked biſhop of Rocheſter.—But enough of politicks. I have no town news: I have ſeen nobody: I have heard nothing. Old Rochfort * has got a dead palſy. Lady Betty † has been long ill. Dean Per—— ‡ has anſwered the other dean's journal in Grub-ſtreet, juſtly taxing him for avarice and want of hoſpitality. Madam Per—— abſolutely denies all the facts; inſiſts that ſhe never made candles of dripping; that Charly never had the chin-cough, &c.

* Robert Rochfort, Eſq. He was made attorney general to king William, June 6, 1695: choſen ſpeaker of the houſe of commons the ſame year; and appointed chief baron of the exchequer in 1707, in which poſt he continued till the death of the queen.

† Wife to Mr. George Rochfort (the chief baron's ſon), and daughter to the earl of Drogheda.

‡ Dr. William Percivale, archdeacon of Caſhel in 1713, appears, by Boulter's Letters, to have been promoted in the year 1725 to the rectory of St. Michan's in Dublin. He was then a dean, and moſt probably the perſon here meant.

My

My moſt humble ſervice to Mrs. Cope, who entertained that covetous lampooning dean much better than he deſerved. Remember me to honeſt Nanty, and boy Barclay.

Ever your's, *&c.*

## To the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD, October 11th, 1722.

I OFTEN receive letters franked from Oxford, but always find them written and ſubſcribed by your lordſhip's ſervant Mynett. His meaning is ſome buſineſs of his own, wherein I am his ſolicitor; but he makes his court by giving me an account of the ſtate of your family; and perpetually adds a clauſe, "That your lordſhip ſoon intends to "write to me." I knew you indeed when you were not ſo great a man as you are now, I mean when you were treaſurer; but you are grown ſo proud ſince your retirement, that there is no enduring you: and you have reaſon, for you never acted ſo difficult a part of life before. In the two great ſcenes of power and perſecution, you have excelled mankind; and in this of retirement, you have moſt injuriouſly forgotten your friends. Poor Prior often ſent me his complaints on this occaſion; and I have returned him mine. I never courted your acquaintance when you governed Europe, but you courted mine; and now you neglect me, when I uſe all my inſinuations to keep myſelf in your memory. I am very ſenſible, that next to receiving thanks and compliments, there is nothing you

more hate than writing letters: but, ſince I never gave you thanks, nor made you compliments, I have ſo much more merit than any of thoſe thouſands whom you have leſs obliged, by only making their fortunes, without taking them into your friendſhip, as you did me; whom you always countenanced in too public and particular a manner to be forgotten, either by the world or myſelf; for which, never man was more proud, or leſs vain.

I have now been ten years ſoliciting for your picture; and if I had ſolicited you for a thouſand pounds (I mean of your own money, not the public) I could have prevailed in ten days. You have given me many hundred hours; can you not now give me a couple? have my mortifications been ſo few, or are you ſo malicious to add a greater than I ever yet ſuffered? did you ever refuſe me any thing I aſked you? and will you now begin? In my conſcience, I believe, and by the whole conduct of your life I have reaſon to believe, that you are too poor to bear the expence. I ever told you, I was the richer man of the two; and I am now richer by five hundred pounds, than I was at the time when I was boaſting at your table of my wealth, before Diamond Pitt.

I have hitherto taken up with a ſcurvy print of you, under which I have placed this lemma:

—Veteres actus primamque juventam
Proſequar? ad ſeſe mentem præſentia ducunt.

And this I will place under your picture, whenever you are rich enough to ſend it me. I will only

only promiſe, in return, that it ſhall never loſe you the reputation of poverty; which, to one of your birth, patrimony, and employments, is one of the greateſt glories of your life, and ſo ſhall be celebrated by me.

I intreat your lordſhip, if your leiſure and your health will permit, to let me know when I can be a month with you at Brampton-caſtle; becauſe I have a great deal of buſineſs with you that relates to poſterity. Mr. Mynett has, for ſome time, led me an uncomfortable life, with his ill accounts of your health; but, God be thanked, his ſtyle of late is much altered for the better.

My hearty and conſtant prayers are perpetually offered up for the preſervation of you and your excellent family. Pray, my lord, write to me; or you never loved me, or I have done ſomething to deſerve your diſpleaſure. My lord and lady Harriot, my brother and ſiſter *, pretend to atone by making me fine preſents; but I would have his lordſhip know, that I would value two of his lines, more than two of his manors, &c.

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, London, Dec. 22, 1722.

AFTER every poſt-day, for theſe eight or nine years, I have been troubled with an uneaſineſs of ſpirit, and at laſt, I have reſolved to get

* The members of the club of ſixteen all called one another Brothers, and conſequently their wives were Siſters to the ſeveral members.

rid of it, and write to you. I don't deſerve you ſhould think ſo well of me as I really deſerve; for I have not profeſſed to you, that I love you as much as ever I did: but you are the only perſon of my acquaintance almoſt, that does not know it. Whomever I ſee, that comes from Ireland, the firſt queſtion I aſk is after your health; of which I had the pleaſure to hear very lately from Mr. Berkeley. I think of you very often: nobody wiſhes you better, or longs more to ſee you. Duke Diſney, who knows more news than any man alive, told me I ſhould certainly meet you at the Bath this ſeaſon: but I had one comfort in being diſappointed, that you did not want it for your health. I was there for near eleven weeks for a cholic, that I have been often troubled with of late; but have not found all the benefit I expected.

I lodge, at preſent, in Burlington-houſe, and have received many civilities from many great men, but very few real benefits. They wonder at each other for not providing for me; and I wonder at them all. Experience has given me ſome knowledge of them; ſo that I can ſay, that it is not in their power to diſappoint me. You find I talk to you of myſelf; I wiſh you would reply to me in the ſame manner. I hope, though you have not heard of me ſo long, I have not loſt my credit with you; but that you will think of me in the ſame manner, as when you eſpouſed my cauſe ſo warmly; which my gratitude never can forget. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obliged, and ſincere humble ſervant,

J. GAY.

P.S. Mr.

P. S. Mr. Pope, upon reading over this letter, deſired me to tell you, that he has been juſt in the ſame ſentiments with me, in regard to you; and ſhall never forget his obligations to you.

## To Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

COMING home after a ſhort Chriſtmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The beſt and greateſt part of my life, until theſe laſt eight years, I ſpent in England; there I made my friendſhips, and there I left my deſires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus & illis.* What can be the deſign of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a ſcurvy ſleep, which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older ſince I left you, yet that is the leaſt of my alterations; my buſineſs, my diverſions, my converſations, are all entirely changed for the worſe, and ſo are my ſtudies and my amuſements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be paſſable enough, if you would let me alone. I ſhall not be able to reliſh my wine, my parſons, my horſes, nor my garden for three months, until the ſpirit you have raiſed ſhall be diſpoſſeſſed. I have ſometimes wondered that I have not viſited you, but I have been ſtopt by too many reaſons, beſide years and lazineſs, and yet theſe are very good ones.

Upon

Upon my return after half a year amongſt you, there would be to me *Deſiderio nec pudor nec modus.* I was three years reconciling myſelf to the ſcene, and the buſineſs, to which fortune hath condemned me, and ſtupidity was what I had recourſe to. Beſides, what a figure ſhould I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, diſtreſs, or impriſonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threatened myſelf with the journey, and am every ſummer practiſing to get health to bear it: the only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your cholic: do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? It will not be always *Et tibi quos mihi dempſerit apponet annos.* I am heartily ſorry you have any dealings with that ugly diſtemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exerciſe. I wiſh they could have as good an effect upon the giddineſs I am ſubject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I ſhould have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the preſent condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or elſe he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your caſe of needing great mens favour, and could heartily wiſh that you were in his. I have been conſidering why poets have ſuch ill ſucceſs in making their court, ſince they are allowed to be the greateſt and

beſt

beſt of all flatterers: the defect is that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: they will give things under their hand which they make a conſcience of ſpeaking. Beſides, they are too libertine to haunt anti-chambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to ſecond-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under original ſin by the dedication of your Eclogues to lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this diſtance; and beſides, am, for my eaſe, utterly ignorant of the commoneſt things that paſs in the world; but if all courts have a ſameneſs in them (as the parſons phraſe it) things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to parliament-mens friends, who had been uſeful in elections, and there was always a huge liſt of names in arrears at the treaſury, which would at leaſt take up your ſeven years expedient to diſcharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the ſureſt courſe would be to get your friend who lodged in your houſe, to recommend you to the next chief governor who comes over here, for a good civil employment, or to be one of his ſecretaries, which your parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reaſonable; you may dine twice a week at the deanry-houſe; there is a ſet of company in this town ſufficient for one man; folks will admire you, becauſe they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or ſumptuouſly here; or if you

divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wiſh I could do more than ſay I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late court, and the ſucceſſors; and by the force of too much honeſty or too little ſublunary wiſdom, you fell between two ſtools. Take care of your health and money; be leſs modeſt and more active; or elſe turn parſon and get a biſhoprick here: would to God they would ſend us as good ones from your ſide!

I am ever, *&c.*

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Dublin, Dec. 22, 1722.

WHAT care we, whether you ſwim or ſink? Is this a time to talk of boats, or a time to ſail in them, when I am ſhuddering? or a time to build boat-houſes, or pay for carriage? No; but toward ſummer, I promiſe hereby under my hand to ſubſcribe a (guinea*) ſhilling for one; or, if you pleaſe me, what is blotted out, or ſomething thereabouts, and the ladies ſhall ſubſcribe three thirteens between them, and Mrs. Brent a penny, and Robert and Archy half-pence a piece, and the old man and woman a farthing each; in ſhort, I will be your collector, and we will ſend it down full of wine, a fortnight before we go at Whitſuntide. You will make eight thouſand blunders in your planting; and who can help it? for I cannot be with you. My horſes eat hay, and I hold my

* The word *guinea* is ſtruck through with a pen in the copy.

viſitation

viſitation on January 7, juſt in the midſt of Chriſtmas. Mrs. Brent is angry, and ſwears as much as a fanatick can do, that ſhe will ſubſcribe ſix-pence to your boat.——Well, I ſhall be a countryman when you are not; we are now at Mr. Fad's, with Dan and Sam; and I ſteal out while they are at cards, like a lover writing to his miſtreſs.—We have no news in our town. The ladies have left us to-day, and I promiſed them that you would carry your club to Arſellagh, when you are weary of one another. You expreſs your happineſs with grief in one hand, and ſorrow in the other. What fowl have you but the weep? what hairs, but Mrs. Macfaden's grey hairs? what peaſe but your own? Your mutton and your weather are both very bad, and ſo is your wedder-mutton. Wild-fowl is what we like.—How will this letter get to you? —A fortnight good from this morning, you will find Quilca not the thing it was laſt Auguſt; nobody to reliſh the lake; nobody to ride over the downs; no trout to be caught; no dining over a well; no night heroicks, no morning epicks; no ſtolen hour when the wife is gone; no creature to call you names. Poor miſerable maſter Sheridan! No blind harpers! no journeys to Rantavan!—Anſwer all this, and be my *magnus Apollo*. We have new plays and new libels, and nothing valuable is old but Stella, whoſe bones ſhe recommends to you. Dan deſires to know whether you ſaw the advertiſement of your being robbed—and ſo I conclude,

Yours, *&c.*

T.

## To the Duke of GRAFTON.

MY LORD, Dublin, Jan. 24, 1722-3.

I RECEIVED lately from the dean of Downe a favourable meſſage from your grace, relating to a clergyman, who married my near relation, and whoſe eſtate is much incumbered by a long ſuit at law. I return my moſt humble acknowledgments for your grace's favourable anſwer. I can aſſure your grace, that in thoſe times, when I was thought to have ſome credit with perſons in power, I never uſed it to my own intereſt, and very rarely for that of others, unleſs where it was for the public advantage; neither ſhall I ever be a troubleſome or common petitioner to your grace. I am ſorry the archbiſhop of Dublin * ſhould interpoſe in petty matters, when he has juſtly ſo much weight in things of greater moment. How ſhall we, the humbleſt of your addreſſers, make our way to the ſmalleſt mark of your favour? I deſired your ſecretary, Mr. Hopkins, (whom I have long known) to deal plainly with me, as with a man forgotten, and out of the world, and if he thought my requeſt unreaſonable, I would drop it. This he failed to do; and therefore I here complain of him to your grace, and will do ſo to himſelf, becauſe I have long done with court anſwers.

I heartily wiſh your grace full ſucceſs in all your great and good endeavours for the ſervice of your

* Dr. King.

country.

country, and particularly of this kingdom; and am, with the greateſt reſpect, my lord, your grace's moſt obedient, and moſt humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

## From Mr. GAY.

London, Feb. 3, 1722-3.

YOU made me happy in anſwering my laſt letter in ſo kind a manner, which, to common appearance, I did not deſerve; but I believe you gueſſed my thoughts, and knew, that I had not forgot you, and that I always loved you. When I found, that my book was not ſent to you by Tooke, Jervais undertook it, and gave it to Mr. Maxwell, who married a niece of Mr. Meredith's. I am ſurprized you have heard nothing of it; but Jervais has promiſed me to write about it, ſo that I hope you will have it delivered to you ſoon. Mr. Congreve I ſee often: he always mentions you with the ſtrongeſt expreſſions of eſteem and friendſhip. He labours ſtill under the ſame afflictions, as to his ſight and gout; but, in his intervals of health, he has not loſt any thing of his cheerful temper. I paſſed all the laſt ſeaſon with him at the Bath, and I have great reaſon to value myſelf upon his friendſhip; for I am ſure he ſincerely wiſhes me well. We pleaſed ourſelves with the thoughts of ſeeing you there; but Duke Diſney, who knows more intelligence than any body beſides, chanced to give us a wrong information. If you had been there, the duke promiſed, upon my giving him notice,

notice, to make you a viſit. He often talks of you, and wiſhes to ſee you.

I was two or three days ago at Dr. Arbuthnot's, who told me, he wrote you three letters, but had received no anſwer. He charged me to ſend you his advice, which is, to come to England and ſee your friends. This, he affirms (abſtracted from the deſire he has to ſee you) to be very good for your health. He thinks, that your going to Spa, and drinking the waters there, would be of great ſervice to you, if you have reſolution enough to take the journey. But he would have you try England firſt. I like the preſcription very much, but I own, I have a ſelf-intereſt in it; for your taking this journey would certainly do me a great deal of good. Pope has juſt now embarked himſelf in another great undertaking as an author; for, of late, he has talked only as a gardener. He has engaged to tranſlate the Odyſſey in three years, I believe rather out of a proſpect of gain than inclination; for I am perſuaded he bore his part in the loſs of the South-Sea. He lives moſtly at Twickenham, and amuſes himſelf in his houſe and garden. I ſupped about a fortnight ago with lord Bathurſt and Lewis, at Dr. Arbuthnot's. Whenever your old acquaintance meet, they never fail of expreſſing their want of you. I wiſh you would come, and be convinced, that all I tell you is true.

As for the reigning amuſement of the town, it is intirely muſic; real fiddles, baſs viols, and hautboys; not poetical harps, lyres and reeds. There's nobody

nobody allowed to ſay, I ſing, but an eunuch, or an Italian woman. Every body is grown now as great a judge of muſic, as they were, in your time, of poetry; and folks, that could not diſtinguiſh one tune from another, now daily diſpute about the different ſtyles of Handel, Bononcini, and Attilio. People have now forgot Homer, and Virgil, and Cæſar; or, at leaſt, they have loſt their ranks. For, in London and Weſtminſter, in all polite converſations, Seneſino is daily voted to be the greateſt man that ever lived.

I am obliged to you for your advice, as I have been formerly for your aſſiſtance, in introducing me into buſineſs. I ſhall this year be a commiſſioner of the ſtate-lottery, which will be worth to me a hundred and fifty pounds. And I am not without hopes, that I have friends, that will think of ſome better and more certain proviſion for me. You ſee I talk to you of myſelf, as a thing of conſequence to you. I judge by myſelf; for to hear of your health and happineſs, will always be one of my greateſt ſatisfactions. Every one that I have named in the letter, give their ſervice to you. I beg you to give mine, Mr. Pope's, and Mr. Kent's *, to Mr. Ford. I am, dear Sir, your moſt faithful and moſt humble ſervant,

J. GAY.

* A celebrated gardener, to whom Pope, ſpeaking of Eſher, a ſeat of the late Mr. Pelham's, pays a moſt elegant compliment;

"Where Kent and nature vie for Pelham's love."

## To the Rev. Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Dublin, Feb. 12, 1722-3.

I WOULD have been at Laracor and Athboy before now, if an ugly depending chapter-buſineſs had not tied me here. There is a long difficulty, that concerns the government, the archbiſhop, the chapter, the dean, Dr. Howard, and Robin Grattan, and I know not whether it will be determined in a month. All my deſign is, to do a job for Robert Grattan; but the reſt have their different ſchemes and politicks, too deep and too contemptible for me to trouble myſelf about them. Mean time you grow negligent, and the improvements at Laracor are forgotten. I beg you will ſtop there for a day or two, and do what is neceſſary now, before the ſeaſon is too late; and I will come when this affair is over, and bring down wine (which will not be ready till then, for it is but juſt bottled); and we will be merry at your houſe and my cottage.

I ſent your memorial, drawn up by myſelf, with my opinion upon it, and a letter to Dr. Kearney, to recommend it to the primate. I likewiſe deſired Mr. Morgan to ſecond it. I have in vain hitherto ſought Dr. Kearney, but ſhall find him ſoon; and I intend to engage Dr. Worth and Mr. Croſs, and probably all may come to nothing—— *Sed quid tentare nocebit?* The ladies are as uſually—Mrs. Johnſon eats an ounce a week, which frights

me

me from dining with her. My crew has drunk near three hogſheads ſince I came to town, and we muſt take up with new when I come down. I ſuppoſe you are in the midſt of ſpleen and juſtice. I have often an ill head, and am ſo unfortunate as to pick out rainy days to ride in. What is it to you that old Proby the painter is dead?

I am ever yours,

J. SWIFT.

## To Archbiſhop KING.

MY LORD, Dublin, July 14, 1724.

YOUR grace will have received, before this comes to your hands, an account of the primate's death *, who died yeſterday at twelve o'clock at noon. He had left off ſpitting for about ten days before; and the want of that, is thought to have been the immediate cauſe of his death, although he eat heartily until the two laſt days. He has left the biſhop of Kildare, and his ſteward Mr. Morgan, his executors, who were both out of town; but I ſuppoſe are ſent for. Some who formerly belonged to him think he has left 40,000l. others report he died poor.

The vogue is, that your grace will ſucceed him, if you pleaſe: but I am too great a ſtranger to your preſent ſituation at court to know what to judge. But if there were virtue enough, I could wiſh

* Dr. Lindſay, who was ſucceeded by Dr. Boulter, biſhop of Briſtol.

your grace would accept the offer, if it ſhould be made you; becauſe I would have your name left to poſterity among the primates; and becauſe entering into a new ſtation is entering, after a ſort, on a new leaſe of life; and becauſe it might be hoped, that your grace would be adviſed with about a ſucceſſor; and becauſe that dioceſe would require your grace's ability and ſpirit to reform it; and becauſe—but I ſhould never be at an end if I were to number up the reaſons why I would have your grace in the higheſt ſtations the crown can give you.

I found all the papers in the cabinet relating to Dr. Stephen's hoſpital, and therefore I brought them home to the deanry. I opened the cabinet in the preſence of Mr. Bouhereau, and ſaw one paper, which proved a bank-note for 500l. The greatneſs of the ſum ſtartled me, but I found it belonged to the ſame hoſpital; I was in pain, becauſe workmen were in the room, and about the houſe. I therefore went this morning to St. Sepulcher's; and, in the preſence of Mrs. Green *, I took away the note, and have ſecured it in my cabinet, leaving her my receipt for it, and am very proud to find that a ſcrip under my hand will paſs for 500l. I wiſh your grace a good journey to the eſtabliſhment of your health; and am, with the greateſt reſpect, my lord,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful
and moſt humble ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

* The archbiſhop's houſekeeper.

To

## To ROBERT COPE, Esq.

Dublin, May 11, 1723.

I PUT up your letter so very safe, that I was half an hour looking for it. I did not receive it till a few days before I came to town; for I often changed stages, and my last as well as my first was at Woodpark with Mr. Ford. This is the first minute of leisure I have had to answer you, which I did not intend to do, till I heard you were come and gone from hence like a spright. I will tell you that for some years I have intended a Southern journey; and this summer is fixed for it, and I hope to set out in ten days. I never was in those parts, nor am acquainted with one Christian among them, so that I shall be little more than a passenger; from thence I go to the bishop of Clonfert *, who expects me, and pretends to be prepared for me. You need not take so much pains to invite me to Loughgall. I am grown so peevish, that I can bear no other country-place in this kingdom; I quarrel every where else, and sour the people I go to as well as myself. I will put the greatest compliment on you that ever I made; which is, to profess sincerely that I never found any thing wrong in your house, and that you alone of all my Irish acquaintance have found out the secret of loving your lady and children, with some reserve of love for your friends, and, which is more, with-

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton.

out being troubleſome; and Mrs. Cope, I think, excels even you, at leaſt you have made me think ſo, and I beg you will deceive me as long as I live. The worſt of it is, that if you grow weary of me (and I wonder why you do not) I have no other retreat. The neighbours you mention may be valuable, but I never want them at your houſe; and I love the very ſpleen of you and Mrs. Cope, better than the mirth of any others you can help me to; it is indeed one additional good circumſtance that T——* will be abſent. I am ſorry to ſay ſo of an old acquaintance; I would pity all infirmities that years bring on, except envy and loſs of good-nature; the loſs of the latter I cannot pardon in any one but myſelf. My moſt humble ſervice to Mrs. Cope; and pray God bleſs your fireſide! It will ſpare Dr. Jinny † the trouble of a letter, if he knows from you in a few days, that I intend in a week from your receiving this to begin my journey; for he promiſed to be my companion. It is probable I may be at Clonfert by the beginning of July.—It is abominable that you will get me none of Prior's guineas.—If you want news, ſeek other correſpondents. Mr. Ford is heartily weary of us, for want of company. He is a tavern-man, and few here go to taverns, except ſuch as will not paſs with him; and, what is worſe, as much as he has travelled, he cannot ride. He will be undone when I am gone away; yet he does not think it convenient to be in London during theſe hopeful

* Q. Tiſdell.

† A clergyman in the neighbourhood.

times.

times. I have been four hours at a commiſſion to hear the paſſing of accompts, and thought I ſhould not have ſpirits left to begin a letter; but I find myſelf refreſhed with writing to you. Adieu, and do me the juſtice to believe that no man loves and eſteems you more than yours, &c.

## To the Same.

June 1, 1723.

I WROTE to you three weeks ago; perhaps my letter miſcarried: I deſired you would let Dr. Jinny know that I intended my journey in ten days after my letter would reach you; and I ſtaid five or ſix more, and do now leave this town on Monday, and take a long Southern journey, and in five or ſix weeks hope to get to the biſhop of Clonfert's. My letter to you was very long, and full of civilities to you and Mrs. Cope, and it is a pity it ſhould be loſt. I go where I was never before, without one companion, and among people where I know no creature; and all this to get a little exercíſe, for curing an ill head. Pray reproach Dr. Jinny ſoundly, if you received my letter, and ſent my meſſage; for I know not where to direct to him, but thought you might hear of him once a week. Your friend Ford keeps ſtill in Ireland, and paſſes the ſummer at his country houſe with two ſober ladies of his and my acquaintance. If there be time after my being at Clonfert, I will call at Loughgall; though I wiſh you would come to the

biſhop's, if Mrs. Cope will give you leave. It ſeems they are reſolved to find out plots here when the parliament meets, in imitation of England; and the chief juſtice and poſtmaſter are gone on purpoſe to bring them over, and they will raiſe fifty thouſand pounds on the Papiſts here. The biſhop of Meath * ſays, "The biſhop of Rocheſter "was always a ſilly fellow."

I wiſh you many merry meetings with Tiſdell. The graziers will be ruined this year. Praiſed be God for all things! Bermudas † goes low. The walk

* Dr. John Evans; whoſe urbanity may be eſtimated from his conduct to Dr. Swift in 1721.

† Alluding to Dr. Berkeley's project of founding a univerſity at Bermudas. This excellent Divine, by Dr Swift's recommendation, went to Sicily with lord Peterborow, as ſecretary and chaplain.—His letters to Mr. Pope from Leghorn and Naples (ſee that poet's works) make us regret that there are only three of them. One letter to him from Mr. Pope is in Mr. Duncombe's collection.—During Dr. Berkeley's abſence, Trinity College, Dublin, of which he was then one of the ſenior fellows, created him, in 1717, D. D. by diploma. He returned to Ireland in 1718, and in 1721 was advanced to the deanry of Derry; where he was no ſooner ſettled than he formed the benevolent plan which he publiſhed, in 1725, under the title of "A propoſal for the better ſupplying of Churches in our "Foreign Plantations, and for converting the Savage Americans to "Chriſtianity, by a College to be erected in the Summer Iſlands, "otherwiſe called the Iſles of Bermuda." Having obtained a royal charter, Dean Berkeley ſet ſail for Rhode Iſland in September 1728. But, not finding himſelf ſupported in this laudable deſign, by thoſe who alone could render it effectual, he returned to England in 1731; and, in a Sermon preached at Bow-church, Feb. 18, 1731-2, before the Society for propagating the Goſpel, gave a full account of his pious labours. He was promoted to the biſhoprick of Cloyne, March 5, 1733; in which high ſtation he ſteadily perſevered in his truly patriotic endeavours to benefit the community, as appears by ſome valuable tracts in the volume of his Miſcellanies, 1752. The earl

walk towards the biſhop of Clonfert's is full of graſs. The college and I are fallen out about a guinea. We have ſome hangings, but few weddings. The next packet will bring us word of the king and biſhop of Rocheſter's * leaving England; a good journey and ſpeedy return to one, and the other, is an honeſt Whig wiſh. And ſo I remain, ever entirely yours, &c.

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Clonfert, Auguſt 3, 1723.

NO, I cannot poſſibly be with you ſo ſoon, there are too many rivers, bogs, and mountains between; beſides, when I leave this, I ſhall make one or two ſhort viſits in my way to Dublin, and hope to be in town by the end of this month; though it will be a bad time, in the hurry of your louſy p———t. Your dream is wrong, for this biſhop is not able to lift a cat upon my ſhoulders; but if you are for a curacy of twenty-five pounds a year, and ride five miles every Sunday to preach to ſix beggars, have at you: and yet this is no ill country, and the biſhop has made, in four months, twelve miles of ditches from his houſe to the Shannon, if you talk of improving. How are you this moment? Do you love or hate Quilca the moſt of

earl of Cheſterfield, when lord lieutenant of Ireland, offered him a richer ſee; which he with great modeſty declined. He died at Oxford, in the 73d year of his age, Jan. 14, 1753; having ſettled there a few months before, to ſuperintend the education of his ſon.

* Dr. Atterbury embarked at Dover, June 18, 1723.

all

all places? Are you in or out of humour with the world, your friends, your wife, and your ſchool? Are the ladies in town or in the country? If I knew, I would write to them, and how are they in health? Quilca (let me ſee) (you ſee I can (if I pleaſe) make parentheſes as well as others) is about a hundred miles from Clonfert; and I am half weary with the four hundred I have rid. With love and ſervice, and ſo adieu.

Yours, &c.

## From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Indorſed,
"Received Nov. 17, 1723".

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE as good a right to invade your ſolitude as lord B——, Gay, or Pope, and you ſee I make uſe of it. I know you wiſh us all at the devil for robbing a moment from your vapours and vertigo. It is no matter for that; you ſhall have a ſheet of paper every poſt till you come to yourſelf. By a paragraph in your's to Mr. Pope, I find you are in the caſe of the man, who held the whole night by a broom-buſh, and found when day-light appeared, he was within two inches of the ground. You don't ſeem to know how well you ſtand with our great folks. I myſelf have been at a great man's table, and have heard, out of the mouths of violent Iriſh whigs, the whole table turn all upon your commendation. If it had not been upon the general topic of your good qualities, and the good

you did, I ſhould have grown jealous of you. My intention in this is not to expoſtulate, but to do you good. I know how unhappy a vertigo makes any body, that has the misfortune to be troubled with it. I might have been deep in it myſelf, if I had had a mind, and I will propoſe a cure for you, that I will pawn my reputation upon. I have of late ſent ſeveral patients in that caſe to the Spa, to drink there of the Geronſter water, which will not carry from the ſpot. It has ſucceeded marvelouſly with them all. There was indeed one, who relapſed a little this laſt ſummer, becauſe he would not take my advice, and return to his courſe, that had been too ſhort the year before. But, becauſe the inſtances of eminent men are moſt conſpicuous, lord Whitworth, our plenipotentiary, had this diſeaſe, (which, by the way, is a little diſqualifying for that employment) he was ſo bad, that he was often forced to catch hold of any thing to keep him from falling. I know he has recovered by the uſe of that water, to ſo great a degree, that he can ride, walk, or do any thing as formerly. I leave this to your conſideration. Your friends here wiſh to ſee you, and none more than myſelf; but I really don't adviſe you to ſuch a journey to gratify them or myſelf; but I am almoſt confident, it would do you a great deal of good. The dragon is juſt the old man, when he is rouſed. He is a little deaf, but has all his other good and bad qualities juſt as of old. Lord B—— is much improved in knowledge, manner, and every thing elſe. The

ſhaver

ſhaver * is an honeſt friendly man as before: he has a good deal to do to ſmother his Welſh fire, which, you know, he has in a greater degree than ſome would imagine. He poſts himſelf a good part of the year in ſome warm houſe, wins the ladies money at ombre, and convinces them, that they are highly obliged to him. Lord and lady M——†, Mr. Hill, and Mrs. Hill, often remember you with affection.

As for your humble ſervant, with a great ſtone in his right kidney, and a family of men and women to provide for, he is as cheerful as ever in public affairs. He has kept, as Tacitus ſays, *Medium iter inter vile ſervitium, et abruptam contumaciam.*—He never rails at a great man, but to his face; which, I can aſſure you, he has had both the opportunity and licence to do. He has ſome few weak friends, and fewer enemies: if any, he is low enough to be rather deſpiſed than puſhed at by them. I am faithfully, dear Sir, your affectionate humble ſervant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

## From the Ducheſs of ORMOND.

SIR, Dec. 9, 1723.

I Find by your's of the 6th of November, which I did not receive till laſt night, that you have been ſo good as to remember your poor relation here.

* Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq; who in Dr. Swift's imitation of Horace, Ep. vii. B. 1. is ſo called:

"This Lewis is an errant ſhaver."

† Maſham.

here. But as your three laſt never came to hand, I think it very happy, that you have kept your liberty thus long; for I can't account for my not receiving them any other way, than that they were ſtopped in the poſt office, and interpreted, as moſt innocent things are, to mean ſomething very diſtant from the intention of the writer or actor.

I am ſurprized at the account you give me of that part of Ireland you have been in: for the beſt I expect from that grateful country is to be forgotten by the inhabitants. For, to remember with any kindneſs one under the frowns of the court, is not a gift the Iriſh are endowed with. I am very ſorry to hear you have got the ſpleen, where a man of your ſenſe muſt every day meet with things ridiculous enough to make you laugh; but I am afraid, the jeſts are too low to do ſo. Change of air is the beſt thing in the world for your diſtemper. And if not to cure yourſelf, at leaſt, have ſo much goodneſs for your friends here, as to come and cure us; for it is a diſtemper we are over-run with. I am ſure your company would go a great way towards my recovery; for I aſſure you, nobody has a greater value for you than I have, and hope I ſhall have the good fortune to ſee you before I die.

I have no ſort of correſpondence with the perſon you have not ſeen, and wonder at nothing they do, or do not do.

I will let your brother * and mine know, that

* In the ſociety of ſixteen, Charles lord Butler of Weſton, and earl of Arran, brother to the duke of Ormond, on whoſe attainder he was elected chancellor of the univerſity of Oxford.

you

you remembered him in my letter. He is as good a man as lives.

I am afraid you will wiſh you had not encouraged my ſcribbling to you, when you find I am ſtill ſuch an inſipid correſpondent; but with that, which I hope will make ſome amends, am with great ſincerity and reſpect, your moſt faithful friend and humble ſervant,

M. ORMOND.

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE*.

Dec. 25, 1723.

NEVER letter came more opportunely than your laſt. The gout had made me a ſecond viſit, and ſeveral perſons were congratulating with me on the good effect of the waters, which had determined my former illneſs to a diſtemper ſo deſirable. My toe pained me; theſe compliments tired me; and I would have taken my fever again to give the gout to all the company. At that inſtant your letter was delivered to me. It cleared my brow, diverted my ill humour, and at leaſt made me forget my pain. I told the perſons, who were ſitting round my bed, and who teſtified ſome ſurpriſe at ſo ſudden a change, that this powerful epiſtle came from Ireland. At which, to ſay the truth, I did not obſerve, that their ſurpriſe diminiſhed. But

† This letter appears to have been written from France, though lord Bolingbroke had come over to England in the latter end of June this year, in order to plead his pardon, which had paſſed the ſeals on the 28th of May.

the dulleſt fellow among them, who was a prieſt, (for that happens to be the caſe ſometimes in this country) told the others, that Ireland formerly had been called *Inſula ſanctorum*: that by the acquaintance he had at the Iriſh college, he made no doubt of her deſerving ſtill the ſame appellation: and that they might be ſure, that the three pages were filled with *matiere d'edification et matiere de conſolation*, which he hoped I would be ſo good as to communicate to them. A learned Roſycrucian of my acquaintance, who is a fool of as much knowledge and as much wit as ever I knew in my life, ſmiled at the doctor's ſimplicity; obſerved, that the effect was too ſudden for a cauſe ſo heavy in its operations; ſaid a great many extravagant things about natural and theurgic magic; and informed us, that though the ſages, who deal in occult ſciences, have been laughed out of ſome countries, and driven out of others, yet there are, to his knowledge, many of them in Ireland. I ſtopped theſe gueſſers, and others, who were perhaps ready, by aſſuring them, that my correſpondent was neither a ſaint nor a conjurer. They aſked me, what he was then? I anſwered, that they ſhould know it from yourſelf; and opening your letter, I read to them in French the character which you draw of yourſelf. Particular parts of it were approved or condemned by every one, as every one's own habits induced him to judge; but they all agreed, that my correſpondent ſtood in need of more ſleep, more victuals, leſs ale, and better company. I defended you the beſt I could; and, bad as the cauſe

was,

was, I found means to have the laſt word; which in diſputes you know is the capital point. The truth is, however, that I convinced no body, not even the weakeſt of the company, that is, myſelf.

I flatter my friendſhip for you with the hopes, that you are really in the caſe, in which you ſay, that our friend Pope ſeems to be; and that you do not know your own character. Or did you mean to amuſe yourſelf, like that famous painter, who, inſtead of copying nature, tried in one of his deſigns, how far it was poſſible to depart from his original? Whatever your intention was, I will not be brought in among thoſe friends, whoſe misfortunes have given you an habitual ſourneſs. I declare to you once for all, that I am not unhappy, and that I never ſhall be ſo, unleſs I ſink under ſome phyſical evil. Retrench therefore the proportion of peeviſhneſs, which you ſet to my account. You might for ſeveral other reaſons retrench the proportions, which you ſet to the account of others, and ſo leave yourſelf without peeviſhneſs, or without excuſe. I lament, and have always lamented, your being placed in Ireland; but you are worſe than peeviſh, you are unjuſt, when you ſay, that it was either not in the power or will of a miniſtry to place you in England. Write miniſter friend Jonathan, and ſcrape out the words, either, power, or; after which the paſſage will run as well, and be conformable to the truth of things. I know but one man * who had power at that time, and

* Lord Oxford.

that

that wretched man had neither the will nor the ſkill to make a good uſe of it.

We talk of characters; match me that, if you can, among all the odd phænomena which have appeared in the moral world. I have not a Tacitus by me; but I believe, that I remember your quotation, and as a mark that I hit right, I make no comment upon it. As you deſcribe your public ſpirit, it ſeems to me to be a diſeaſe, as well as your peeviſhneſs. Your propoſals for reforming the ſtate are admirable; and your ſchemes conciſe. With reſpect to your humble ſervant, you judge better than you did in a letter I received from you about four years ago. You ſeemed at that time not ſo afraid of the nightingale's falling into the ſerpent's mouth. This reflection made me recollect, that I writ you at that time a long epiſtle in metre. After rummaging among my papers, I found it, and ſend it with my letter: it will ſerve to entertain you the firſt faſt-day. I depend on the fidelity of your friendſhip, that it ſhall fall under no eye but your own. Adieu.

I read in Engliſh, (for ſhe underſtands it) to a certain lady, the paſſage of your letter, which relates to her. The Latin I moſt generouſly concealed. She deſires you to receive the compliments of one, who is ſo far from being equal to fifty others of her ſex, that ſhe never found herſelf equal to any one of them. She ſays, that ſhe has neither youth nor beauty, but that ſhe hopes on the long and intimate acquaintance ſhe has had with you, when you meet, if that ever happens, to caſt

ſuch a miſt before your eyes, that you ſhall not perceive ſhe wants either of them.

## From Lady MASHAM.

DEAR SIR, Indorſed, 'Received, Feb. 20, 1723-4.'

'TIS impoſſible for you to imagine with what ſatisfaction I received your kind letter; and though I had been ſo long without hearing from you, I could never impute it to want of friendſhip in one, whoſe goodneſs to me has always been abundantly more than I could deſerve. I had writ often to you; but having no ſafe conveyance, choſe rather to inquire after your health and welfare of ſome people that could give me an account of it. And I do aſſure you, from the bottom of my heart, there is not a perſon living I have a greater friendſhip for than yourſelf, and ſhall have to the end of my life. Indeed now I can ſhew it only in expreſſions; but I flatter myſelf you believe them ſincere. I long to ſee you at my retired habitation, where you will meet with a moſt hearty welcome and faithful friends, and none more ſo, than her who is

Your moſt affectionate humble ſervant,

H. MASHAM.

My lord, children, brother, and ſiſter are your humble ſervants.

## To His Excellency Lord CARTERET, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

MY LORD, April 28, 1724.

MANY of the principal perſons in this kingdom, diſtinguiſhed for their loyalty to his preſent majeſty, hearing that I had the honour to be known to your excellency, have for ſome time preſſed me very earneſtly, ſince you were declared lord-lieutenant of this kingdom, to repreſent to your excellency the apprehenſions they are under concerning Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence to paſs in Ireland. Your excellency knows the unanimous ſentiments of the parliament here upon that matter: and upon inquiry, you will find, that there is not one perſon of any rank or party, in this whole kingdom, who does not look upon that patent as the moſt ruinous project that ever was contrived againſt any nation. Neither is it doubted, that when your excellency ſhall be thoroughly informed, your juſtice and compaſſion for an injured people, will force you to employ your credit for their relief.

I have made bold to ſend you incloſed two ſmall tracts on this ſubject, one written (as it is ſuppoſed) by the earl of Abercorn; the other is intitled to a weaver, and ſuited to the vulgar, but thought to be the work of a better hand.

I hope your excellency will forgive an old humble ſervant, and one who always loved and eſteemed

you, for interfering in matters out of his province; which he would never have done, if many of the greateſt perſons here had not, by their importunity, drawn him out of his retirement, to venture giving you a little trouble, in hopes to ſave their country from utter deſtruction; for which the memory of your government will be bleſſed by poſterity.

I hope to have the honour of ſeeing your excellency here; and do promiſe neither to be a frequent viſitor, nor troubleſome ſolicitor, but ever, with the greateſt reſpect, *&c.*

## To the Same.

MY LORD, June 9, 1724.

IT is above a month ſince I took the boldneſs of writing to your excellency, upon a ſubject wherein the welfare of this kingdom is highly concerned.

I writ at the deſire of ſeveral conſiderable perſons here, who could not be ignorant that I had the honour of being well known to you.

I could have wiſhed your excellency had condeſcended ſo far, as to let one of your under-clerks have ſignified to me that a letter was received.

I have been long out of the world; but have not forgotten what uſed to paſs among thoſe I lived with, while I was in it: and I can ſay, that during the experience of many years, and many changes in affairs, your excellency, and one more, who is not

not worthy to be compared to you, are the only great perſons that ever refuſed to anſwer a letter from me, without regard to buſineſs, party, or greatneſs; and if I had not a peculiar eſteem for your perſonal qualities, I ſhould think myſelf to be acting a very inferior part in making this complaint.

I never was ſo humble, as to be vain upon my acquaintance with men in power, and always rather choſe to avoid it when I was not called. Neither were their power or titles ſufficient, without merit, to make me cultivate them; of which I have witneſſes enough left, after all the havock made among them, by accidents of time, or by changes of perſons, meaſures, and opinions.

I know not how your conceptions of yourſelf may alter, by every new high ſtation; but mine muſt continue the ſame, or alter for the worſe.

I often told a great miniſter, whom you well know, that I valued him for being the ſame man through all the progreſs of power and place. I expected the like in your lordſhip; and ſtill hope that I ſhall be the only perſon who will ever find it otherwiſe.

I pray God to direct your excellency in all your good undertakings, and eſpecially in your government of this kingdom.

I ſhall trouble you no more; but remain, with great reſpect, my Lord,

Your Excellency's
moſt obedient and
moſt humble ſervant.

## From Lord CARTERET.

SIR, Arlington-ſtreet, June 20, 1724.

TO begin by confeſſing myſelf in the wrong, will, I hope, be ſome proof to you, that none of the ſtations, which I have gone through, have hitherto had the effects upon me, which you apprehend. If a month's ſilence has been turned to my diſadvantage in your eſteem, it has at leaſt had this good effect, that I am convinced by the kindneſs of your reproaches, as well as by the goodneſs of your advice, that you ſtill retain ſome part of your former friendſhip for me, of which I am the more confident from the agreeable freedom with which you expreſs yourſelf: and I ſhall not forfeit my pretenſions to the continuance of it, by doing any thing, that ſhall give you occaſion to think that I am inſenſible of it.

But to come to the point: your firſt letter is dated 28th May, your ſecond the 9th of June. By the date of this you will ſee, that the interval of ſilence may be accounted for by a few excurſions which I have made into the country: therefore I deſire you will put the moſt favourable ſenſe.

The principal affair you mention is under examination*; and till that is over, I am not informed ſufficiently to make any other judgment of

* 'Probably that of Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence and farthings for Ireland, which was referred to the lords of the privy council of England, who, on the 24th of July, 1724, drew up a report, juſtifying the patentee.'

the

the matter, than that, which I am naturally led to make, by the general averſion, which appears to it in the whole nation.

I hope the nation will not ſuffer by my being in this great ſtation; and if I can contribute to its proſperity, I ſhall think it the honour and happineſs of my life. I deſire you to believe what I ſay, and particularly when I profeſs myſelf to be with great truth, Sir, your moſt faithful and affectionate humble ſervant,

C.

## To Lord CARTERET.

MY LORD, July 9, 1724.

I HUMBLY claim the privilege of an inferior, to be the laſt writer; yet, with great acknowledgments for your condeſcenſion in anſwering my letters, I cannot but complain of you for putting me in the wrong. I am in the circumſtances of a waiting-woman, who told her lady, "That nothing vexed her more than to be caught "in a lie." But, what is worſe, I have diſcovered in myſelf ſomewhat of the bully; and that after all my rattling, you have brought me down to be as humble as the moſt diſtant attender at your levee. It is well your excellency's talents are in few hands; for, if it were otherwiſe, we, who pretend to be free-ſpeakers in quality of philoſophers, ſhould be utterly cured of our forwardneſs; at leaſt I am afraid there will be an end of mine, with regard to your excellency. Yet, my lord, I am ten

years older than I was when I had the honour to ſee you laſt, and conſequently ten times more teſty. Therefore I foretel that you, who could ſo eaſily conquer ſo captious a perſon, and of ſo little conſequence, will quickly ſubdue this whole kingdom to love and reverence you. I am, with the greateſt reſpect,

My Lord, &c.

## From Lord CARTERET.

SIR, Arlington-ſtreet, Auguſt 4, 1724.

YOUR claim to be the laſt writer is what I can never allow: that is the privilege of ill writers. And I am reſolved to give you complete ſatisfaction by leaving it with you, whether I ſhall be that laſt writer or not. Methinks I ſee you throw this letter upon your table in the heighth of ſpleen, becauſe it may have interrupted ſome of your more agreeable thoughts. But then, in return, you may have the comfort of not anſwering it, and ſo convince my lord lieutenant, that you value him leſs now than you did ten years ago. I don't know but this might become a free ſpeaker and a philoſopher. Whatever you may think of it, I ſhall not be teſty, but endeavour to ſhew, that I am not altogether inſenſible of the force of that genius, which has outſhone moſt of this age, and when you will diſplay it again, can convince us, that its luſtre and ſtrength are ſtill the ſame.

Once

Once more I commit myſelf to your cenſure, and am, Sir, with great reſpect, your moſt affectionate humble ſervant, C.

## To the Earl of OXFORD.

MY LORD, July, 1724.

ALTHOUGH I had, for two years paſt, inured myſelf to expect the death of my lord your father, from the frequent accounts of the bad condition of his health; yet the news of it ſtruck me ſo ſenſibly, that I had not ſpirit enough to condole with your lordſhip, as I ought to have done, for ſo great a loſs to the world and yourſelf. It is true, indeed, you no longer wanted his care and tenderneſs, nor his example to incite you to virtue: but his friendſhip and converſation you will ever want, becauſe they are qualities ſo rare in the world, and in which he ſo much excelled all others. It has pleaſed me, in the midſt of my grief, to hear that he preſerved the greatneſs, and calmneſs, and intrepidity of his mind, to his laſt minutes: for it was fit that ſuch a life ſhould terminate with equal luſtre to the whole progreſs of it.

I muſt now beg leave to apply to your lordſhip's juſtice. He was often pleaſed to promiſe me his picture; but his troubles and ſickneſs, and want of opportunity, and my abſence, prevented him. I do therefore humbly inſiſt, that your lordſhip will pleaſe to diſcharge what I almoſt look upon as a legacy.

I would

I would intreat another and much greater favour of your lordſhip, that at your leiſure hours, you would pleaſe to inſpect among your father's papers, whether there be any memorials that may be of uſe towards writing his life; which I have ſometimes mentioned to him, and often thought on, when I little thought to ſurvive him. I have formerly gathered ſeveral hints; but want many memorials, eſpecially of his more early times, which might be eaſily ſupplied. And ſuch a work moſt properly belongs to me, who loved and reſpected him above all men, and had the honour to know him better than any other of my level did.

I humbly beg your lordſhip's pardon for ſo long a letter upon ſo mournful an occaſion; and expect your juſtice to believe, that I am, and ſhall ever be, with the greateſt reſpect, My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,
moſt obliged, and
moſt humble ſervant.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my lady Oxford.

To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

MY LORD, Sept. 3, 1724.

BEING ten years older than when I had the honour to ſee your excellency laſt, by conſequence, if I am ſubject to any ailments, they are now ten

times worſe; and ſo it has happened. For I have been, this month paſt, ſo peſtered with the return of a noiſe and deafneſs in my ears, that I had not ſpirit to perform the common offices of life, much leſs to write to your excellency, and leaſt of all to anſwer ſo obliging and condeſcending a letter as that I received from you. But theſe ugly ten years have a worſe conſequence; that they utterly deſtroy any title to the good opinion you are pleaſed to expreſs of me, as an amuſer of the world and myſelf. To have preſerved that talent, I ought, as I grew older, to have removed into a better climate, inſtead of being ſunk for life in a worſe. I imagine France would be proper for me now, and Italy ten years hence. However, I am not ſo bad as they would make me: for, ſince I left England, ſuch a parcel of traſh has been there fathered upon me, that nothing but the good judgment of my friends could hinder them from thinking me the greateſt dunce alive.

There is a gentleman of this kingdom juſt gone for England; it is Dr. George Berkeley, dean of Derry, the beſt preferment among us, being worth eleven hundred pounds a-year. He takes the Bath in his way to London; and will, of courſe, attend your excellency, and be preſented, I ſuppoſe, by his friend my lord Burlington. And becauſe I believe you will chooſe out ſome very idle minutes to read this letter, perhaps you may not be ill entertained with ſome account of the man, and his errand. He was a fellow of the Univerſity here; and going to England very young, about thirteen

years

years ago, he became the founder of a ſect there called the *Immaterialiſts*, by the force of a very curious book upon that ſubject. Dr. Smalridge, and many other eminent perſons, were his proſelytes. I ſent him ſecretary and chaplain to Sicily, with my lord Peterborow; and upon his lordſhip's return, Dr. Berkeley ſpent above ſeven years in travelling over moſt parts of Europe, but chiefly through every corner of Italy, Sicily, and other iſlands. When he came back to England, he found ſo many friends, that he was effectually recommended to the duke of Grafton, by whom he was lately made dean of Derry. Your excellency will be frighted, when I tell you all this is but an introduction; for I am now to mention his errand. He is an abſolute philoſopher, with regard to money, titles, and power; and for three years paſt, has been ſtruck with a notion of founding a univerſity at Bermudas, by a charter from the crown. He has ſeduced ſeveral of the hopefulleſt young clergymen, and others here, many of them well provided for, and all of them in the faireſt way of preferment: but in England, his conqueſts are greater; and I doubt, will ſpread very far this winter. He ſhewed me a little tract, which he deſigns to publiſh; and there your excellency will ſee his whole ſcheme of a life academico-philoſophical (I ſhall make you remember what you were) of a college founded for Indian ſcholars and miſſionaries; where he moſt exorbitantly propoſes a whole hundred pounds a-year for himſelf, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a ſtudent. His heart will break

if

if his deanry be not taken from him, and left to your excellency's diſpoſal. I diſcouraged him, by the coldneſs of courts and miniſters, who will interpret all this as impoſſible, and a viſion; but nothing will do. And therefore, I do humbly intreat your excellency, either to uſe ſuch perſuaſions as will keep one of the firſt men in this kingdom for learning and virtue, quiet at home; or aſſiſt him, by your credit, to compaſs his romantic deſign; which however, is very noble and generous, and directly proper for a great perſon of your excellent education to encourage.

I muſt now, in all humility, intreat one favour of you, as you are lord lieutenant. Mr. Proby, ſurgeon of the army here, laid out the greateſt part of his fortune to buy a captainſhip for his eldeſt ſon. The young man was lately accuſed of diſcovering an inclination to Popery, while he was quartered in Galway. The report of the court-martial is tranſmitted to your excellency. The univerſal opinion here is, that the accuſation was falſe and malicious: and the archbiſhop of Tuam, in whoſe dioceſe Galway is, upon a ſtrict inquiry, has declared it to be ſo. But all this is not to ſway with your excellency, any more than that the father is the moſt univerſally beloved of any I ever knew in his ſtation. But I intreat that you will pleaſe to hear the opinion of others, who may ſpeak in his favour, and perhaps, will tell you, "That as party is not "in the caſe, ſo you cannot do any perſonal thing "more acceptable to the people of Ireland, than in "inclining towards lenity to Mr. Proby and his fa-

"mily;"

" mily ;" although I have reaſon to be confident, that they neither need nor deſire more than juſtice, I beg your excellence will remember my requeſt to be only that you would hear others ; and not think me ſo very weak as to imagine I could have hopes of giving the leaſt turn to your mind. Therefore, I hope, what I have ſaid is pardonable in every reſpect, but that of taking up your time.

My lord, we are here preparing for your reception, and for a quiet ſeſſion under your government ; but whether you approve the manner, I can only gueſs. It is by univerſal declarations againſt Wood's coin. One thing I am confident of, that your excellency will find and leave us under diſpoſitions very different, towards your perſon and high ſtation, from what have appeared towards others.

I have no other excuſe for the length of this letter, but a faithful promiſe that I will never be guilty of the ſame fault a ſecond time. I am, *&c.*

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

September 12, 1724.

IT is neither ſickneſs, nor journies, nor ill humours, nor age, nor vexation, nor ſtupidity, which has hindered me from anſwering ſooner your letter of the month of June ; but a very prudent conſideration, and one of the greateſt ſtrains of policy I ever exerciſed in my life. Should I anſwer you in a month, you might think yourſelf obliged to anſwer me in ſix ; and ſcared at the ſore fatigue of

of writing twice a-year to an abſent friend, you might (for ought either you or I can tell) ſtop ſhort, and not write at all. Now this would diſappoint all my projects; for, to confeſs the truth, I have been drawing you in theſe ſeveral years, and by my paſt ſucceſs, I begin to hope, that in about ten more, I may eſtabliſh a right of hearing from you once a-quarter. The gout neither clears my head, nor warms my imagination, and I am aſhamed to own to you, how near the truth I kept in the deſcription of what paſſed by my bedſide in the reading of your letter. The ſcene was really ſuch as I painted it; and the company was much better than you ſeem to think it. When I, who paſs a great part, very much the greateſt of my life alone, ſally forth into the world, I am very far from expecting to improve myſelf by the converſation I find there; and ſtill farther from caring one jot of what paſſes there. In ſhort, I am no longer the bubble you knew me: and therefore, when I mingle in ſociety, it is purely for my amuſement. If mankind divert me (and I defy them to give me your diſtemper, the ſpleen) it is all I expect or aſk of them. By this ſincere confeſſion you may perceive, that your great maſters of reaſon are not for my turn; their thorough baſs benumbs my faculties. I ſeek the fiddle or the flute, ſomething to raiſe, or ſomething to calm my ſpirits agreeably; gay flights, or ſoothing images. I do not diſlike a fellow, whoſe imagination runs away with him, and who has wit enough to be half mad; nor him, who atones for a ſcanty imagination by an ample fund of oddneſſes

and

and ſingularity. If good ſenſe and real knowledge prevail a little too much in any character, I deſire there may be at leaſt ſome latent ridicule, which may be called forth upon occaſion, and render the perſon a tolerable companion. By this ſketch you may judge of my acquaintance. The dead friends, with whom I paſs my time, you know. The living ones are of the ſame ſort, and therefore few.

I paſs over that paragraph of your letter, which is a kind of an elegy on a departed miniſter *; and I promiſe you ſolemnly neither to mention him, nor think of him more, till I come to do him juſtice in a hiſtory of the firſt twenty years of this century, which I believe I ſhall write, if I live three or four years longer. But I muſt take a little more notice of the paragraph which follows. The verſes I ſent you are very bad, becauſe they are not very good: *mediocribus eſſe poëtis, non dii non homines, &c.* I did not ſend them to be admired; and you would do them too much honour, if you criticiſed them. Pope took the beſt party; for he ſaid not one word to me about them. All I deſire of you is to conſider them as a proof, that you have never been out of my thoughts, though you have been ſo long out of my ſight; and, if I remember you upon paper for the future, it ſhall be in proſe.

I muſt, on this occaſion ſet you right, as to an opinion, which I ſhould be very ſorry to have you entertain concerning me. The term *eſprit fort*, in Engliſh free-thinker, is, according to my obſer-

* The earl of Oxford, who died in June 1724.

vation,

vation, uſually applied to them, whom I look upon to be the peſts of ſociety; becauſe their endeavours are directed to looſen the bands of it; and to take at leaſt one curb out of the mouth of that wild beaſt man, when it would be well if he was checked by half a ſcore others. Nay, they go farther. Revealed religion is a lofty and pompous ſtructure, erected cloſe to the humble and plain building of natural religion. Some have objected to you, who are the architects *et les concierges* (we want that word in Engliſh) of the former, to you who build, or at leaſt repair the houſe, and who ſhew the rooms, that to ſtrengthen ſome parts of your own building, you ſhake and even ſap the foundation of the other. And between you and me, Mr. Dean, this charge may be juſtified in ſeveral inſtances; but ſtill your intention is not to demoliſh: whereas the *eſprit fort*, or the free-thinker, is ſo ſet upon pulling down your houſe about your ears, that if he was let alone, he would deſtroy the other for being ſo near it, and mingle both in one common ruin. I therefore not only diſown, but deteſt this character. If indeed by *eſprit fort*, or free-thinker, you only mean a man, who makes a free uſe of his reaſon, who ſearches after truth without paſſion or prejudice, and adheres inviolably to it; you mean a wiſe and honeſt man, and ſuch a one as I labour to be. The faculty of diſtinguiſhing between right and wrong, true and falſe, which we call reaſon, or common ſenſe, which is given to every man by our bountiful Creator, and which moſt men loſe by neglect, is the light of the mind, and ought to guide

all operations of it. To abandon this rule, and to guide our thoughts by any other, is full as abſurd, as it would be, if you ſhould put out your eyes, and borrow even the beſt ſtaff, that ever was in the family of the ſtaffs, when you ſet out upon one of your dirty journies. Such free-thinkers as theſe I am ſure you cannot, even in your apoſtolical capacity, diſapprove: for ſince the truth of the divine revelation of Chriſtianity is as evident, as matters of fact, on the belief of which ſo much depends, ought to be, and agreeable to all our ideas of juſtice, theſe free-thinkers muſt needs be Chriſtians on the beſt foundation; on that which St. Paul himſelf eſtabliſhed, I think it was St. Paul, *omnia probate, quod bonum eſt, tenete.*

But you have a farther ſecurity from theſe free-thinkers, I do not ſay a better, and it is this: the perſons I am deſcribing think for themſelves, and to themſelves. Should they unhappily not be convinced by your arguments, yet they will certainly think it their duty not to diſturb the peace of the world by oppoſing you *. The peace and happineſs

* Notwithſtanding the declarations made by lord Bolingbroke in this letter, he left his writings againſt religion to Mr. Mallet, with a view to their being publiſhed, as appears by his will; and with a poſitive and direct injunction to publiſh them, as appears by a letter from Mr. Mallet to lord Hyde, viſcount Cornbury, now in the Britiſh Muſeum. We have therefore his lordſhip's own authority to ſay, that he was one of the peſts of ſociety, even if the opinions, which he has advanced againſt religion, are true; for his endeavour is certainly directed to looſen the band of it, and to take at leaſt one curb out of the mouth of that wild beaſt man. Expreſsly to direct the publication of writings, which, he believed, would ſubvert the morals and the happineſs of ſociety, at a time when he could derive no private

neſs of mankind is the great aim of theſe free-thinkers; and therefore, as thoſe among them, who remain incredulous, will not oppoſe you, ſo thoſe, whom reaſon, enlightened by grace, has made believers, may be ſorry, and may expreſs their ſorrow, as I have done, to ſee religion perverted to purpoſes ſo contrary to her true intention, and firſt deſign. Can a good Chriſtian behold the miniſters of the meek and humble Jeſus, exerciſing an inſolent and cruel uſurpation over their brethren? Or the meſſengers of peace and good news ſetting all mankind together by the ears? Or that religion, which breathes charity and univerſal benevolence, ſpilling more blood, upon reflection and by ſyſtem, than the moſt barbarous heathen ever did in the heat of action, and fury of conqueſt? Can he behold all this without a holy indignation, and not be criminal? Nay, when he turns his eyes from thoſe tra-

vate advantage from the miſchief, was perhaps an act of wickedneſs more purely diabolical, than any hitherto upon record in the hiſtory of any age or nation. Mallet had a pecuniary temptation to aſſaſſinate the morals and happineſs of his country at Bolingbroke's inſtigation: his crime therefore is not equally a proof of natural depravity, though it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe he had leſs conviction of the miſchief he was doing; and it is alſo impoſſible to ſuppoſe, that he could ſeriouſly think any obligation to print Bolingbroke's infidelity, in conſequence of his injunction, equivalent to the obligation he was under to ſuppreſs it, ariſing from the duty, which, as a man, he owed to human nature.

The paragraph in lord Bolingbroke's will, by which his writings are bequeathed to Mallet; the letter, which lord Cornbury wrote to Mallet, upon hearing he was about to publiſh the letters, including thoſe on Sacred hiſtory, and Mallet's anſwer; are, for the reader's ſatisfaction, printed at the end of this collection. Lord Cornbury's letter is a monument, that will do more honour to his memory, than all that mere wit or valour has atchieved ſince the world began.

gical ſcenes, and conſiders the ordinary tenor of things, do you not think he will be ſhocked to obſerve metaphyſics ſubſtituted to the theory, and ceremony to the practice of morality?

I make no doubt but you are by this time abundantly convinced of my orthodoxy, and that you will name me no more in the ſame breath with Spinoſa, whoſe ſyſtem of one infinite ſubſtance I deſpiſe and abhor, as I have a right to do, becauſe I am able to ſhew why I deſpiſe and abhor it.

You deſire me to return home, and you promiſe me, in that caſe, to come to London, loaden with your travels. I am ſorry to tell you, that London is in my apprehenſion, as little likely as Dublin to be our place of rendezvous. The reaſons for this apprehenſion I paſs over; but I cannot agree to what you advance with the air of a maxim, that exile is the greateſt puniſhment to men of virtue, becauſe virtue conſiſts in loving our country. Examine the nature of this love, from whence it ariſes, how it is nouriſhed, what the bounds and meaſures of it are; and after that, you will diſcover, how far it is virtue, and where it becomes ſimplicity, prejudice, folly, and even enthuſiaſm. A virtuous man in exile may properly enough be ſtyled unfortunate; but he cannot be called unhappy. You remember the reaſon, which Brutus gave, becauſe wherever he goes, he carries his virtue with him. There is a certain bulky volume, which grows daily, and the title of which muſt, I think, be *Noctes Gallicæ*. There you may perhaps one day or other ſee a diſſertation upon this ſubject: and to return you threatening

threatening for threatening, you ſhall be forced to read it out, though you yawn from the firſt to the laſt page.

The word Ireland was ſtruck out of the paper you mention; that is, to ſatisfy your curioſity, and to kindle it anew, I will tell you, that this anecdote, which I know not how you came by, is neither the only one, nor the moſt conſiderable one of the ſame kind. The perſon you are ſo inquiſitive about *, returns into England the latter end of October. She has ſo great a mind to ſee you, that I am not ſure ſhe will not undertake a journey to Dublin. It is not ſo far from London to Dublin, as from Spain to Padua; and you are as well worth ſeeing as Livy. But I would much rather you would leave the humid climate, and the dull company, in which, according to your account, a man might grow old between twenty and thirty. Set your foot on the continent; I dare promiſe, that you will, in a fortnight, have gone back the ten years you lament ſo much, and be returned to that age, at which I left you. With what pleaſure ſhould I hear you *inter vina fugam Stellæ mœrere protervæ?* Adieu.

* His lordſhip's ſecond wife, a French lady.

## From EDWARD Earl of OXFORD.

GOOD Mr. DEAN, Wimpole, Nov. 2, 1724.

THERE has nothing of late given me ſo much real trouble and uneaſineſs, as my having ſo long deferred writing to you, to make my acknowledgments for your moſt kind letter, and to aſſure you that I took every part of your obliging letter in the manner you would wiſh me to do: I muſt ſay, that amid my grief and concern, it gave me a ſecret pleaſure to find that I was thought of by you; and what was a great addition, that you ſtill retained the ſame thoughts and ſentiments of my dear father, and that you had not laid aſide the deſign you once entertained of tranſmitting his name and ſtory to poſterity. I did delay writing ſome time, becauſe I was in great hopes I ſhould have been able to have given you a much more ſatisfactory account than I am now able to give, notwithſtanding the ſearch I have made in anſwer to your queſtion, "If he had left any Memoirs behind "him;" I ſuppoſe you mean in relation to himſelf. I have not been able to find any among his papers in town. This, with ſome other affairs, drew the time into the length it is; but I aſſure you, if I have the ſatisfaction to hear from you again (as I hope I ſhall) I will be more punctual in my returns; for I will allow no body to value and eſteem you more than I do.

There

There is certainly a very great number of materials for a hiſtory, a vaſt collection of letters and other papers, a great deal may be ſupplied elſewhere; but give me leave to ſay, that if you do not come into England, nothing can be done; it will not be poſſible to do any thing to purpoſe. Without this view, there would be no body more welcome to me than yourſelf, you ſhould live in your own way, and do juſt what was moſt agreeable to you: I have houſes enough, you ſhall take your choice: I muſt with earneſtneſs repeat it to you again, That I beg you will think of this matter ſeriouſly.

As to what you mention of the picture, I have often heard my father ſay, That he did deſign to ſit for you, but did not: I ſhall certainly take care that you ſhall have a picture, and a good one: pray let me know what ſize you would have it of: if you deſign it ſhould fit any particular place, you muſt ſend me the exact meaſure of the place.

Your ſiſter *, as you uſed to call her, is much your ſervant; ſhe has been at the Bath for ſome time; ſhe is better than when ſhe went. I ſuppoſe you hear ſometimes from our friend Mr. Pope: he has taken another voyage into Homer-land †, as Gay calls it; I wiſh he may make an advantageous voyage of it.

I doubt you will ſay, That ſince I was ſo long before I began to write, that now I have begun, I do not know when to end; I will therefore tell you

* Lady Oxford. † Tranſlation of the Odyſſey.

what I am with great truth, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

I deſire your acceptance of a ring, a ſmall remembrance of my father. How ſhall I ſend it you?

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

June 25, 1725.

I HAVE a packet of letters, which I intended to ſend by Molly, who has been ſtopt three days by the bad weather; but now I will ſend them by the poſt to-morrow to Kells, and incloſed to Mr. Tickell there is one to you, and one to James Stopford.

I can do no work this terrible weather; which has put us all ſeventy times out of patience.—I have been deaf nine days, and am now pretty well recovered again.

Pray deſire Mr. Stanton and Worral to continue giving themſelves ſome trouble with Mr. Pratt; but let it ſucceed or not, I hope I ſhall be eaſy.

Mrs. Johnſon ſwears it will rain till Michaelmas. She is ſo pleaſed with her pick-ax, that ſhe wears it faſtened to her girdle on her left ſide, in balance with her watch. The lake is ſtrangely overflown *, and we are deſperate about turf, being forced to buy it three miles off: and Mrs. Johnſon (God help

* This ſhould be *overflowed*, as overflown is the participle of the verb to overfly.

her)

her) gives you many a curſe. Your maſon is come, but cannot yet work upon your garden. Neither can I agree with him about the great wall. For the reſt, *vide* the letter you will have on Monday, if Mr. Tickell uſes you well.

The news of this country is, that the maid you ſent down, John Farelly's ſiſter, is married; but the portion and ſettlement are yet a ſecret. The cows here never give milk on Mid-ſummer eve.

You would wonder, what carking and caring there is among us for ſmall beer and lean mutton, and ſtarved lamb, and ſtopping gaps, and driving cattle from the corn. In that we are all-to-be-Dingleyed.

The ladies room ſmokes; the rain drops from the ſkies into the kitchen; our ſervants eat and drink like the devil, and pray for rain, which entertains them at cards and ſleep; which are much lighter than ſpades, ſledges and crows. Their maxim is,

Eat like a Turk,
  Sleep like a dormouſe;
Be laſt at work,
  At victuals foremoſt.

Which is all at preſent, hoping you and your good family are well, as we, are all at this preſent writing, *&c.*

Robin has juſt carried out a load of bread and cold meat for breakfaſt; this is their way; but now a cloud hangs over them, for fear it ſhould hold up, and the clouds blow off.

I write

I write on till Molly comes in for the letter. O, what a draggle-tail will ſhe be before ſhe gets to Dublin! I wiſh ſhe may not happen to fall upon her back by the way.

I affirm againſt Ariſtotle, that cold and rain congregate homogenes, for they gather together you and your crew, at whiſt, punch, and claret. Happy weather for Mrs. Maul, Betty, and Stopford, and all true lovers of cards and lazineſs.

The Bleſſings of a Country Life.

Far from our debtors,
No Dublin letters,
Not ſeen by our betters.

The Plagues of a Country Life.

A companion with news,
A great want of ſhoes;
Eat lean meat, or chuſe;
A church without pews.
Our horſes aſtray,
No ſtraw, oats or hay;
December in May,
Our boys run away,
All ſervants at play.
Molly ſends for the letter.

To

## To Mrs. PRATT.

### On her Preſent of a Fire Screen, adorned with painted Maps.

MADAM, March 18, 1724-25.

MRS. Fitzmaurice did the unkindeſt thing ſhe could imagine; ſhe ſends an open note by a ſervant (for ſhe was too much a prude to write me a letter) deſiring that the dean of St. Patrick's ſhould inquire for one Howard, maſter of a ſhip, who had brought over a ſcreen to him, the ſaid dean, from Mrs. Pratt. Away I ran to the Cuſtom-houſe, where they told me the ſhip was expected every day: but the God of winds, in confederacy with Mrs. Fitzmaurice to teaze me, kept the ſhip at leaſt a month longer, and left me miſerable in a ſtate of impatience, between hope and fear, worſe than a lady who is in pain that her cloaths will not be ready againſt the birth-day. I will not move your good-nature, by repreſenting how many reſtleſs nights and days I have paſſed, with what dreams my ſleep has been diſturbed, where I ſometimes ſaw the ſhip ſinking, my ſcreen floating in the ſea, and the mermaids ſtruggling which of them ſhould get it for her own apartment. At laſt Mr. Medlycott, whoſe heart inclines him to pity the diſtreſſed, gave me notice of its ſafe arrival: he interpoſed his authority, and, over-ruling the tedious forms of the Cuſtom-houſe, ſent my ſcreen to the deanry, where it was immediately opened, on Tueſday, the 16th

inſtant, three minutes ſeven ſeconds after four o'clock in the afternoon, the day being fair, but ſomewhat windy, the ſun in Aries, and the moon within thirty-nine hours eight ſeconds and a half of being full; all which I had, by conſulting Ptolemy, found to be fortunate incidents, prognoſticating, that, with due care, my ſcreen will eſcape the mops of the houſe-maid, and the greaſy hands of the footmen.

At the opening the ſcreen juſt after dinner, ſome company of both ſexes were preſent; the ladies were full of malice, and the men of envy, while I remained very affectedly calm. But all agreed, that nothing ſhewed a better judgment, than to know how to make a proper preſent, and that no preſent could be more judiciouſly choſen; for no man in this kingdom wanted a ſcreen ſo much as myſelf, and beſides, ſince I had left the world, it was very kind to ſend The World to me. However, one of the ladies affirmed, "That your gift was an open "reflection upon my age; that ſhe had made the ſame "preſent ſome time ago to her grandfather; and "that ſhe could not imagine how any of her ſex "would ſend a ſcreen to a gentleman, without a "deſign to inſinuate, that he was abſolutely *un* "*homme ſans conſequence.*" For my own part, I confeſs, I never expected to be ſheltered by the world, when I have been ſo long endeavouring to ſhelter myſelf from it.

See how ill you beſtow your favour, where you meet with nothing but complaints and reproaches inſtead of acknowledgments, for thinking, in the midſt

midſt of courts and diverſions, upon an abſent and inſignificant man, buried in obſcurity: but I know it is as hard to give thanks as to take them; therefore I ſhall ſay no more, than that I receive your acceptable preſent, juſt as I am ſure you deſire I ſhould. Though I cannot ſit under my own vine, or my own fig-tree, yet I will ſit under my own ſcreen, and bleſs the giver; but I cannot promiſe it will add one jot to the love or eſteem I have for you, becauſe it is impoſſible for me to be more than I have always been, and ſhall ever continue, Madam,

Your moſt obedient and obliged ſervant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

I juſt obſerve, that the two celeſtial maps are placed at the bottom, within two inches of the ground; which is the moſt faſhionable circumſtance in the whole work.

I ſometimes dine in a third place with your ſtoic Mr. Pratt; and find he continues in health, but of late very buſy, and a courtier.

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to my lady Savile.

Mr. Fitzmaurice dines temperately at a tavern: and ſometimes with clergymen, for want of better company.

Mr. Medlycott dines with me every Sunday, and goes to church like any thing.

Mrs. Fitzmaurice is left deſolate; I reckoned but fifteen ladies and five gentlemen the other night in her play-room, and I condoled with her upon it.

It

It is thought ſhe will fall out with my lady Carteret, for drawing away her company; but at preſent they are very great, as I find by conſulting them both.

I think you are acquainted with lady Worſeley; if ſo, tell her how angry I am, at her not coming to Ireland as I expected, and was told ſhe was actually landed; whereupon, being at that time confined by a deafneſs, I writ her a moſt cavalier letter, which, being brought back, I tore in a rage.

Miſs Carteret is every day getting new magazines of arms, to deſtroy all England upon her return.

## To his Excellency the Lord CARTERET, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

MY LORD, Deanry-houſe, April 17, 1725.

I HAVE been ſo long afflicted with a deafneſs, and at preſent with a giddineſs in my head (both old diſtempers) that I have not been able to attend your excellency and my lady Carteret, as my inclination and duty oblige me; and I am now haſting into the country, to try what exerciſe and better air will do towards my recovery. Not knowing how long I may be abſent, nor how ſoon you may think fit to leave this kingdom, I take this occaſion of returning your excellency, and my lady Carteret, my moſt humble acknowledgments for your great civilities towards me, which I wiſh it were in my power to deſerve.

I have only one humble requeſt to make to your excellency, which I had in my heart ever ſince you were

were nominated lord-lieutenant; and it is in favour of Mr. Sheridan. I beg you will take your time for beſtowing on him ſome church-living, to the value of a hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*. He is agreed on all hands to have done more public ſervice, by many degrees, in the education of lads, than any five of his vocation; and has much more learning than uſually falls to the ſhare of thoſe who profeſs teaching, being perfectly ſkilled in the Greek as well as Latin tongue, and acquainted with all the ancient writers, in poetry, philoſophy, and hiſtory. He is a man of good ſenſe, modeſty, and virtue. His greateſt fault is a wife and four children; for which there is no excuſe, but that a wife is thought neceſſary to a ſchool-maſter. His conſtitution is ſo weak, that, in a few years, he muſt give up his buſineſs; and probably muſt ſtarve, without ſome preferment, for which he is an ill ſolicitor. My lord biſhop of Elphin has promiſed to recommend this requeſt to your excellency. And I hope you will pleaſe to believe that it proceeds wholly from juſtice and humanity, for he is neither a dependant nor relation of mine.

I humbly take my leave; and remain, with the utmoſt reſpect,

My Lord, *&c.*

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 28, 1725.

YOU run out of your time ſo merrily, that you are forced to anticipate it like a young heir, that ſpends his fortune faſter than it comes in;

in; for your letter is dated to-morrow, June 29, and God knows when it was writ, or what Saturday you mean; but I ſuppoſe it is the next, and therefore your own mare and Dr. Swift's horſe or mare, or ſome other horſe or mare, with your own mare aforeſaid, ſhall ſet out on Wedneſday next, which will be June 30, and ſo they will have two nights reſt, if you begin your journey on Saturday. You are an unlucky devil, to get a * living the fartheſt in the kingdom from Quilca. If it be worth two hundred pound a year, my lord lieutenant has but barely kept his word, for the other fifty muſt go in a curate and viſitation-charges, and poxes, proxies I mean. If you are under the biſhop of Cork †, he is a capricious gentleman; but you muſt flatter him monſtrouſly upon his learning and his writings; that you have read his book againſt Toland a hundred times, and his ſermons (if he has printed any) have been always your model, &c. Be not diſappointed, if your living does not anſwer the ſum. Get letters of recommendation to the biſhop and principal clergy, and to your neighbouring parſon or parſons particularly. I often adviſed you to get ſome knowledge of tythes and church-livings. You muſt learn the extent of your pariſh, the general quantity of arable land and paſture in your pariſh, the common rate of tythes for an acre of the ſeveral ſorts of corn, and of fleeces and lambs, and to ſee whether you have any glebe; pray act like a man of this world. I doubt being ſo far off, you muſt

* In the county of Cork. † Dr. Peter Brown.

not

not let your living, as I do, to the ſeveral farmers, but to one man: but by all means do not let it for more than one year, till you are ſurely apprized of the real worth; and even then never let it for above three. Pray take my advice for once, and be very buſy while you are there. It is one good circumſtance, that you got ſuch a living in a convenient time, and juſt when tythes are fit to be let; only wool and lamb are due in ſpring, or perhaps belong to the late incumbent. You may learn all on the ſpot, and your neighbouring parſons may be very uſeful, if they pleaſe, but do not let them be your tenants: adviſe with archdeacon Wall, but do not follow him in all things. Take care of the principal 'ſquire or 'ſquires, they will all tell you the worſt of your living; ſo will the proctors and tythe-jobbers; but you will pick out truth from among them. Pray ſhew yourſelf a man of abilities. After all I am but a weak brother myſelf; perhaps ſome clergy in Dublin, who know that country, will farther inform you. Mr. Townſend of Cork will do you any good offices on my account, without any letter.—Take the oaths heartily to the powers that be, and remember that party was not made for depending puppies. I forgot one principal thing, to take care of going regularly through all the forms of oaths and inductions; for the leaſt wrong ſtep will put you to the trouble of repaſſing your patent, or voiding your living.—

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, June 29, 1725.

I WROTE to you yeſterday, and ſaid as many things as I could then think on, and gave it a boy of Kells who brought me yours. It is ſtrange, that I, and Stella, and Mrs. Mackfadin *, ſhould light on the ſame thought to adviſe you to make a great appearance of temperance while you are abroad. But Mrs. Johnſon and I go farther, and ſay, you muſt needs obſerve all grave forms, for the want of which both you and I have ſuffered. On ſuppoſal that you are under the biſhop of Cork, I ſend you a letter incloſed to him, which I deſire you will ſeal. Mrs. Johnſon put me in mind to caution you not to drink or pledge any health in his company, for you know his weak ſide in that matter †. I hope Mr. Tickell has not complimented you with what fees are due to him for your patent; I wiſh you would ſay to him (if he refuſes them) that I told you it was Mr. Addiſon's maxim to excuſe nobody; for here, ſays he, I may have forty friends, whoſe fees may be two guineas a piece then I loſe eighty guineas, and my friends ſave but two a piece.

I muſt tell you, Dan Jackſon ruined his living by huddling over the firſt year, and then hoping to mend it the next: therefore pray take all the care

* Mrs. Mackfadin was mother to Dr. Sheridan's wife.

† He wrote a pamphlet againſt drinking to the memory of the dead.

you can to enquire into the value, and ſet it at the beſt rate to ſubſtantial people.

I know not whether you are under the biſhop of Cork, or not; if not, you may burn the letter.

I muſt deſire that you will not think of enlarging your expences, no not for ſome years to come, much leſs at preſent; but rather retrench them. You might have lain deſtitute till Antichriſt came, for any thing you could have got from thoſe you uſed to treat; neither let me hear of one rag of better cloaths for your wife or brats, but rather plainer than ever. This is poſitively Stella's advice as well as mine. She ſays, now you need not be aſhamed to be thought poor.

We compute, you cannot be leſs than 30 days abſent; and pray do not employ your time in lolling a bed till noon to read Homer, but mind your buſineſs effectually: and we think you ought to have no breaking up this Auguſt; but affect to adhere to your ſchool cloſer than ever; becauſe you will find that your ill-wiſhers will give out, you are now going to quit your ſchool, ſince you have got preferment, &c.

Pray ſend me a large bundle of exerciſes, good as well as bad, for I want ſomething to read.

I would have you carry down three or four ſermons, and preach every Sunday at your own church, and be very devout.

I ſent you in my laſt a bill of twenty pound on Mr. Worral, I hope you have received it.

Pray remember to leave the pamphlet with Worral, and give him directions, unleſs you have ſet-

tled it already ſome other way. You know, it muſt come out juſt when the parliament meets.

Keep theſe letters, where I adviſe you about your living, till you have taken advice.

Keep very regular hours for the ſake of your health and credit; and wherever you lie a night within twenty miles of your livings, be ſure call the family that evening to prayers.

I deſire you will wet no commiſſion with your old crew, nor with any but thoſe who befriend you, as Mr. Tickell, *&c.*

## To Lord CARTERET.

MY LORD, July 3, 1725.

I AM obliged to return your excellency my moſt humble thanks for your favour to Mr. Sheridan, becauſe when I recommended him to you, I received a very gracious anſwer; and yet I am ſenſible, that your chief motive to make ſome proviſion for him was, what became a great and good perſon, your diſtinguiſhing him as a man of learning, and one who deſerved encouragement on account of his great diligence and ſucceſs in a moſt laborious and difficult employment *.

Since your excellency has had an opportunity, ſo early in your government, of gratifying your Engliſh dependants by a biſhoprick, and the beſt deanry in the kingdom †, I cannot but hope, that the clergy of Ireland will have their ſhare in your

* A ſchoolmaſter.

† Down.

patronage.

patronage. There is hardly a gentleman in the nation, who has not a near alliance with ſome of that body; and moſt of them who have ſons, uſually breed one of them to the church; although they have been of late years much diſcouraged, and diſcontented, by ſeeing ſtrangers to the country almoſt perpetually taken into the greateſt eccleſiaſtical preferments, and too often under governors very different from your excellency, the choice of perſons was not to be accounted for either to prudence or juſtice.

The misfortune of having biſhops perpetually from England, as it muſt needs quench the ſpirit of emulation among us to excel in learning and the ſtudy of divinity, ſo it produces another great diſcouragement, that thoſe prelates uſually draw after them colonies of ſons, nephews, couſins, or old college-companions, to whom they beſtow the beſt preferments in their gift; and thus the young men ſent into the church from the univerſity here, have no better proſpect than to be curates, or ſmall country vicars, for life.

It will become ſo excellent a governor as you, a little to moderate this great partiality; wherein, as you will act with juſtice and reaſon, ſo you will gain the thanks and prayers of the whole nation, and take away one great cauſe of univerſal diſcontent. For, I believe your excellency will agree, that there is not another kingdom in Europe, where the natives (even thoſe deſcended from the conquerors) have been treated, as if they were al-

moſt unqualified for any employment either in church or ſtate.

Your excellency, when I had the honour to attend you, was pleaſed to let me name ſome clergymen, who are generally underſtood by their brethren to be the moſt diſtinguiſhed for their learning and piety. I remember the perſons were, Dr. Delany, Dr. Ward of the North, Mr. Ecklin, Mr. Synge of Dublin, and Mr. Corbet; they were named by me without any regard to friendſhip, having little commerce with moſt of them, but only to the univerſal character they bear: this was the method I always took with my lord Oxford at his own command, who was pleaſed to believe that I would not be ſwayed by any private affections, and confeſſed I never deceived him; for I always dealt openly when I offered any thing in behalf of a friend, which was but ſeldom: becauſe, in that caſe, I generally made uſe of the common method at court, to ſolicit by another.

I ſhall ſay nothing of the young men among the clergy, of whom the three hopefulleſt are ſaid to be Mr. Stopford, Mr. King, and Mr. Dobbs, all fellows of the college, of whom I am only acquainted with the firſt. But theſe are not likely to be great expecters under your excellency's adminiſtration, according to the uſual period of governors here.

If I have dealt honeſtly in repreſenting ſuch perſons among the clergy, as are generally allowed to have the moſt merit, I think I have done you a ſervice, and am ſure I have made you a great compliment,

pliment, by distinguishing you from most great men I have known these thirty years past; whom I have always observed to act as if they never received a true character, nor had any value for the best; and consequently dispensed their favours without the least regard to abilities or virtue. And this defect I have often found among those, from whom I least expected it.

That your excellency may long live a blessing and ornament to your country by pursuing, as you have hitherto done, the steps of honour and virtue, is the most earnest wish and prayer of

My Lord,

Your Excellency's most obedient
and most humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

## L'Abbé des FONTAINES.

A Paris, le 4 Juillet, 1726.

J'AI l'honneur, monsieur, de vous envoyer la 2de edition de votre ouvrage, que j'ai traduit en François. Je vous aurois envoyé la premiere, si je n'avois pas été obligé, pour des raisons, que je ne puis vous dire, d'inserer dans la preface un endroit, dont vous n'auriez pas eu lieu d'être content, ce que j'ai mis assurement malgré moi. Comme le livre s'est debité sans contradiction, ces raisons ne subsistent plus, et j'ai aussitôt supprimé cet endroit dans la 2de edition, comme vous verrez. J'ai aussi corrigé l'endroit de monsieur Carteret, sur lequel j'avois eu de faux mémoires. Vous trou-

verez, monſieur, en beaucoup d'endroits une traduction peu fidele ; mais tout ce qui plaît en Angleterre, n'a pas ici le même agrément ; ſoit parce que les mœurs ſont differentes, ſoit parce que les alluſions et les allégories, qui ſont ſenſibles dans une pays ; ne les ſont pas dans une autre ; ſoit enfin parce que le goût des deux nations n'eſt pas le même. J'ai voulu donner aux François un livre, qui fut à leur uſage : voilà ce qui m'a rendu traducteur libre et peu fidele. J'ai même pris la liberté d'ajouter, ſelon que vôtre imagination echauffoit la mienne. C'eſt à vous ſeul, monſieur, que je ſuis redevable de l'honneur, que me fait cette traduction, qui a été debitée icy avec une rapidité étonnante, et dont il y a deja trois editions. Je ſuis penetré d'une ſi grande eſtime pour vous, et je vous ſuis ſi obligé, que ſi la ſuppreſſion, que j'ai faite, ne vous ſatisfaiſoit pas entierement, je ferai volontiers encore d'avantage pour effacer juſqu'au ſouvenir de cet endroit de la preface ; au ſurplus, je vous ſupplie, monſieur, de vouloir bien faire attention à la juſtice, que je vous ai rendûe dans la même preface.

On ſe flatte, monſieur, qu'on aura bientôt l'honneur de vous poſſeder ici. Tous vos amis vous attendent avec impatience. On ne parle ici que de vôtre arrivée ; et tout Paris ſouhaite de vous voir. Ne deferrez pas nôtre ſatisfaction : vous verrez un peuple, qui vous eſtime infinement. En attendant je vous demande, monſieur, l'honneur de vôtre amitié et vous prie d'être perſuadé, que perſonne ne vous honore plus que moi, et n'eſt

avec

avec plus de conſideration et d'eſtime, vôtre très humble, et très obeiſſant ſerviteur,

L'Abbé des FONTAINES.

Mr. Arbuthnot a bien voulû ſe charger de vous faire tenir cette lettre avec l'exemplaire, que j'ai l'honneur de vous envoyer.

## REPONSE.

IL y a plus d'un mois que j'ay recû vôtre lettre du 4e Juillet, Monſieur ; mais l'exemplaire de 2de edition de vôtre ouvrage ne m'a pas été encore remis. J'ay lû la preface de la premiere ; et vous me permettrez de vous dire, que j'ay été fort ſurpris d'y voir, qu'en me donnant pour patrie un pais, dans lequel je ſuis né, vous ayez trouvé à propos de m'attribuer un livre, qui porte le nom de ſon auteur, qui a eu le malheur de deplaire à quelques uns de nos miniſtres, et que je n'ay jamais avoué. Cette plainte, que je fais de vôtre conduite a mon égard, ne m'empêche pas de vous rendre juſtice. Les traducteurs donnent pour la plupart des louanges exceſſives aux ouvrages, qu'ils traduiſent, et s'imaginent peut-être, que leur reputation dépend en quelque façon de celles des auteurs, qu'ils ont choiſis. Mais vous avez ſenti vos forces, qui vous mettent au deſſus de pareilles précautions. Capable de corriger un mauvais livre, enterpriſe plus difficile, que celle d'en compoſer un bon, vous n'avez pas craint de donner au public la traduction d'un ouvrage, que vous aſſurez être plein de polliſoneries, de ſottiſes, de puerilités, &c.

Nous

Nous convenons icy, que le goût des nations n'eſt pas toujours le même. Mais nous ſommes portés à croire, que le bon goût eſt le même par tout, où il y a des gens d'eſprit, de jugement, et de ſçavoir. Si donc les livres du ſieur Gulliver ne ſont calculés que pour les iſles Brittanniques, ce voyageur doit paſſer pour un très pitoyable ecrivain. Les mêmes vices et les mêmes follies regnent par tout; du moins, dans tous les païs civiliſés de l'Europe: et l'auteur, qui n'écrit que pour une ville, une province, un royaume, ou même un ſiecle, mérite ſi peu d'être traduit, qu'il ne mérite pas d'être lû.

Les partiſans de ce Gulliver, qui ne laiſſent pas d'être en fort grand nombre chez nous, ſoutiennent, que ſon livre durera autant que notre langage, parce qu'il ne tire pas ſon mérite de certaines modes ou maniéres de penſer et de parler, mais d'une ſuite d'obſervations ſur les imperfections, les follies, et les vices de l'homme.

Vour jugez bien, que les gens, dont je viens de vous parler, n'approuvent pas fort votre critique; et vous ſerez ſans doute ſurpris de ſçavoir, qu'ils regardent ce chirurgien de vaiſſeau, comme un auteur grave, qui ne ſort jamais de ſon ſérieux, qui n'emprunte aucun fard, qui ne ſe pique point d'avoir de l'eſprit, et qui ſe contente de communiquer au public, dans une narration ſimple et naïve, les avantures, qui lui ſont arrivées, et les choſes qu'il a vû, ou entendu dire pendant ſes voyages.

Quant à l'article qui regarde mi lord Carteret, ſans m'informer d'où vous tirez vos mémoires, je

vous

vous diray, que vous n'avez écrit que la moitié de la verité; et que ce Drapier, ou réel ou ſuppoſé, a ſauvé l'Irlande, en menant toute la nation contre un projet, qui devoit enrichir au depenſe du public un certain nombre de particuliers.

Pluſieurs accidens, qui ſont arrivé, m'empêcheront de faire le voyage de France préſentement, et je ne ſuis plus aſſez jeune pour me flatter de retrouver un autre occaſion. Je ſçais, que j'ay perdû beaucoup, et je ſuis très ſenſible à cette perte. L'unique conſolation, qui me reſte, c'eſt de ſonger, que j'en ſupporterai mieux la païs, au quel la fortune m'a condamné. Je ſuis, &c.

## To the Rev. Mr. WORRAL.

Quilca, July 12, 1725.

I HAVE received your letter, and thank you heartily for it. I know not any body, except yourſelf, who would have been at ſo much trouble to aſſiſt me, and who could have ſo good ſucceſs, which I take as kindly as if you had ſaved me from utter ruin. Although I have witneſſes that I acted with indifferency enough, when I was ſure I was not worth a groat, beſide my goods. There appears to be only one hundred pounds remaining, according to my account (except this laſt quarter) and if I loſe it, it is a trifle in compariſon of what you have recovered for me. I think Mr. Pratt has acted very generouſly, and like a true friend, as I always took him to be; and I have likewiſe good witneſſes to ſwear, that I was more concerned

at

at his misfortunes than my own. And ſo repeating my thanks to you, but not able to expreſs them as I ought, I ſhall ſay no more on this ſubject, only that you may enquire where the money may be ſafely put out at ſix pounds *per cent.* I beg pardon that I did not compute the intereſt of Sir William Fownes's money, which reduces what is due to me about fifty-nine pounds.—All of conſequence is my note to him for one hundred pounds.

I gave over all hopes of my hay, as much as I did of my money; for I reckoned the weather had ruined it; but your good management can conquer the weather. But Charles Grattan, the critic, ſays, the cocks are too large, conſidering the bad weather, and that there is danger they may heat. You know beſt.

Mrs. Johnſon ſays you are an ill manager; for you have loſt me above three hundred apples, and only ſaved me twelve hundred pounds.

Do not tell me of difficulties how to keep the —— from the wall-fruit *. You have got ſo ill a reputation by getting my money, that I can take no excuſe; and I will have the thing effectually done, though it ſhould coſt me ten groats. Pray let the ground be levelled as you pleaſe, as it muſt likewiſe be new dunged, as good huſbandry requires; friend Ellis will aſſiſt you.

I am quite undone by the knavery of Sheriff and White, and all you have done for me with Mr. Pratt ſignifies nothing, if I muſt loſe ten pounds.

* In Naboth's vineyard.

I had

I had your letter about Mrs. Johnſon's money, and ſhe thanks you for your care; and ſays, conſidering her poverty, you have done as much for her as for me. But I thought my letter to you was enough, without a letter of attorney; for all money matters I am the greateſt cully alive.

Little good may do you with your favourable weather; we have had but five good days theſe twelve weeks.

The ladies are pretty well; but Mrs. Johnſon, after a fortnight's great amendment, had yeſterday a very bad day; ſhe is now much better. They both preſent their humble ſervice to Mrs. Worral, and ſo do I, and am ever yours, *&c.*

Jo. who brings you this, deſired me to lend him twenty pounds, which I very prudently refuſed; but ſaid, if he would leave the worth of it in ſoap and candles in the deanry-houſe, Mrs. Brent viewing them, I would empower you, as I do hereby, to pay him twenty pounds, and place it to my account.

JONATH. SWIFT.

Pray deſire Mrs. Brent to have ready a hogſhead of bottles packed up as uſual, of the ſame wine with the laſt ſhe ſent, and the next carrier ſhall have orders to call for it.

Let Mrs. Brent take out what candles or ſoap are neceſſary for the ladies, and only as much as will empty two of the boxes, that Jo. may have them; I mean out of thoſe boxes which he is to leave at the deanry for my ſecurity for the twenty pounds, which he is to receive from you.

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

London, July 24, 1725.

MR. Ford will tell you how I do, and what I do. Tired with ſuſpence, the only inſupportable misfortune of life, I deſired, after nine years of autumnal promiſes, and vernal excuſes, a deciſion; and very little cared what that deciſion was, provided it left me at liberty to ſettle abroad, or put me on a foot of living agreeably at home. The wiſdom of the nation has thought fit, inſtead of granting ſo reaſonable a requeſt, to paſs an act, which, fixing my fortune unalterably to this country, fixes my perſon here alſo: and thoſe who had the leaſt mind to ſee me in England, have made it impoſſible for me to live any where elſe. Here I am then, two-thirds reſtored, my perſon ſafe, (unleſs I meet hereafter with harder treatment than even that of Sir Walter Raleigh) and my eſtate, with all the other property I have acquired, or may acquire, ſecured to me. But the attainder is kept carefully and prudently in force, leſt ſo corrupt a member ſhould come again into the houſe of lords, and his bad leaven ſhould ſour that ſweet, untainted maſs. Thus much I thought I might ſay about my private affairs to an old friend, without diverting him too long from his labours to promote the advantage of the church and ſtate of Ireland; or, from his travels into thoſe countries of giants and pigmies, from whence he imports a cargo I value at a higher rate than that of the richeſt

galeon

galeon. Ford brought the dean of Derry * to ſee me. Unfortunately for me, I was then out of town; and the journey of the former into Ireland will perhaps defer for ſome time my making acquaintance with the other; which I am ſorry for. I would not by any means loſe the opportunity of knowing a man, who can eſpouſe in good earneſt the ſyſtem of father Malebranche, and who is fond of going a miſſionary into the Weſt Indies. My zeal for the propagation of the goſpel will hardly carry me ſo far; but my ſpleen againſt Europe has, more than once, made me think of buying the dominion of Bermudas, and ſpending the remainder of my days as far as poſſible from thoſe people with whom I have paſt the firſt and greateſt part of my life. Health and every other natural comfort of life is to be had there, better than here. As to imaginary and artificial pleaſures, we are philoſophers enough to deſpiſe them. What ſay you? Will you leave your Hibernian flock to ſome other ſhepherd, and tranſplant yourſelf with me into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean? We will form a ſociety more reaſonable, and more uſeful, than that of Dr. Berkeley's college: and I promiſe you ſolemnly, as ſupreme magiſtrate, not to ſuffer the currency of Wood's halfpence: nay, the coiner of them ſhall be hanged, if he preſumes to ſet his foot on our iſland.

Let me hear how you are, and what you do; and if you really have any latent kindneſs ſtill at the bottom of your heart for me, ſay ſomething very

* Dr. Berkeley.

kind

kind to me, for I don't diſlike being cajoled. If your heart tells you nothing, ſay nothing, that I may take the hint, and wean myſelf from you by degrees. Whether I ſhall compaſs it or not, God knows: but ſurely this is the propereſt place in the world to renounce friendſhip in, or to forget obligations. Mr Ford ſays, he will be with us again by the beginning of the winter. Your * ſtar will probably hinder you from taking the ſame journey. Adieu, dear Dean. I had ſomething more to ſay to you, almoſt as important as what I have ſaid already, but company comes in upon me, and relieves you.

## From the Earl of OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, Dover-ſtreet, July 26, 1725.

MR. Clayton going to Ireland, I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the firſt place to tell you, that I am ready to make good my promiſe which I made of ſending you a picture of my father. The painter has done his part, ſo that the picture is now ready, but I do not know how to ſend it to you ſafe: you did tell me a gentleman ſhould call, but where he lives, or who he is, I know not. I am very deſirous you ſhould have it, becauſe it has been ſo long coming; and I am very ambitious of doing any thing that may in the leaſt be agreeable to you. You had heard of this ſooner, but I have been for three months out of town; I

* Mrs. Johnſon, the lady whom he celebrated by the name of Stella.

made

made a long progreſs, even beyond Edinburgh fifty miles.

I enquire of you ſometimes of dean Berkeley *: I was ſorry to hear that you were troubled with that melancholy diſtemper the want of hearing, although in ſome caſes it is good; but one would have it in one's power to hear or not hear, as it ſuited beſt with one's inclinations.

I am alſo ſorry that there is no mention made of any deſign of your coming into England. I long much for it, and do flatter myſelf with the thoughts of ſeeing you under my roof, where you ſhall execute more authority than I will allow to belong to any biſhops made ſince —— Do not lay aſide all thoughts of coming over; change of air may do you good as well as the voyage. I thank God your ſiſter is very well, conſidering the way ſhe is in; I hope in two months, or thereabouts, ſhe will be much better: ſhe preſents her humble ſervice to you. Peggy is very well.

Pope is well I ſuppoſe; he is rambling about the country. I have the pleaſure of ſeeing a picture which is very like you every day, and is as good a picture as ever Jarvais painted. I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant and brother,

OXFORD.

* Dr. Berkeley was then Dean of Derry.

## To Mr. WORRALL.

Quilca, Aug. 27, 1725.

I WAS heartily ſorry to hear you had got the gout, being a diſeaſe you have ſo little pretence to; for you have been all your life a great walker, and a little drinker. Although it be no matter how you got your diſeaſe, ſince it was not by your vices; yet I do not love to think I was an inſtrument, by leading you a walk of eight or nine miles, where your pride to ſhew your activity in leaping down a ditch, hurt your foot in ſuch a manner, as to end in your preſent diſeaſe.

I have not yet heard of Mr. Webb, and if he ſhould come here, I can do nothing with him; for I ſhall not take my own judgment, but leave it to ſome able lawyer to judge and recommend the ſecurity; for now it is time for me to learn ſome worldly wiſdom.

I thank you for the purchaſe you have made of Briſtol beer; it will ſoon pay for itſelf, by ſaving me many a bottle of wine; but I am afraid it is not good for your gout.

My deafneſs has left me above three weeks, and therefore I expect a viſit from it ſoon; and it is ſomewhat leſs vexatious here in the country, becauſe none are about me but thoſe who are uſed to it.

Mrs. Worrall's obſervation is like herſelf; ſhe is an abſolute corrupted city lady, and does not know the pleaſures of the country, even of this place, with

with all its millions of inconveniencies. But Mrs. Dingley is of her opinion, and would rather live in a Dublin cellar, than a country palace.

I would fain have a ſhed thrown up in the fartheſt corner of Naboth's vineyard, toward the lower end of Shebbs's garden, till I can find leiſure and courage to build a better in the centre of the field. Can it be done?

The weather continues as foul as if there had not been a day of rain in the ſummer, and it will have ſome very ill effect on the kingdom.

I gave Jack Grattan the papers corrected, and I think half ſpoiled, by the cowardly caution of him and others. He promiſed to tranſcribe them time enough, and my deſire is they may be ready to be publiſhed upon the firſt day the parliament meets. I hope you will contrive it among you, that it may be ſent unknown (as uſual) to ſome printer, with proper directions. I had lately a letter without a name, telling me, that I have got a ſop to hold my tongue, and that it is determined we muſt have that grievance, &c. forced on us.

My intention is to return about the beginning of October, if my occaſions do not hinder me. Before that time it will be ſeen how the parliament will act. They who talk with me, think they will be ſlaves as uſual, and led where the government pleaſes.

My humble ſervice to Mrs Worrall. The ladies preſent theirs to you both.

J. SWIFT.

## From EDWARD Earl of OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, Dover-ſtreet, Aug. 30, 1725.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter; I am vexed that the trifle of the ring ſhould not have reached you; I found where the fault lay; I hope you will ſoon receive both the picture and the ring ſafe: I have ordered them to the care of Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq; our old friend, and he is a punctual man, and is well acquainted with Mrs. Ford, and my lord Arran's chaplain, Mr. Charleton; ſo I hope this method will not fail that I have now taken. I would not be wanting in the leaſt trifle, by which I might ſhew the value and eſteem I have, and always muſt and will have for you.

The picture I have of you is the ſame which Mr. Jarvais drew of you in Ireland, and it is very like you, and is a very good picture; and though Mr. Jarvias is honoured with the place of his majeſty's painter, he cannot paint a picture I ſhall ſo much value as I do that of the dean of St. Patrick's.

My old fellow collegiate has done ſo right a thing as to prefer one of your recommendation.— I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

My wife ſends her compliments to you; ſhe is as well as can be expected.

To

## To the Rev. Mr. WORRAL.

Quilca, Aug. 31, 1725.

I HAVE yours of the 28th. I am ſtill to acknowledge and thank you for the care of my little affairs. I hope I ſhall not want the ſilver; for I hope to be in town by the beginning of October, unleſs extreme good weather ſhall invite me to continue.

Since Wood's patent is cancelled, it will by no means be convenient to have the paper printed, as I ſuppoſe you, and Jack Grattan, and Sheridan will agree; therefore, if it be with the printer, I would have it taken back, and the preſs broke, and let her be ſatisfied.

The work is done, and there is no more need of the Drapier.

Mrs. Johnſon does not underſtand what you mean by her ſtamped linen, and remembers nothing of it; but ſuppoſes it is ſome jeſt.

The ladies are well; all our ſervices to Mrs. Worrall. Mrs. Dingley at laſt diſcovered the meaning of the ſtamped linen, which makes that part of my letter needleſs.

Pray pay Jo. Beaumont four pounds for a horſe I bought from him, and place it to my account.

J. S.

When Jo. brings you a piece of linen of twenty-four yards, pray put my name upon it, and pay him ſix pounds, eight ſhillings.

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Quilca, Sept. 11, 1725.

IF you are indeed a diſcarded courtier, you have reaſon to complain, but none at all to wonder; you are too young for many experiences to fall in your way, yet you have read enough to make you know the nature of man. It is ſafer for a man's intereſt to blaſpheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought ſo. And ſince the laſt was the caſe, how could you imagine that all mouths would not be open when you were received, and in ſome manner preferred by the government, though in a poor way? I tell you, there is hardly a whig in Ireland, who would allow a potatoe and butter milk to a reputed tory. Neither is there any thing in your countrymen upon this article, more than what is common in all other nations, only *quoad magis et minus*. Too much advertency is not your talent, or elſe you had fled from that text, as from a rock*. For as Don Quixote ſaid to Sancho, what buſineſs had you to ſpeak of a halter in a family, where one of it was hanged? And your innocence is a protection, that wiſe men are aſhamed to rely on, farther than with God. It is indeed againſt common ſenſe to think, that you ſhould chooſe ſuch a time, when you had received a favour from the lord lieutenant,

* "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof;" on which Dr. Sheridan preached on the firſt of Auguſt.

and

and had reaſon to expect more, to diſcover your diſloyalty in the pulpit. But what will that avail? Therefore ſit down and be quiet, and mind your buſineſs as you ſhould do, and contract your friendſhips, and expect no more from man than ſuch an animal is capable of, and you will every day find my deſcription of Yahoes more reſembling. You ſhould think and deal with every man as a villain, without calling him ſo, or flying from him, or valuing him leſs. This is an old true leſſon. You believe, every one will acquit you of any regard to temporal intereſt; and how came you to claim an exception from all mankind? I believe you value your temporal intereſt as much as any body, but you have not the arts of purſuing it. You are miſtaken. Domeſtick evils are no more within a man than others; and he who cannot bear up againſt the firſt, will ſink under the ſecond, and in my conſcience I believe this is your caſe; for being of a weak conſtitution, in an employment precarious and tireſome, loaden with children, a man of intent and abſtracted thinking, enſlaved by mathematicks, and complaint of the world, this new weight of party malice hath ſtruck you down, like a feather on a horſe's back already loaden as far as he is able to bear. You ought to change the apoſtle's expreſſion, and ſay, I will ſtrive to learn in whatever ſtate, *&c.*

I will hear none of your viſions; you ſhall live at Quilca but three fortnights and a month in the year; perhaps not ſo much. You ſhall make no entertainments but what are neceſſary to your in-

tereſts; for your true friends would rather ſee you over a piece of mutton and a bottle once a quarter; you ſhall be merry at the expence of others; you ſhall take care of your health, and go early to bed, and not read late at night; and laugh with all men, without truſting any; and then a fig for the contrivers of your ruin, who now have no farther thoughts than to ſtop your progreſs, which perhaps they may not compaſs, unleſs I am deceived more than is uſual. All this you will do, *ſi mihi credis*, and not dream of printing your ſermon, which is a project abounding with objections unanſwerable, and with which I could fill this letter. You ſay nothing of having preached before the lord lieutenant, nor whether he is altered towards you; for you ſpeak nothing but generals. You think all the world has now nothing to do but to pull Mr. Sheridan down, whereas it is nothing but a flap in your turn, and away. Lord Oxford ſaid once to me on an occaſion, theſe fools, becauſe they hear a noiſe about their ears of their own making, think the whole world is full of it. When I come to town, we will change all this ſcene, and act like men of the world. Grow rich and you will have no enemies: go ſometimes to the caſtle, keep faſt Mr. Tickle and Balaguer; frequent thoſe on the right ſide, friends to the preſent powers; drop thoſe, who are loud on the wrong party, becauſe they know they can ſuffer nothing by it.

From

From the Same.

Quilca, Sept. 19, 1725.

WE have prevailed with Neal, in ſpight of his harveſt, to carry up miſs, with your directions; and it is high time, for ſhe was run almoſt wild, though we have ſomething civilized her ſince ſhe came among us. You are too ſhort in circumſtances. I did not hear you was forbid preaching. Have you ſeen my lord? Who forbad you to preach? Are you no longer chaplain? Do you never go the caſtle? Are you certain of the accuſer, that it is Tighe? Do you think my lord acts thus, becauſe he fears it would breed ill humour, if he ſhould openly favour one who is looked on as of a different party? I think, that is too mean for him. I do not much diſapprove your letter, but I think it a wrong method; pray read over the incloſed twice, and if you do not diſlike it, let it be ſent (not by a ſervant of yours, nor from you) to Mr. Tickell. There the caſe is ſtated as well as I could do it in generals, for want of knowing particulars. When I come to town, I ſhall ſee the lord lieutenant, and be as free with him as poſſible. In the mean time I believe it may keep cold; however adviſe with Mr. Tickell, and Mr. Balaguer. I ſhould fancy that the biſhop of Limerick * could eaſily ſatisfy his excellency, and that my lord lieutenant believes no more of your guilt

* Dr. William Burſcow.

than

than I, and therefore it can be nothing but to ſatisfy the noiſe of party at this juncture, that he acts as he does; and if ſo (as I am confident it is) the effect will ceaſe with the cauſe. But without doubt, Tighe and others have dinned the words tory and jacobite into his excellency's ears, and therefore your text, *&c.* was only made uſe of as an opportunity.

Upon the whole matter you are no loſer, but at leaſt have got ſomething. Therefore be not like him who hanged himſelf, becauſe going into a gaming-houſe and winning ten thouſand pounds, he loſt five thouſand of it, and came away with only half his winnings. When my lord is in London, we may clear a way to him to do you another job, and you are young enough to wait.

We ſet out to Dublin on Monday the 5th of October, and hope to ſup at the deanry the next night, where you will come to us if you are not already engaged.

I am grown a bad bailiff towards the end of my ſervice. Your hay is well brought in, and better ſtacked than uſual. All here are well.

I know not what you mean by my having ſome ſport ſoon; I hope it is no ſport that will vex me.

Pray do not forget to ſeal the incloſed before you ſend it.

I ſend you back your letter to the lord lieutenant.

## To the Same.

Quilca, Sept. 25, 1725.

YOUR confuſion hindered you from giving any rational account of your diſtreſs, till this laſt letter, and therein you are imperfect enough. However, with much ado we have now a tolerable underſtanding how things ſtand. We had a paper ſent incloſed, ſubſcribed by Mr. Ford, as we ſuppoſe; it is in print, and we all approve it, and this I ſuppoſe is the ſport I was to expect. I do think it is agreed, that all animals fight with the weapons natural to them (which is a new and wiſe remark out of my own head) and the devil take that animal, who will not offend his enemy, when he is provoked, with his proper weapon; and though your old dull horſe little values the blows I give him with the butt end of my ſtick, yet I ſtrike on and make him wince in ſpite of his dullneſs; and he ſhall not fail of them while I am here; and I hope you will do ſo too to the beaſt who has kicked againſt you, and try how far his inſenſibility will protect him, and you ſhall have help, and he will be vexed, for ſo I found your horſe this day, though he would not move the faſter. I will kill that flea or louſe, which bites me, though I get no honour by it.

*Laudari ab iis, quos omnes laudant*, is a maxim; and the contrary is equally true. Thank you for the offer of your mare; and how a pox could we come

come without her? They pulled off her's and your horſe's ſhoes for fear of being rid, and then they rode them without ſhoes, and ſo I was forced to ſhoe them again. All the fellows here would be Tighes, if they were but privy counſellors. You will never be at eaſe for your friend's horſes or your own, till you have walled in a park of twenty acres, which I would have done next ſpring.

You ſay not a word of the letter I ſent you for Mr. Tickell, whether you ſent it him or not; and yet it was very material that I ſhould know it. The two devils of inadvertency and forgetfulneſs have got faſt hold on you. I think you need not quit his and Balaguer's company for the reaſon I mentioned in that letter, becauſe they are above ſuſpicions, as *whiggiſſimi* and *unſuſpectiſſimi*. When the lord lieutenant goes for England, I have a method to ſet you right with him, I hope, as I will tell you when I come to town, if I do not Sheridan it, I mean forget it.

I did a Sheridaniſm; I told you I had loſt your letter incloſed, which you intended to lord Carteret, and yet I have it ſafe here.

## From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, London, Oct. 17, 1725.

I HAVE the vanity to think, that a few friends have a real concern for me, and are uneaſy when I am in diſtreſs; in conſequence of which, I ought to communicate with them the joy of my recovery. I did not want a moſt kind paragraph in your letter

to

to Mr. Pope, to convince me, that you are of the number; and I know, that I give you a ſenſible pleaſure in telling you, that I think myſelf at this time almoſt perfectly recovered of a moſt unuſual and dangerous diſtemper, an impoſthume in the bowels; ſuch a one, that had it been in the hands of a chirurgeon, in an outward and fleſhy part, I ſhould not have been well theſe three months. Duke Diſney, our old friend, is in a fair way to recover of ſuch another. There have been ſeveral of them, occaſioned, as I reckon, by the cold and wet ſeaſon. People have told me of new impoſtures (as they called them) every day. Poor Sir William Wyndham has an impoſthume: I hope the Bath, where he is going, will do him good. The hopes of ſeeing once more the dean of St. Patrick's, revives my ſpirits. I cannot help imagining ſome of your old club met together like mariners after a ſtorm. For God's ſake do not tantalize your friends any more. I can prove by twenty unanſwerable arguments, that it is abſolutely neceſſary, that you ſhould come over to England; that it would be committing the greateſt abſurdity that ever was, not to do it the next approaching winter. I believe, indeed, it is juſt poſſible to ſave your ſoul without it, and that is all. As for your book * (of which I have framed to myſelf ſuch an idea, that I am perſuaded there is no doing any good upon mankind without it) I will ſet the letters myſelf, rather than that it ſhould not be publiſhed. But

* Gulliver's Travels.

before

before you put the finiſhing hand to it, it is really neceſſary to be acquainted with ſome new improvements of mankind, that have appeared of late, and are daily appearing. Mankind has an inexhauſtible ſource of invention in the way of folly and madneſs. I have only one fear, that when you come over, you will be ſo much coveted and taken up by the miniſtry, that unleſs your friends meet you at their tables, they will have none of your company. This is really no joke; I am quite in earneſt. Your deafneſs is ſo neceſſary a thing, that I almoſt begin to think it an affectation. I remember you uſed to reckon dinners. I know of near half a year's dinners, where you are already beſpoke. It is worth your while to come to ſee your old friend Lewis, who is wiſer than ever he was, the beſt of huſbands. I am ſure I can ſay from my own experience, that he is the beſt of friends. He was ſo to me, when he had little hope I ſhould ever live to thank him.

You muſt acquaint me before you take your journey, that we may provide a convenient lodging for you among your friends. I am called away this moment, and have only time to add, that I long to ſee you, and am moſt ſincerely, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

## From the Earl of OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, Dover-ſtreet, Oct. 19, 1725.

I HOPE you will excuſe theſe few lines for once, when I tell you that yeſterday morning, I thank God, my wife was ſafely delivered of a ſon, and both mother and child are as well as can be expected. I fancy this will not be diſagreeable news to the dean of St. Patrick's, except he be very much altered, which I believe not. I will not trouble you with any more, but to tell you that I am with great reſpect, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

## An anſwer to lord PALMERSTON's civil polite letter. [So indorſed.]

MY LORD, Jan. 31, 1725-6.

I DESIRE you will give yourſelf the laſt trouble I ſhall ever put you to. I do entirely acquit you of any injury or injuſtice done to Mr. Curtis *; and if you had read that paſſage in my letter a ſecond time, you could not poſſibly have ſo ill underſtood me. The injury and injuſtice the young man received were from thoſe, who, claiming a title to his chambers, took away his key; and re-

* A reſident maſter in Trinity college, whom the dean made one of the four minor-canons of St. Patrick's cathedral.

viled, and threatened to beat him; with a great deal of the like monſtrous conduct: whereupon at his requeſt I laid the caſe before you *, as it appeared to me. And it would have been very ſtrange, if on account of a trifle, and of a perſon for whom I have no concern farther than as he was once employed by me, on the character he bears of piety and learning, I ſhould charge you with injury and injuſtice to him, when I know from himſelf and Mr. Reading, that you were not anſwerable for either.

As you ſtate the caſe of tenant at will, I fully agree, that no law can compel you; but law was not at all in my thoughts.

Now, my lord, if what I writ of injury and injuſtice, were wholly applied in plain terms to one or two of the college here, whoſe names were below my remembrance; you will conſider how I could deſerve an anſwer in every line full of foul inſinuations, open reproaches, jeſting flirts, and contumelious terms; and what title you claim to give me ſuch treatment. I own my obligation to Sir William Temple for recommending me to the late king, although without ſucceſs; and for his choice of me to take care of his poſthumous writings. But I hope you will not charge my being in his family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpoſe, if I had choſen his houſe on any

* Lord viſcount Palmerſton (nephew to Sir William Temple) hath a right to beſtow two handſome chambers in the univerſity of Dublin upon ſuch ſtudents as he and his heirs ſhall think proper, on account of the benefactions of this family towards the college buildings.

other

other motives, than the benefit of his converſation and advice, and the opportunity of purſuing my ſtudies. For, being born to no fortune, I was at his death as much to ſeek it as ever: and perhaps you will allow, that I was of ſome uſe to him. This I will venture to ſay, that in the time when I had ſome little credit, I did fifty times more for fifty people, from whom I never received the leaſt ſervice or aſſiſtance; yet I ſhould not be pleaſed to hear a relation of mine reproaching them with ingratitude, although many of them well deſerve it. For, thanks to party, I have met in both kingdoms with ingratitude enough.

If I have been ill informed, you have not been much better, that I declared no great regard to your family; for ſo you expreſs yourſelf: I never had occaſion or opportunity to make uſe of any ſuch words. The laſt time I ſaw you in London, was the laſt intercourſe that I remember to have had with your family. But having always truſted to my own innocence, I was never inquiſitive to know my accuſers. When I mentioned my loſs of intereſt with you, I did it with concern, and I had no reſentment; becauſe I ſuppoſed it to ariſe only from different ſentiments in publick matters.

My lord, if my letter were polite, it was againſt my intention, and I intreat your pardon for it. If I have wit, I will keep it to ſhew when I am angry; which at preſent I am not: becauſe, although nothing can excuſe thoſe intemperate words your pen hath let fall, yet I ſhall give allowance to a haſty perſon hurried on by a miſtake beyond all rules of

decency. If a firſt miniſter of ſtate had uſed me as you have done, he ſhould have heard from me in another ſtyle; becauſe in that caſe retaliating would be thought a mark of courage. But as your lordſhip is not in a ſituation to do me good, nor, I am ſure, of a diſpoſition to do me miſchief; ſo I ſhould loſe the merit of being bold, becauſe I incurred no danger.

In this point alone we are exactly equal; but in wit and politeneſs I am as ready to yield to you, as in titles and eſtate.

I have found out one ſecret; that although you call me a great wit, you do not think me ſo; otherwiſe you would have been cautious to have writ me ſuch a letter.

You conclude with ſaying, you are ready to aſk pardon, where you have offended. Of this I acquit you, becauſe I have not taken the offence; but whether you will acquit yourſelf, muſt be left to your conſcience and honour.

I have formerly upon occaſions been your humble ſervant in Ireland, and ſhould not refuſe to be ſo ſtill, but you have ſo uſeful and excellent a friend in Mr. Reading, that you need no other; and, I hope, my good opinion of him will not leſſen yours. I am, my Lord,

Your moſt humble ſervant,

JON. SWIFT.

## To Mr. WORRALL.

London, April 16, 1726.

THE ladies have told you all my adventures, and I hear you are ruining me with dung. I have writ ſeveral times to the ladies, and ſhall ſoon do ſo again. I ſend you incloſed the bill of lading for a picture that has lain long at ſea; you will be ſo kind to get it out of the cuſtom-houſe. Mr. Medlicot will make it eaſy, if there ſhould be any difficulties. My humble ſervice to Mrs. Worral, and the ladies, and all my friends. I thank God I am in pretty good health. I have now company with me; I can ſay no more. I hope you are all well.

I got no voice at Oxford; but am endeavouring for one here.

## From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, Indorſed, "1726."

I HAVE been at your lodgings this morning, but you was out early. Her royal highneſs begs the honour of a viſit from you on Thurſday night at ſeven o'clock. You are to be attended by, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

I hope you will not engage yourſelf at that hour; but I ſhall ſee you before that time.

Tueſday, 3 o'clock.

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

GOOD DOCTOR, London, July 8, 1726.

I HAVE had two months of great uneaſineſs at the ill account of Mrs. Johnſon's health, and as it is uſual, feared the worſt that was poſſible, and doubted all the good accounts that were ſent me. I pray God her danger may warn her to be leſs wilful, and more ready to fall into thoſe meaſures, that her friends and phyſicians adviſe her to. I had a letter two days ago from archdeacon Wall, dated ſix days before yours, wherein he gives me a better account than you do, and therefore I apprehend ſhe hath not mended ſince; and yet he ſays he can honeſtly tell me ſhe is now much better. Pray thank the archdeacon, and tell him he is to have a ſhare in this letter; and therefore I will ſave him the trouble of another. Tell him alſo, that I never aſked for my 1000l. which he hears I have got, though I mentioned it to the princeſs the laſt time I ſaw her; but I bid her tell Walpole *, I ſcorned to aſk him for it, but blot out this paſſage, and mention it to no one except the ladies; becauſe I know Mrs. Johnſon would be pleaſed with it, and I will not write to them till I hear from them; therefore this letter is theirs as well as yours. The archdeacon farther ſays, that Mrs. Johnſon has not taſted claret for ſeveral months, but once at his houſe. This I diſlike. I cannot tell who is the

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards earl of Orford.

fourth

fourth of your friends, unleſs it be yourſelf: I am ſorry for your new laborious ſtudies, but the beſt of it is, they will not be your own another day. I thank you for your new ſtyle, and moſt uſeful quotations. I am only concerned, that although you get the grace of the houſe, you will never get the grace of the town, but die plain Sheridan, or Tom at moſt, becauſe it is a ſyllable ſhorter than doctor. However, I will give it you at length in the ſuperſcription, and people will ſo wonder how the news could come and return ſo quick to and from England, eſpecially if the wind be fair when the packet goes over; and let me warn you to be very careful in ſending for your letters two days after the commencement. You loſt one poſt by my being out of town; for I came hither to-day, and ſhall ſtay three or four upon ſome buſineſs, and then go back to Mr. Pope's, and there continue till Auguſt, and then come to town till I begin my journey to Ireland, which I propoſe the middle of Auguſt. My old ſervant Archy is here ruined and ſtarving, and has purſued me and wrote me a letter, but I have refuſed to ſee him. Our friend at the caſtle writ to me two months ago to have a ſight of thoſe papers, *&c.* of which I brought away a copy. I have anſwered him, that whatever papers I have, are conveyed from one place to another through nine or ten hands, and that I have the key. If he ſhould mention any thing of papers in general either to you or the ladies, and that you can bring it in, I would have you and them to confirm the ſame ſtory, and laugh at my humour in it, *&c.*

My ſervice to Dr. Delany, Dr. Helſham, the Grattans, and Jackſons. There is not ſo deſpiſed a creature here as your friend with the ſoft verſes on children. I heartily pity him. This is the firſt time I was ever weary of England, and longed to be in Ireland; but it is becauſe go I muſt; for I do not love Ireland better, nor England, as England, worſe; in ſhort, you all live in a wretched, dirty dog-hole and priſon, but it is a place good enough to die in. I can tell you one thing, that I have had the faireſt offer made me of a ſettlement here that one can imagine, which if I were ten years younger I would gladly accept, within twelve miles of London, and in the midſt of my friends. But I am too old for new ſchemes, and eſpecially ſuch as would bridle me in my freedoms and liberalities. But ſo it is, that I muſt be forced to get home, partly by ſtealth, and partly by force. I have indeed one temptation for this winter, much ſtronger, which is of a fine houſe and garden, and park, and wine-cellar in France, to paſs away winter in *, and if Mrs. Johnſon were not ſo out of order I would certainly accept of it; and I wiſh ſhe could go to Montpellier at the ſame time. You ſee I am grown viſionary, and therefore it is time to have done. Adieu.

* Lord Bolingbroke invited the dean to ſpend a winter with him at his houſe in France, on the banks of the Loire.

To

## To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD, April 28, 1726.

YOUR lordſhip having, at my requeſt, obtained for me an hour from Sir Robert Walpole *, I accordingly attended him yeſterday at eight o'clock in the

* Robert Walpole, eſq; born Aug. 26, 1674, was choſen member for King's Lynn in 1700; and continued to repreſent that corporation till created an earl; excepting the interval of one ſeſſion, when he was expelled the houſe (Dec. 30, 1711), and ſent to the Tower. He was appointed of the council to prince George, lord high admiral, in June 1705; ſecretary at war, Feb. 12, 1707-8; treaſurer of the navy, Jan. 13, 1709-10. On Dr. Sacheverell's impeachment, Mr. Walpole was one of the managers. He was removed from his employments in Auguſt 1710; and was not in any office during the reſt of the queen's reign. He was appointed paymaſter of the forces, Sept. 24, 1714; and ſworn of the privy council, Oct. 1; conſtituted firſt lord commiſſioner of the treaſury and chancellor of the exchequer, Oct. 10, 1715; and the ſame year was elected chairman of "the committee of ſecrecy." He reſigned his high places, April 10, 1717; but was appointed paymaſter of the forces, June 4, 1720; and reſumed his offices in the treaſury, April 4, 1721. He was one of the lords juſtices and ſole ſecretary of ſtate in 1723, during the abſence of the lords Townſhend and Carteret, who went with the king to Hanover; he was elected a knight of the Bath in 1725, and was again one of the lords juſtices; was elected a knight of the Garter 1726; and inſtalled June 16. He was a third time one of the lords juſtices, in 1727. On the acceſſion of king George II., he was continued in all his high poſts, was choſen a governor of the Charter houſe, and attended at the coronation as a privy counſellor and knight of the Garter. In the firſt ſeſſion of the parliament which met Dec. 4, 1741, finding a ſtrong party againſt him in the nation as well as in the parliament, he reſigned all his places; and was created, Feb. 9, 1741-2, baron Houghton, viſcount Walpole, and earl of Orford. He afterwards, the inquiry into his conduct being dropt, or rather ſuſpended, lived a very retired life, enjoying reſt from his labours, the ſweets of private

the morning, and had ſomewhat more than an hour's converſation with him. Your lordſhip was this day pleaſed to inquire what paſſed between that great miniſter and me, to which I gave you ſome general anſwers, from whence you ſaid you could comprehend little or nothing.

I had no other deſign in deſiring to ſee Sir Robert Walpole, than to repreſent the affairs of Ireland to him in a true light, not only without any view to myſelf, but to any party whatſoever: and, becauſe I underſtood the affairs of that kingdom tolerably well, and obſerved the repreſentations he had received were ſuch as I could not agree to; my principal deſign was to ſet him right, not only for the ſervice of Ireland, but likewiſe of England, and of his own adminiſtration.

I failed very much in my deſign; for, I ſaw, he had conceived opinions from the examples and practices of the preſent and ſome former governors, which I could not reconcile to the notions I had of liberty, a poſſeſſion always underſtood by the Britiſh nation to be the inheritance of a human creature.

Sir Robert Walpole was pleaſed to enlarge very much upon the ſubject of Ireland, in a manner ſo alien from what I conceived to be the rights and

friendſhip, and the eſteem and love of his ſovereign, but was much afflicted with the ſtone, which at length put a period to his life, March 18, 1745-6, in his 72d year. Dr. Swift, in a letter to Mr. Pope, Oct. 30, 1727, ſays, "I forgave Sir Robert Walpole a thou-"ſand pounds, *multa gemens*," alluding to an order which he had, upon the exchequer, for that ſum, a ſhort time before the death of queen Anne, which was never paid.

privileges

privileges of a ſubject of England, that I did not think proper to debate the matter with him ſo much as I otherwiſe might, becauſe I found it would be in vain. I ſhall therefore, without entering into diſpute, make bold to mention to your lordſhip ſome few grievances of that kingdom, as it conſiſts of a people, who, beſide a natural right of enjoying the privileges of ſubjects, have alſo a claim of merit from their extraordinary loyalty to the preſent king * and his family.

Firſt, That all perſons born in Ireland, are called and treated as Iriſhmen, although their fathers and grandfathers were born in England; and their predeceſſors having been conquerors of Ireland, it is humbly conceived they ought to be on as good a foot as any ſubjects of Britain, according to the practice of all other nations, and particularly of the Greeks and Romans.

Secondly, That they are denied the natural liberty of exporting their manufactures to any country which is not engaged in a war with England.

Thirdly, That whereas there is a univerſity in Ireland, founded by queen Elizabeth, where youth are inſtructed with a much ſtricter diſcipline than either in Oxford or Cambridge; it lies under the greateſt diſcouragements, by filling all the principal employments, civil and eccleſiaſtical, with perſons from England, who have neither intereſt, property, acquaintance, nor alliance, in that kingdom; contrary to the practice of all other ſtates in Europe

* K. George I.

which

which are governed by viceroys, at leaſt what hath never been uſed without the utmoſt diſcontents of the people.

Fourthly, That ſeveral of the biſhops ſent over to Ireland, having been clergymen of obſcure condition, and without other diſtinction than that of chaplains to the governors, do frequently invite over their old acquaintance or kindred, to whom they beſtow the beſt preferments in their gift. The like may be ſaid of the judges, who take with them one or two dependents, to whom they give their countenance, and who conſequently, without other merit, grow immediately into the chief buſineſs of their courts. The ſame practice is followed by all others in civil employments, if they have a couſin, a valet, or footman, in their family, born in England.

Fifthly, That all civil employments, grantable in reverſion, are given to perſons who reſide in England.

The people of Ireland, who are certainly the moſt loyal ſubjects in the world, cannot but conceive that moſt of theſe hardſhips have been the conſequence of ſome unfortunate repreſentations (at leaſt) in former times; and the whole body of the gentry feel the effects in a very ſenſible part, being utterly deſtitute of all means to make a proviſion for their younger ſons, either in the church, the law, the revenue, or (of late) in the army: and, in the deſperate condition of trade, it is equally vain to think of making them merchants. All they have left is, at the expiration of leaſes, to rack

their

their tenants, which they have done to ſuch a degree, that there is not one farmer in a hundred through the kingdom who can afford ſhoes or ſtockings to his children, or to eat fleſh, or drink any thing better than ſour milk or water, twice in a year; ſo that the whole country, except the Scotch plantation in the north, is a ſcene of miſery and deſolation, hardly to be matched on this ſide Lapland.

The rents of Ireland are computed to about a million and a half, whereof one half million at leaſt is ſpent by lords and gentlemen reſiding in England, and by ſome other articles too long to mention.

About three hundred thouſand pounds more are returned thither on other accounts: and, upon the whole, thoſe who are the beſt verſed in that kind of knowledge, agree, that England gains annually by Ireland a million at leaſt, which even I could make appear beyond all doubt.

But, as this mighty profit would probably increaſe, with tolerable treatment, to half a million more; ſo it muſt of neceſſity ſink, under the hardſhips that kingdom lies at preſent.

And whereas Sir Robert Walpole was pleaſed to take notice, how little the king gets by Ireland; it ought, perhaps, to be conſidered, that the revenues and taxes, I think, amount to above four hundred thouſand pounds a year; and reckoning the riches of Ireland, compared with England, to be as one to twelve, the king's revenues there would be equal to more than five millions here; which, conſidering

ſidering the bad payment of rents, from ſuch miſerable creatures as moſt of the tenants in Ireland are, will be allowed to be as much as ſuch a kingdom can bear.

The current coin of Ireland is reckoned, at moſt, but five hundred thouſand pounds; ſo that above four-fifths are paid every year into the exchequer.

I think it manifeſt, that whatever circumſtances can poſſibly contribute to make a country poor and deſpicable, are all united with reſpect to Ireland. The nation controuled by laws to which they do not conſent, diſowned by their brethren and countrymen, refuſed the liberty not only of trading with their own manufactures, but even their native commodities, forced to ſeek for juſtice many hundred miles by ſea and land, rendered in a manner incapable of ſerving their king and country in any employment of honour, truſt, or profit; and all this without the leaſt demerit: while the governors ſent over thither can poſſibly have no affection to the people, farther than what is inſtilled into them by their own juſtice and love of mankind, which do not always operate; and whatever they pleaſe to repreſent hither is never called in queſtion.

Whether the repreſentatives of ſuch a people, thus diſtreſſed and laid in the duſt, when they meet in a parliament, can do the public buſineſs with that cheerfulneſs which might be expected from freeborn ſubjects, would be a queſtion in any other country, except that unfortunate iſland; the Engliſh inhabitants whereof, have given more and

greater examples of their loyalty and dutifulneſs, than can be ſhewn in any other part of the world.

What part of theſe grievances may be thought proper to be redreſſed by ſo wiſe and great a miniſter as Sir Robert Walpole, he perhaps will pleaſe to conſider; eſpecially becauſe they have been all brought upon that kingdom ſince the Revolution; which, however, is a bleſſing annually celebrated there with the greateſt zeal and ſincerity.

I moſt humbly entreat your lordſhip to give this paper to Sir Robert Walpole, and deſire him to read it, which he may do in a few minutes. I am, with the greateſt reſpect, my lord,

Your Lordſhip's
moſt obedient humble ſervant,
JONATHAN SWIFT.

## From Lord PETERBOROW.

Saturday evening. Indorſed '1726, in ſummer.'

ONE of your Iriſh heroes, that from the extremity of our Engliſh land, came to deſtroy the wicked brazen project, deſires to meet you on Monday next at Parſon's-green. If you are not engaged, I will ſend my coach for you.

Sir Robert Walpole, any morning, except Tueſday and Thurſday, which are his public days, about nine in the morning will be glad to ſee you at his London houſe. On Monday, if I ſee you, I will give you a farther account. Your affectionate ſervant,

PETERBOROW.

To

## To Mr. WORRAL.

Twickenham, July 15, 1726.

I WISH you would ſend me a common bill in form upon any banker for one hundred pounds, and I will wait for it, and in the mean time borrow where I can. What you tell me of Mrs. Johnſon, I have long expected, with great oppreſſion and heavineſs of heart. We have been perfect friends theſe thirty-five years. Upon my advice they both came to Ireland, and have been ever ſince my conſtant companions; and the remainder of my life will be a very melancholy ſcene, when one of them is gone, whom I moſt eſteemed, upon the ſcore of every good quality, that can poſſibly recommend a human creature. I have theſe two months ſeen through Mrs. Dingley's diſguiſes*. And indeed, ever ſince I left you, my heart has been ſo ſunk, that I have not been the ſame man, nor ever ſhall be again; but drag on a wretched life, till it ſhall pleaſe God to call me away. I muſt tell you, as a friend, that if you have reaſon to believe Mrs. Johnſon cannot hold out till my return, I would not think of coming to Ireland; and in that caſe, I would expect of you, in the beginning of September, to renew my licence for another half year; which time I will ſpend in ſome retirement far from London, till I can be in a diſpoſition of ap-

* Probably endeavouring to conceal Mrs. Johnſon's danger, in tenderneſs to the Dean.

pearing,

pearing, after an accident, that muſt be ſo fatal to my quiet. I wiſh it could be brought about, that ſhe might make her will. Her intentions are to leave the intereſt of all her fortune to her mother and ſiſter, during their lives, and afterwards to Dr. Stephens's hoſpital, to purchaſe lands for ſuch uſes there, as ſhe deſigns. Think how I am diſpoſed while I write this, and forgive the inconſiſtencies. I would not for the univerſe be preſent at ſuch a trial of ſeeing her depart. She will be among friends, that upon her own account and great worth, will tend her with all poſſible care, where I ſhould be a trouble to her, and the greateſt torment to myſelf. In caſe the matter ſhould be deſperate, I would have you adviſe, if they come to town, that they ſhould be lodged in ſome airy healthy part, and not in the deanry; which beſides, you know, cannot but be a very improper thing for that houſe to breathe her laſt in. This I leave to your diſcretion, and I conjure you to burn this letter immediately, without telling the contents of it to any perſon alive. Pray write to me every week, that I may know what ſteps to take; for I am determined not to go to Ireland, to find her juſt dead, or dying. Nothing but extremity could make me ſo familiar with thoſe terrible words, applied to ſuch a dear friend. Let her know, I have bought her a repeating gold watch, for her eaſe in winter nights. I deſigned to have ſurpriſed her with it; but now I would have her know it, that ſhe may ſee how my thoughts are always to make her eaſy. I am of opinion, that there is not a greater folly than

to

to contract too great and intimate a friendſhip, which muſt always leave the ſurvivor miſerable. On the back of Burton's note there was written the account of Mrs. Johnſon's ſickneſs. Pray, in your next, avoid that miſtake, and leave the backſide blank. When you have read this letter twice, and retain what I deſire, pray burn it; and let all I have ſaid lie only in your own breaſt. Pray write every week. I have (till I know farther) fixed on Auguſt the fifteenth to ſet out for Ireland. I ſhall continue or alter my meaſures according to your letters. Adieu.

Pray tell Mr. Dobbs, of the college, that I received his letter; but cannot poſſibly anſwer it, which I certainly would, if I had materials. As to what you ſay about promotion, you will find it was given immediately to Maule, as I am told; and I aſſure you I had no offers, nor would accept them. My behaviour to thoſe in power has been directly contrary, ſince I came here. I would rather have good news from you than Canterbury, though it were given me upon my own terms.

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE to the Three Yahoos of Twickenham, JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN*.

MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF PARNASSUS,

THOUGH you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing; yet I reſolve to believe the contrary. I perſuade myſelf,

* John Gay.

that

that you have ſent at leaſt fifteen times within this fortnight to * Dawley farm, and that you are extremely mortified at my long ſilence. To relieve you therefore from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no leſs than write a few lines to you; and I pleaſe myſelf beforehand with the vaſt pleaſure, which this epiſtle muſt needs give you. That I may add to this pleaſure, and give you farther proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewiſe inform you, that I ſhall be in your neighbourhood again by the end of next week; by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of buſineſs, will be ſucceeded by ſome imagination more becoming a profeſſor of that divine ſcience, *la bagatelle*. Adieu, Jonathan, Alexander, John! Mirth be with you.

From the banks of the Severne, July 23, 1726.

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

† July 27, 1726.

I HAVE yours juſt now of the 19th, and the account you give me, is nothing but what I have ſome time expected with the utmoſt agonies; and there is one aggravation of conſtraint, that where I am, I am forced to put on an eaſy countenance. It was at this time the beſt office your friendſhip could do, not to deceive me. I was violently bent all laſt year, as I believe you remember, that ſhe ſhould

* The country reſidence of lord Bolingbroke, near Cranford in Middleſex.

† This was written from Mr. Pope's at Twickenham.

go to Montpellier, or Bath, or Tunbridge. I entreated, if there was no amendment, they might both come to London. But there was a fatality, although I indeed think her ſtamina could not laſt much longer, when I ſaw ſhe could take no nouriſhment. I look upon this to be the greateſt event that can ever happen to me; but all my preparations will not ſuffice to make me bear it like a philoſopher, nor altogether like a Chriſtian. There hath been the moſt intimate friendſhip between us from her childhood, and the greateſt merit on her ſide, that ever was in one human creature towards another.—Nay if I were now near her, I would not ſee her; I could not behave myſelf tolerably, and ſhould redouble her ſorrow.—Judge in what a temper of mind I write this.—The very time I am writing, I conclude the faireſt ſoul in the world hath left its body.—Confuſion! that I am this moment called down to a viſitor, when I am in the country, and not in my power to deny myſelf.—I have paſſed a very conſtrained hour, and now return to ſay I know not what. I have been long weary of the world, and ſhall for my ſmall remainder of years be weary of life, having for ever loſt that converſation, which could only make it tolerable.—I fear while you are reading this, you will be ſhedding tears at her funeral: ſhe loved you well, and a great ſhare of the little merit I have with you, is owing to her ſolicitations.

I writ to you about a week ago *.

* Soon after the date of this letter the dean went back to Ireland, but Mrs. Johnſon recovering a moderate ſtate of health, he returned again to England the beginning of the year 1727.

## To Mr. WORRALL.

London, Aug. 6, 1726.

AT the ſame time that I had your letter, with the bill, (for which I thank you) I received another from Dr. Sheridan, both full of the melancholy account of our friend. The doctor adviſes me to go over at the time I intended, which I now deſign to do, and to ſet out on Monday the fifteenth from hence. However, if any accident ſhould happen to me, that you do not find me come over on the firſt of September, I would have you renew my licence of abſence from the ſecond of September, which will be the day that my half year will be out; and ſince it is not likely that you can anſwer this, ſo as to reach me before I leave London, I deſire you will write to me, directed to Mrs. Kenah, in Cheſter, where I deſign to ſet up, and ſhall hardly be there in leſs than a fortnight from this time; and if I ſhould then hear our friend was no more, I might probably be abſent a month or two in ſome parts of Derbyſhire, or Wales. However, you need not renew the licence till the firſt of September; and, if I come not, I will write to you from Cheſter. This unhappy affair is the greateſt trial I ever had; and I think you are unhappy in having converſed ſo much with that perſon under ſuch circumſtances. Tell Dr. Sheridan, I had his letter; but care not to anſwer it. I wiſh you would give me your opinion, at Cheſter, whether I ſhall come over or not. I ſhall be there, God willing, on Thurſday, the eigh-

teenth inſtant. This is enough to ſay, in my preſent ſituation. I am, &c.

My humble ſervice and thanks to Mrs. Worrall for the care of our friend, which I ſhall never forget.

## To the Same.

Aug. 15, 1726.

THIS is Saturday, and on Monday I ſet out for Ireland. I deſired you would ſend me a letter to Cheſter. I ſuppoſe I ſhall be in Dublin, with moderate fortune, in ten or eleven days hence; for I will go by Holyhead. I ſhall ſtay two days at Cheſter, unleſs I can contrive to have my box ſent after me. I hope I ſhall be with you by the end of Auguſt; but however, if I am not with you by the ſecond of September, which is the time that my licence is out, I deſire you will get me a new one; for I would not lie at their mercy, though I know it ſignifies nothing. I expect to be very miſerable when I come; but I ſhall be prepared for it. I deſired you would write to me to Cheſter, which I hope you will do; and pray hinder Dr. Sheridan from writing to me any more.

This is all I have to ſay to you at preſent.

I am, &c.

J. SWIFT.

From WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq;

DEAR SIR, London, September 3, 1726.

I RECEIVED the favour of your kind letter at my lord Chetwyn's; and though you had ſo much goodneſs, as to forbid my anſwering it at that time; yet I ſhould be inexcuſable, now I have perfectly recovered my health and ſtrength, if I did not return you my very hearty thanks for your concern for me during my illneſs. Though our acquaintance has not been of long date, yet I think I may venture to aſſure you, that even among your old friends, you have not many, who have a juſter regard for your merit than I have. I could wiſh that thoſe who are more able to ſerve you than I am, had the ſame deſire of doing it. And yet methinks, now I conſider it, and reflect who they are, I ſhould be ſorry they had the merit of doing ſo right a thing. As well as I wiſh you, I would rather not have you provided for yet, than provided for by thoſe that I don't like. Mr. Pope tells me, that we ſhall ſee you in ſpring. When we meet again, I flatter myſelf we ſhall not part ſo ſoon; and I am in hopes you will allow me a larger ſhare of your company than you did. All I can ſay to engage you to come a little oftener to my houſe, is, to promiſe, that you ſhall not have one diſh of meat at my table ſo diſguiſed, but you ſhall eaſily know what it is. You ſhall have a cup of your own for ſmall beer and wine mixed together; you ſhall have no

women at table, if you don't like them, and no men, but ſuch as like you. I wiſhed mightily to be in London before you left it, having ſomething, which I would willingly have communicated you, that I do not think ſo diſcreet to truſt to a letter. Do not let your expectations be raiſed, as if it was a matter of any great conſequence: it is not that, though I ſhould be mighty glad you knew it, and perhaps I may ſoon find a way of letting you do ſo.

Our parliament, they now ſay, is not to meet till after Chriſtmas, the chief buſineſs of it being to give money. It may be proper the miniſters ſhould know, a little before it meets, how much farther they have run the nation in debt, that they may prudently conceal or provide what they think fit. I am told, that many among us begin to grumble, that England ſhould be obliged to ſupport the charge of a very expenſive war, while all the other powers of Europe are in peace. But I will enter no farther into public matters, taking it for granted, that a letter directed to you, and franked by me, cannot fail of raiſing the curioſity of ſome of our vigilant miniſters, and that they will open it; though we know it is not cuſtomary for them ſo to do. Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble ſervant, and I am, with great truth, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

W. PULTENEY.

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, London, Sept. 16, 1726.

SINCE I wrote laſt, I have been always upon the ramble. I have been in Oxfordſhire with the duke and ducheſs of Queenſberry, and at Peterſham, and whereſoever they would carry me; but as they will go to Wiltſhire without me, on Tueſday next, for two or three months, I believe I ſhall then have finiſhed my travels for this year, and ſhall not go farther from London, than now and then to Twickenham. I ſaw Mr. Pope on Sunday, who has lately eſcaped a very great danger; but is very much wounded acroſs his right-hand. Coming home in the dark, about a week ago, alone in my lord Bolingbroke's coach from Dawley, he was overturned, where a bridge has been broken down, near Whitton, about a mile from his own houſe. He was thrown into the river, with the glaſſes of the coach up, and was up to the knots of his perriwig in water. The footman broke the glaſs to draw him out; by which, he thinks, he received the cut acroſs his hand. He was afraid he ſhould have loſt the uſe of his little finger, and the next to it; but the ſurgeon, whom he ſent for laſt Sunday from London to examine it, told him that his fingers were ſafe, that there were two nerves cut, but no tendon. He was in very good health, and very good ſpirits, and the wound in a fair way of being ſoon healed. The inſtructions you ſent me to communicate to the doctor about the finger, I

tranſcribed from your own letter, and ſent to him for, at that time, he was going every other day to Windſor Park to viſit Mr. Congreve, who has been extremely ill, but is now recovered. I dined and ſupped on Monday laſt with lord and lady Bolingbroke, at lord Bekerley's, at Cranford, and returned to London, with the duke and ducheſs of Queenſberry, on Tueſday by two o'clock in the morning. You are remembered always with great reſpect by all your acquaintance, and every one of them wiſhes for your return. The lottery begins to be drawn on Monday next, but my week of attendance will be the firſt in October. I am obliged to follow the engravers to make them diſpatch my plates for the fables; for without it, I find they proceed but very ſlowly. I take your advice in this, as I wiſh to do in all things, and frequently reviſe my work, in order to finiſh it as well as I can. Mr. Pulteney takes the letter you ſent him in the kindeſt manner; and I believe he is, except a few excurſions, fixed in town for the winter. As for the particular affair, that you want to be informed in, we are as yet wholly in the dark; but Mr. Pope will follow your inſtructions. I have not ſeen Mrs. Howard a great while, which you know muſt be a great mortification and ſelf-denial; but in my caſe, it is particularly unhappy, that a man cannot contrive to be in two places at the ſame time: if I could, while you are there, one of them ſhould be always Dublin. But, after all, it is a ſilly thing to be with a friend by halves, ſo that I will give up all thoughts of bringing this project to perfection, if you will contrive

that

that we ſhall meet again ſoon. I am, dear Sir, your moſt obliged and affectionate friend, and ſervant,

J. GAY.

## From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Sept. 26, 1726.

I HAVE been balancing, dear Sir, theſe three days, whether I ſhould write to you firſt. Laying aſide the ſuperiority of your dignity, I thought a notification was due to me, as well as to two others of my friends: then, I conſidered, that this was done in the public news, with all the formalities of reception of a lord lieutenant. I reflected on the dependency of Ireland; but, ſaid I, what if my friend ſhould diſpute this? Then I conſidered, that letters were always introduced at firſt from the civilized to the barbarous kingdom. In ſhort, my affection and the pleaſure of correſponding with my dear friend, prevailed; and, ſince you moſt diſdainfully, and barbarouſly confined me to two lines a-month, I was reſolved to plague you with twenty times that number, though I think it was a ſort of a compliment, to be ſuppoſed capable of ſaying any thing in two lines. The Gaſcoyne aſked only to ſpeak one word to the French king, which the king confining him to, he brought a paper, and ſaid, *ſignez*, and not a word more. Your negociation with the ſinging man is in the hands of my daughter Nancy, who, I can aſſure you, will neglect nothing that concerns you: ſhe has written about it. Mr.

Pope

Pope has been in hazard of his life by drowning; coming late, two weeks ago, from lord Bolingbroke's in his coach and ſix, a bridge on a little river being broke down, they were obliged to go through the water, which was not too high, but the coach was overturned in it; and the glaſs being up, which he could not break, nor get down, he was very near drowned; for, the footman was ſtuck in the mud, and could hardly come in time to his aſſiſtance. He had that in common with Horace, that it was occaſioned by the trunk of a tree; but it was *trunco rheda illapſa, neque Faunus ictum dextra levabat;* for he was wounded in the left hand, but, thank God, without any danger; but by the cutting of a large veſſel, loſt a great deal of blood. I have been with Mrs. Howard, who has a moſt intolerable pain in one ſide of her head. I had a great deal of diſcourſe with your friend, her royal highneſs. She inſiſted upon your wit, and good converſation. I told her royal highneſs, that was not what I valued you for, but for being a ſincere, honeſt man, and ſpeaking the truth, when others were afraid to ſpeak it. I have been for near three weeks together every day at the ducheſs of Marlborough's, with Mr. Congreve, who has been likely to die with a fever, and the gout in his ſtomach; but he is now better, and likely to do well. My brother was near being caſt away going to France: there was a ſhip loſt juſt by him. I write this in a dull humour, but with moſt ſincere affection, to an ungrateful man as you are, that minds every body more than

me,

me, except what concerns my intereſt. My dear friend, farewel.

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

London, September 22, 1726.

A BOOKSELLER, who ſays he is in a few days going to Dublin, calls here, and offers to carry a letter to you. I cannot reſiſt the temptation of writing to you, though I have nothing to ſay more by this conveyance, than I ſhould have by that of the poſt; though I have lately clubbed with Pope to make up a moſt elegant epiſtle to you in proſe and verſe; and though I wrote the other day the firſt paragraph of that Chedder * letter, which is preparing for you. The only excuſe then, which I can plead for writing now, is, that the letter will coſt you nothing. Have you heard of the accident which befel poor Pope in going lately from me? A bridge was down, the coach forced to go through the water, the bank ſteep, a hole on one ſide, and a block of timber on the other, the night as dark as pitch. In ſhort, he overturned, the fall was broke by the water; but the glaſſes were up, and he might have been drowned, if one of my men had not broke a glaſs, and pulled him out through

* A Chedder letter, is a letter written by the contribution of ſeveral friends, each furniſhing a paragraph. The name is borrowed from that of a large and excellent cheeſe made at Chedder in Somerſetſhire, where all the dairies contribute to make the cheeſe, which is thus made of new milk, or freſh cream; of which, one dairy not furniſhing a ſufficient quantity, the common practice is to make cheeſe of milk or cream that has been ſet by, till a proper quantity is procured, and then part of it at leaſt is ſtale.

the

the window. His right-hand was ſeverely cut; but the ſurgeon thinks him in no danger of loſing the uſe of his fingers: however, he has lately had very great pains in that arm from the ſhoulder downwards, which might create a ſuſpicion, that ſome of the glaſs remains ſtill in the fleſh. St. Andre ſays, there is none. If ſo, theſe pains are owing to a cold he took in a fit of gallantry, which carried him acroſs the water to ſee Mrs. Howard, who has been extremely ill, but is much better. Juſt as I am writing, I hear, that Dr. Arbuthnot ſays, that Pope's pains are rheumatic, and have no relation to his wound. He ſuffers very much; I will endeavour to ſee him to-morrow. Let me hear from you as often as you can afford to write. I would ſay ſomething to you of myſelf, if I had any good to ſay; but I am much in the ſame way in which you left me, eternally buſy about trifles, diſagreeable in themſelves, but rendered ſupportable by their end; which is, to enable me to bury myſelf from the world (who cannot be more tired of me than I am of it) in an agreeable ſepulchre. I hope to bring this about by next ſpring, and ſhall be glad to ſee you at my funeral. Adieu.

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, Whitehall, Oct. 22, 1726.

BEFORE I ſay one word to you, give me leave to ſay ſomething of the other gentleman's affair. The letter was ſent; and the anſwer was, that every thing was finiſhed and concluded accord-

ing

ing to orders, and that it would be publicly known to be ſo in a very few days; ſo that, I think, there can be no occaſion for his writing any more about this affair.

The letter you wrote to Mr. Pope, was not received till eleven or twelve days after date; and the poſt-office, we ſuppoſe, have very vigilant officers; for they had taken care to make him pay for a double letter. I wiſh, I could tell you, that the cutting of the tendons of two of his fingers was a joke; but it is really ſo: the wound is quite healed; his hand is ſtill weak, and the two fingers drop downwards, as I told you before; but, I hope it will be very little troubleſome or detrimental to him. In anſwer to our letter of maps, pictures, and receipts, you call it a tripartite letter. If you will examine it once again, you will find ſome lines of Mrs. Howard, and ſome of Mr. Pulteney, which you have not taken the leaſt notice of. The receipt of the veal is of Monſieur Devaux, Mr. Pulteney's cook; and it has been approved of at one of our Twickenham entertainments. The difficulty of the ſaucepan, I believe you will find is owing to a negligence in peruſing the manuſcript; for, if I remember right, it is there called a ſtew-pan. Your earthen veſſel, provided it is cloſe ſtopped, I allow to be a good *ſuccedaneum*. As to the boiling chickens in a wooden bowl, I ſhall be quite aſhamed to conſult Mrs. Howard upon your account, who thinks herſelf entirely neglected by you, in not writing to her, as you promiſed; however, let her take it as ſhe will, to ſerve a friend, I'll venture to

aſk

aſk it of her. The prince and his family come to ſettle in town to-morrow. That Mr. Pulteney expected an anſwer to his letter, and would be extremely pleaſed to hear from you, is very certain; for I have heard him talk of it with expectation for above a fortnight.

I have of late been very much out of order with a ſlight fever, which I am not yet quite free from. It was occaſioned by a cold, which my attendance at the Guild-Hall improved. I have not a friend who has got any thing under my adminiſtration, but the ducheſs of Queenſberry, who has had a benefit of a thouſand pounds. Your mentioning Mr. Rollinſon * ſo kindly, will, I know, give him much pleaſure; for he always talks of you with great regard, and the ſtrongeſt terms of friendſhip. He has been of late ill of a fever, but is recovered ſo as to go abroad and take the air.

If the engravers keep their word with me, I ſhall be able to publiſh my fables ſoon after Chriſtmas. The doctor's book † is intirely printed off, and will be very ſoon publiſhed. I believe you'll expect that I ſhould give you ſome account how I have ſpent my time ſince you left me. I have attended my diſtreſſed friend at Twickenham, and been his *amanuenſis*, which you know is no idle charge. I have read about half Virgil, and half Spenſer's Fairy-Queen. I ſtill deſpiſe court preferments, ſo that I loſe no time upon attendance on great men;

* 'A great friend of lord Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and Mr. Pope. He married the widow of John earl of Winchelſea.'

† 'Arbuthnot's tables of antient coins, &c.'

and

and ſtill can find amuſement enough without quadrille, which here is the univerſal employment of life.

I thought you would be glad to hear from me, ſo that I determined not to ſtir out of my lodgings till I had anſwered your letter: and I think I ſhall very probably hear more of the matter (which I mention in the firſt paragraph of this letter) as ſoon as I go abroad; for I expect it every day. We have no news as yet of Mr. Stopford: Mr. Rollinſon told me he ſhall know of his arrival, and will ſend me word. Lord Bolingbroke has been to make a viſit to Sir William Wyndham. I hear he is returned, but I have not ſeen him. If I had been in a better ſtate of health, and Mrs. Howard were not to come to town to-morrow, I would have gone to Mr. Pope's to-day, to have dined with him there on Monday.

You aſk me how to addreſs to lord B———, when you are diſpoſed to write to him. If you mean lord Burlington, he is not yet returned from France, but is expected every day. If you mean lord Bathurſt, he is in Glouceſterſhire, and makes but a very ſhort ſtay; ſo that if you direct to one of them in St. James's-ſquare, or to the other at Burlington-houſe, in Piccadilly, your letter will find them. I will make your compliments to lord Cheſterfield and Mr. Pulteney; and I beg you, in return, to make mine to Mr. Ford. Next week I ſhall have a new coat, and new buttons, for the birth-day, though I don't know, but a turn-coat might

might have been more for my advantage. Your's moſt ſincerely and affectionately.

P. S. I hear that lord Bolingbroke will be in town, at his own houſe in Pall-mall, next week.

As we cannot enjoy any good things without your partaking of it, accept of the following receipt for ſtewing veal.

Take a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it, or ſteal.
In a few pieces cut it:
In a ſtewing-pan put it.
Salt, pepper, and mace
Muſt ſeaſon this knuckle;
Then * what's join'd to a place,
With other herbs muckle;
That, which kill'd king † Will:
And what never ‡ ſtands ſtill.
Some § ſprigs of that bed
Where children are bred,
Which much you will mend, if
Both ſpinnage and endive,
And lettice, and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all;
For it maketh things ſmall,
Which, leſt it ſhould happen,
A cloſe cover clap on.

* Vulgo, ſalary. † Suppoſed ſorrel. ‡ This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be time, or thyme. § Parſley. Vide Chamberlayne.

Put

Put this pot of * Wood's mettle
In a hot boiling kettle,
And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me ſee,—
Thrice as long as you preach †:
So ſkimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then! with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter!

## From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Nov. 8, 1726.

I TAKE it mighty kindly, that a man of your high poſt, dear Sir, was pleaſed to write me ſo long a letter. I look upon the captain Tom of a great nation to be a much greater man than the governor of it.

I am ſorry your commiſſion about your finger has not been executed ſooner. It is not Nanny's fault, who has ſpoke ſeveral times to Dr. Pepuſch about it, and writ three or four letters, and received for anſwer, that he would write for the young fellow; but ſtill, nothing is done. I will endeavour to get his name and direction, and write to him myſelf.

Your books ſhall be ſent as directed: they have been printed above a month; but I cannot get my ſubſcriber's names ‡. I will make over all my pro-

* Copper. † 'Which we ſuppoſe to be near two hours.

‡ 'To a work, in 4to, intitled, "Tables of ancient Coins, "Weights, and Meaſures, explained and exemplified in ſeveral "Diſſertations."

fits to you for the property of Gulliver's travels; which, I believe, will have as great a run as John Bunyan. Gulliver is a happy man, that at his age, can write such a merry book.

I made my lord archbishop's * compliments to her royal highness, who returns his grace her thanks; at the same time, Mrs. Howard read your letter to herself. The princess immediately seized on your plaid † for her own use, and has ordered the young princesses to be clad in the same. When I had the honour to see her, she was reading Gulliver, and was just come to the passage of the hobbling prince; which she laughed at. I tell you freely, the part of the projectors is the least brilliant. Lewis grumbles a little at it, and says, he wants the key to it, and is daily refining. I suppose he will be able to publish like Barnevelt ‡ in time. I gave your service to lady Harvey. She is in a little sort of a miff about a ballad, that was writ on her, to the tune of Molly Mogg, and sent to her, in the name of a begging poet. She was bit, and wrote a letter to the begging poet, and desired him to change two double entendres; which the authors, Mr. Pulteney and lord Chesterfield, changed to single entendres. I was against that, though I had a hand in the first. She is not displeased, I

* 'Probably, archbishop King of Dublin.'

† The dean sent a present of some silk plaids from Ireland, for the princess of Wales, and the young princesses.

‡ This refers to a pamphlet, intitled, "A Key to the Lock: or, "a Treatise proving beyond all Contradiction the dangerous Ten- "dency of a late Poem, intitled, The Rape of the Lock, to Go- "vernment and Religion. By Esdras Barnevelt, apothecary."

believe,

believe, with the ballad, but only with being bit.

There has been a comical paper about * quadrille deſcribing it in the terms of a lewd debauch among four ladies, meeting four gallants, two of a ruddy and two of a ſwarthy complexion, talking of their a—es, *&c.* The riddle is carried on in pretty ſtrong terms, it was not found out a long time. The ladies, imagining it to be a real thing, began to gueſs who were of the party. A great miniſter was for hanging the author. In ſhort, it has made very good ſport.

Gay has had a little fever, but is pretty well recovered: ſo is Mr. Pope. We ſhall meet at lord Bolingbroke's on Thurſday, in town, at dinner, and remember you. Gulliver is in every body's hands. Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of ſtories, told me, that he fell in company with a maſter of a ſhip, who told him, that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver; but that the printer had miſtaken, that he lived in Wapping, and not at Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman, who went immediately to his map to ſearch for Lilliput.

We expect war here. The city of London are all crying out for it, and they ſhall be undone without it, there being now a total ſtoppage of all trade. I think one of the beſt courſes will be, to rig out a privateer for the Weſt Indies. Will you be concerned? We will build her at Bermudas, and get Mr. Dean Berkeley † to be our manager.

* Written by Mr. Congreve.

† He formed a deſign of fixing a univerſity in the Bermudas. See note on Bolingbroke's letter dated July 24, 1725.

I had the honour to ſee lord Oxford, who aſked kindly for you, and ſaid he would write to you. If the project goes on of printing ſome papers, he has promiſed to give copies of ſome things, which I believe cannot be found elſewhere. My brother Robert has been very ill of a rheumatiſm. Wiſhing you all health and happineſs, and not daring to write my paper on the other ſide, I muſt remain, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

## From Mrs. HOWARD.

Nov 1726.

I DID not expect, that the ſight of my ring would produce the effects it has. I was in ſuch a hurry to ſhew your plaid to the princeſs, that I could not ſtay to put it into the ſhape you deſired. It pleaſed extremely, and I have orders to fit it up according to the firſt deſign; but as this is not proper for the public, you are deſired to ſend over, for the ſame princeſs's uſe, the height of the Brobdingnag dwarf multiplied by $2\frac{1}{2}$. The young princeſſes muſt be taken care of; theirs muſt be in three ſhares: for a ſhort method, you may draw a line of 20 feet, and upon that, by two circles, form an equilateral triangle; then meaſuring each ſide, you will find the proper quantity and proper diviſion. If you want a more particular or better rule, I refer you to the academy of Legado *. I am of opinion many of this kingdom

* See Gulliver's travels.

will

will ſoon appear in your plaid. To this end it will be highly neceſſary, that care be taken of diſpoſing of the purple, the yellow and the white ſilks; and though the gowns are for princeſſes, the officers are very vigilant; ſo take care they are not ſeized. Don't forget to be obſervant how you diſpoſe the colours. I ſhall take all particular precautions to have the money ready, and to return it the way you judge ſafeſt. I think it would be worth your reflecting in what manner the chequer might be beſt managed.

The princeſs will take care, that you ſhall have pumps ſufficient to ſerve you till you return to England; but thinks you cannot, in common decency, appear in heels †, and therefore adviſes your keeping cloſe till they arrive. Here are ſeveral Lilliputian mathematicians, ſo that the length of your head, or of your foot, is a ſufficient meaſure. Send it by the firſt opportunity. Don't forget our good friends the 500 weavers. You may omit the gold thread. Many diſputes have ariſen here, whether the Big-Endians, and Leſſer-Endians, ever differed in opinion about the breaking of eggs, when they were to be either buttered or poached? Or whether this part of cookery was ever known in Lilliput? I cannot conclude without telling you, that our iſland is in great joy; one of our yahoos having been delivered of a creature, half ram and half yahoo; and another

* See Gulliver's travels, where high and low heels are made the diſtinction of political parties.

has brought forth four perfect black * rabbits. May we not hope, and with ſome probability expect, that in time, our female yahoos will produce a race of Houyhnhnms? I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

SIEVE YAHOO†.

## From Mr. GAY.

Nov. 17, 1726.

ABOUT ten days ago a book was publiſhed here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which has been the converſation of the whole town ever ſince: The whole impreſſion ſold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally ſaid that you are the author; but I am told, the bookſeller declares, he knows not from what hand it came. From the higheſt to the loweſt it is univerſally read, from the cabinet-council to the nurſery. The politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the ſatire on general ſocieties of men is too ſevere. Not but we now and then meet with

* This alludes to a famous impoſtor, Mary Tofts, of Godalmin, in Surry, called the rabbit woman, who, in Nov. 1726, pretended to be delivered of living rabbits, and impoſed, among others, upon St. Andrée, a phyſician, who was her advocate, I think, in print.

† Sieve Yahoo is a name given by Swift, in his Gulliver's travels, to a court lady.

people

people of greater perſpicuity, who are in ſearch for particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we ſhall have keys publiſhed to give light into Gulliver's deſign. Lord —— is the perſon who leaſt approves it, blaming it as a deſign of evil conſequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes moſt offence, being himſelf the moſt accompliſhed of his ſpecies, and ſo loſing more than any other of that praiſe which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man. Your friend, my lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in ſome places the matter too far carried. The ducheſs dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; ſhe ſays ſhe can dream of nothing elſe ſince ſhe read it: ſhe declares, that ſhe has now found out, that her whole life has been loſt in careſſing the worſt part of mankind, and treating the beſt as her foes: and that if ſhe knew Gulliver, though he had been the worſt enemy ſhe ever had, ſhe would give up her preſent acquaintance for his friendſhip. You may ſee by this, that you are not much injured by being ſuppoſed the author of this piece. If you are, you have diſobliged us, and two or three of your beſt friends, in not giving us the leaſt hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who ſays it is ten thouſand pities he had not known it, he could have added ſuch abundance of things upon every ſubject. Among lady-critics, ſome have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to maids of honour. Thoſe of

them who frequent the church, ſay, his deſign is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithſtanding, I am told the princeſs has read it with great pleaſure. As to other critics, they think the flying iſland is the leaſt entertaining; and ſo great an opinion the town have of the impoſſibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himſelf, 'tis agreed that part was not writ by the ſame hand, though this has its defenders too. It has paſs'd lords and commons, *nemine contradicente;* and the whole town, men, women, and children are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a book you have never ſeen, and which has not yet reached Ireland; if it has not, I believe what we have ſaid will be ſufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to ſend it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourſelf, and read it here, where you will have the pleaſure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult paſſages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fixed the preciſe time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturaliſts pronounce, ought to be reckoned, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at fartheſt. But to us your friends, the coming of ſuch a black ſwallow as you, will make a ſummer in the worſt of ſeaſons. We are no leſs glad at your mention of Twickenham

and

and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at court.

The princeſs is cloathed in Iriſh ſilk; pray give our ſervice to the weavers. We are ſtrangely ſurprized to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like a Houyhnhnm) have treated him as a yahoo, and diſcarded him your ſervice. I fear you do not underſtand theſe modiſh terms, which every creature now underſtands but yourſelf.

You tell us your wine is bad, and that the clergy do not frequent your houſe, which we look upon to be tautology. The beſt advice we can give you is, to make them a preſent of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are miſtaken; we envy thoſe you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

## From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

SIR, Nov. 29, 1726.

I WAS endeavouring to give an anſwer to yours in a new dialect, which moſt of us are very fond of. I depended much upon a lady, who had a good ear, and a pliant tongue, in hopes ſhe might have taught me to draw ſounds out of conſonants. But ſhe, being a profeſſed friend to the Italian ſpeech and vowels, would give me no aſſiſtance, and ſo I am forced to write to you in the Yahoo language.

The

The new one in faſhion is much ſtudied, and great pains taken about the pronunciation. Every body (ſince a new turn) approves of it; but the women ſeem moſt ſatisfied, who declare for few words and horſe-performance. It ſuffices to let you know, that there is a neighing duetto appointed for the next opera.

Strange diſtempers rage in the nation, which your friend the * doctor takes no care of. In ſome, the imagination is ſtruck with the apprehenſion of ſwelling to a giant, or dwindling to a pigmy. Others expect an oration equal to any of Cicero's from an eloquent barb, and ſome take the braying of an aſs for the emperor's ſpeech in favour of the Vienna alliance. The knowledge of the ancient world is of no uſe; men have loſt their titles; continents and iſlands have got new names, juſt upon the appearance of a certain book †. Women bring forth rabbits ‡; and every man, whoſe wife has conceived, expects an heir with four legs. It was concluded not long ago, that ſuch confuſion could be only brought about by the black art, and by the ſpells of a notorious ſcribbling § magician, who was generally ſuſpected, and was to be recommended to the mercy of the inquiſition. Indictments were upon the anvil, a charge of ſorcery preparing, and Merlin's friends were afraid, that the exaſperated pettifoggers would perſuade the jury to bring

* Probably Arbuthnot. † Gulliver's travels.

‡ 'Mary Tofts pretended to ſo this; but being brought up to town, and well watched, the impoſture was detected.'

§ The Dean.

in

in *billa vera*. For they pretended to bring in certain proofs of his appearance in ſeveral ſhapes: at one time a drapier *; at another a Wapping ſurgeon †; ſometimes a nardac, ſometimes a reverend divine. Nay more, that he could raiſe the dead; that he had brought philoſophers, heroes, and poets, in the ſame caravan from the other world; and after a few queſtions, had ſent them all to play at quadrille in a flying iſland of his own.

This was the ſcene not many days ago, and burning was too good for the wizzard. But what mutations among the Lilliputians! The greateſt lady in the nation reſolves to ſend a pair of ſhoes without heels to captain Gulliver: ſhe takes *vi et armis* the plaid from the lady it was ſent to, which is ſoon to appear upon her royal perſon; and now, who but captain Gulliver? The captain indeed has nothing more to do but to chalk his pumps, learn to dance upon the rope, and I may yet live to ſee him a biſhop. Verily, verily, I believe he never was in ſuch imminent danger of preferment. Sir, your affectionate tar.

* In the drapier's letters againſt Wood's halfpence.
† Lemuel Gulliver.

From

## From Lady BOLINGBROKE*.

De Dawley ce premier Fevrier, 1726-7.

ON m'a dit, monſieur, que vous vous plaignez de n'avoir point recû de mes lettres. Vous avez tort: je vous traite commes les divinités, qui tiennent conte aux hommes de leurs intentions. Il y a dix ans, que j'ay celle de vous écrire; avant que d'avoir l'honneur de vous connoitre, l'idée que je me faiſois de vôtre gravité, me retenoit: depuis que j'ay eu celuy de voir vôtre reverence, je ne me ſuis pas trouvée aſſez d'imagination pour l'hazarder. Un certain monſieur de Gulliver avoit un peu remis en mouvement cette pauvre imagination ſi éteinte par l'air de Londres, et par des converſations dont je n'entend que le bruit. Je voulû me ſaiſir de ce moment pour vous écrire, mais je tombai malade, et je l'ay toujours été depuis trois mois. Je profite donc, monſieur, de premier retour de ma ſanté pour vous remercier de vos reproches, dont je ſuis très flattée, et pour vous dire un mot de mon ami Monſieur Gulliver. J'apprend avec une grande ſatisfaction, qu'il vient d'être traduit en François; et comme mon ſéjour en Angleterre a beaucoup redoublé mon amitié pour mon pays et pour mes compatriotes, je ſuis ravis qu'ils

* 'Second wife of lord viſcount Bolingbroke, born in France. She had been ſecond wife of the marquis de Villette, chef d'eſcadre, nephew or couſin to madame de Maintenon. See Voltaire, Siecle de Lewis XIV. tom. II. She died March 18, 1749. Lord Bolingbroke ſurvived her, dying December 15, 1751, aged 78.'

puiſſent

puiſſent participer au plaiſir, que m'a fait ce bon monſieur, et profiter de ſes decouvertes. Je ne deſeſpere pas même que 12 vaiſſeaux que la France vient d'armer, ne puiſſent être deſtiné à une embaſſade chez meſſieurs les Houyhnhnms. En ce cas je vous propoſerai, que nous faſſions ce voyage. En attendant je ſçay bon gré à un ouvrier de vôtre nation, qui pour inſtruire les dames, (les quelles comme vous ſçaviez, monſieur, ſont icy un grand uſage) de leurs évantails, en a fait faire ou toutes les avantures de notre véridique voyageur ſont dépeintes. Vous jugez bien quelle part il va avoir dans leur converſation. Cela fera à la verité beaucoup de tort à la pluye et au beau tems, qui en rempliſſoient une partie, et en mon particulier je ſerai privée des *very cold* et *very warm*, qui ſont les peu mots, que j'entende. Je conte de vous envoyer de ces éventails par un de vos amis. Vous vous en ferez un mèrite avec les dames d'Irlande, ſit tant eſt que vous en ayez beſoin ; ce que je ne crois pas, du moins ci elles penſent commes les Françoiſes. Le ſeigneur de Dawley, Mr. Pope, et moy, ſommes icy occupés à boire, manger, dormir, ou ne rien faire, priant Dieu qu'ainſi ſoit de vous. Revenez ce printems nous revoir, monſieur ; J'attend vôtre retour avec impatience pour tuer le bœuf le plus peſant, et le cochon le plus gras, qui ſoit dans ma ferme : l'un et l'autre ſeront ſervis en entier ſur le table de vôtre reverence, craint que mon cuiſinier n'uſe aucun déguiſement. Vous brilliercz parmy nous du moins autant que parmy vos Chancins ; et nous

ne

ne ſerons pas moins empreſſés à vous plaire. Je le diſputerai à tout autre, étant plus que perſonne du monde vôtre très humble et très obeiſſante ſervante.

## To Mrs. HOWARD*.

MADAM, February 1ſt, 1726-7.

I AM ſo very nice, and my workmen ſo fearful, that there is yet but one piece finiſhed of the two, which you commanded me to ſend to her royal highneſs. The other was done; but the undertaker, confeſſing it was not to the utmoſt perfection, has obtained my leave for a ſecond attempt; in which he promiſes to do wonders, and tells me it will be ready in another fortnight; although, perhaps, the humour may be quite off both with the princeſs and you; for, ſuch were courts when I knew them. I deſire you will order her royal highneſs to go to Richmond as ſoon as ſhe can this ſummer, becauſe ſhe will have the pleaſure of my neighbourhood; for I hope to be in London by the middle of March, and I do not love you much when you are there: and I expect to find you are altered by flattery or ill company. I am glad to tell you now, that I honour you with my eſteem; becauſe, when the princeſs grows a crowned head, you ſhall have no more ſuch compliments; and it is a hundred to one whether you will deſerve them. I do not approve of your advice to bring over pumps for myſelf, but will ra-

* Afterwards counteſs of Suffolk.

ther

ther provide another ſhoe for his royal highneſs *, againſt there ſhall be occaſion. I will tell you an odd accident that happened this night: While I was careſſing one of my Houhynhnms, he bit my little finger ſo cruelly, that I am hardly able to write; and I impute the cauſe to ſome foreknowledge in him, that I was going to write to a Sieve Yahoo †, for ſo you are pleaſed to call yourſelf. Pray tell Sir Robert Walpole, that if he does not uſe me better next ſummer than he did laſt, I will ſtudy revenge, and it ſhall be *vengeance eccleſiaſtique*. I hope you will get your houſe and wine ready, to which Mr. Gay and I are to have free acceſs when you are at court; for, as to Mr. Pope, he is not worth conſidering on ſuch occaſions. I am ſorry I have no complaints to make of her royal highneſs: therefore, I think, I may let you tell her, "That "every grain of virtue and good ſenſe, in one of "her rank, conſidering the bad education among "flatterers and adorers, is worth a dozen in any "inferior perſon." Now, if what the world ſays be true, that ſhe excels all other ladies at leaſt a dozen times; then, multiply one dozen by the other, you will find the number to be one hundred and forty four. If any one can ſay a civiler thing, let him; for I think it too much for me.

I have ſome title to be angry with you, for not commanding thoſe who write to me to mention your remembrance. Can there be any thing more

* Vide Gulliver's travels, chap IV.

† *i. e.* A court-lady. See Gulliver's travels, in the voyage to Laputa, chap. V.

baſe, than to make me the firſt advances, and then be inconſtant? It is very hard, that I muſt croſs the ſea, and ride two hundred miles, to reproach you in perſon; when, at the ſame time, I feel myſelf, with the moſt entire reſpect,

Madam, &c.

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Feb. 17, 1726-7.

THIS opportunity of writing to you I cannot neglect, though I ſhall have leſs to ſay to you than I ſhould have by another conveyance. Mr. Stopford being fully informed of all that paſſes in this boiſterous climate of ours, and carrying with him a cargo of our weekly productions. You will find anger on one ſide, and rage on the other; ſatire on one ſide, and defamation on the other. Ah! *où eſt Grillon?* You ſuffer much where you are, as you tell me, in an old letter of yours, which I have before me; but you ſuffer with the hopes of paſſing next ſummer between Dawley and Twickenham; and theſe hopes, you flatter us, are enough to ſupport your ſpirits. Remember this ſolemn renewal of your engagements. Remember, that though you are a dean, you are not great enough to deſpiſe the reproach of breaking your word. Your deafneſs muſt not be a hackney excuſe to you, as it was to Oxford. What matter, if you are deaf? what matter, if you cannot hear what we ſay? You are not dumb, and we ſhall hear you, and that's enough. My wife writes to you herſelf, and

and ſends you ſome fans juſt arrived from Lilliput, which you will diſpoſe of to the preſent Stella, whoever ſhe be. Adieu, dear friend, I cannot in conſcience keep you any longer from enjoying Mr. Stopford's converſation. I am hurrying myſelf here, that I may get a day or two for Dawley, where I hope, that you will find me eſtabliſhed at your return. There I propoſe to finiſh my days in eaſe, without ſloth; and believe I ſhall ſeldom viſit London, unleſs it be to divert myſelf now and then with annoying fools and knaves for a month or two. Once more adieu; no man loves you better than your faithful ——

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, Whitehall, Feb. 18, 1726-7.

I BELIEVE it is now my turn to write to you, though Mr. Pope has taken all I have to ſay, and put it into a long letter, which is ſent too by Mr. Stopford: but however, I could not omit this occaſion of thanking you for his acquaintance. I don't know whether I ought to thank you or not, conſidering I have loſt him ſo ſoon, though he has given me ſome hopes of ſeeing him again in the ſummer. He will give you an account of our negociations together; and I may now glory in my ſucceſs, ſince I could contribute to his. We dined together to-day at the Doctor's, who, with me, was in high delight upon an information Mr. Stopford gave us, that we are likely to ſee you ſoon. My fables are printed; but I cannot get

my plates finiſhed, which hinders the publication. I expect nothing, and am like to get nothing. It is needleſs to write, for Mr. Stopford can acquaint you of my affairs more fully than I can in a letter. Mrs. Howard deſires me to make her compliments: ſhe has been in an ill ſtate of health all this winter, but I hope is ſomewhat better. I have been very much out of order myſelf for the moſt part of the winter: upon my being let blood laſt week, my cough and my head-ach are much better. Mrs. Blount always aſks after you. I refuſed ſupping at Burlington-houſe to-night, in regard to my health; and this morning I walked two hours in the park. The contempt of the world grows upon me, and I now begin to be richer and richer; for I find I could, every morning I awake, be content with leſs than I aimed at the day before. I fancy, in time, I ſhall bring myſelf into that ſtate, which no man ever knew before me. In thinking I have enough, I really am afraid to be content with ſo little, leſt my good friends ſhould cenſure me for indolence, and the want of a laudable ambition. So that it will be abſolutely neceſſary for me to improve my fortune to content them. How ſolicitous is mankind to pleaſe others? Pray give my ſincere ſervice to Mr. Ford. Dear Sir, your's moſt affectionately,

J. GAY.

## To the Reverend Mr. WALLIS.

SIR, Dublin, April 8, 1727.

I AM juſt going for England, and muſt deſire you to be my proxy at the biſhop's viſitation. I find there is likewiſe a triennial viſitation, and think the incloſed may ſerve for both, with your wiſe management. The ladies are with me, being now come to live at the deanry for this ſummer. You have their ſervice, and ſo has Mrs. Wallis, as well as mine. I reckon you are now deep in mire and mortar, and are preparing to live ſeven years hence. I have been plagued with the roguery of my deanry proctor, whom I have diſcharged. I believe I am worſe for him ſix hundred pounds, and his brother is not much better. I wiſh you had been at my elbow to adviſe one, for you are fitter for the world than I am. I hope to come ſafe back, and then to have done with England.

I am ever yours, *&c.*

J. S.

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

London, May 13, 1727.

THIS goes by a private hand, for my writing is too much known, and my letters often ſtopt and opened. I had your's of the 4th inſtant, and it is the only one I have received out of Ireland, ſince I left you. I hardly thought our friend would

be in danger by a cold; I am of opinion ſhe ſhould be generally in the country, and only now-and-then viſit the town.—We are here in a ſtrange ſituation; a firm ſettled reſolution to aſſault the preſent adminiſtration, and break it if poſſible. It is certain that Walpole is peeviſh and diſconcerted, ſtoops to the vileſt offices of hireling ſcoundrels to write Billingſgate of the loweſt and moſt proſtitute kind, and has none but beaſts and blockheads for his penmen, whom he pays in ready guineas very liberally. I am in high diſpleaſure with him and his partiſans: a great man, who was very kind to me laſt year, doth not take the leaſt notice of me at the prince's court, and there hath not been one of them to ſee me. I am adviſed by all my friends, not to go to France (as I intended for two months) for fear of their vengeance in a manner which they cannot execute here.——I reckon there will be a warm winter, wherein my comfort is, I ſhall have no concern. I deſire you will read this letter to none but our two friends, and Mr. P——; his couſin with the red ribbon enquired very kindly after him.——I hear no news about your biſhops, farther than that the lord lieutenant ſtickles to have them of Ireland, which Walpole always is averſe from, but does not think it worth his trouble to exert his credit on ſuch trifles. The diſpute about a war or no war ſtill continues, and the major part inclines to the latter, although ten thouſand men are ordered for Holland. But this will bring ſuch an addition to our debts, that it will give great advantages againſt thoſe in power, in the next ſeſ-

ſions.

ſions. Walpole laughs at all this, but not ſo heartily as he uſed. I have at laſt ſeen the princeſs * twice this week by her own commands; ſhe retains her old civility, and I my old freedom; ſhe charges me without ceremony to be author of a bad book †, though I told her how angry the miniſtry were; but ſhe aſſures me, that both ſhe and the p—— were very well pleaſed with every particular; but I diſown the whole affair, as you know I very well might, only gave her leave, ſince ſhe liked the book, to ſuppoſe what author ſhe pleaſed.——You will wonder to find me ſay ſo much of politicks, but I keep very bad company, who are full of nothing elſe. Pray be very careful of your charge, or I ſhall order my lodgers the bulk of their glaſſes, and the number of their bottles.——I ſtole this time to write to you, having very little to ſpare. I go as ſoon as poſſible to the country, and ſhall rarely ſee this town.

My ſervice to all friends.

I deſire you will ſend me ſix ſets of the edition of the Drapiers, by the firſt convenience of any friend or acquaintance that comes hither.

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

May 18, 1727.

I LIVED on Tueſday with you and Pope. Yeſterday another of my friends found his way to this retreat ‡, and I ſhall paſs this day alone. Would

* Caroline princeſs of Wales, afterwards queen, conſort of George II.

† Gulliver's Travels. ‡ 'Dawley.'

to God my whole life could be divided in the ſame manner; two thirds to friendſhip, one third to myſelf, and not a moment of it to the world.

In the epiſtle, a part of which you ſhewed me, mention is made of the author of three Occaſional Letters *, a perſon intirely unknown. I would have you inſinuate there, that the only reaſon Walpole can have had to aſcribe them to a particular perſon, is the authority of one of his ſpies, who wriggles himſelf into the company of thoſe, who neither love, eſteem, nor fear the miniſter, that he may report, not what he hears, (ſince no man ſpeaks with any freedom before him) but what he gueſſes.

Friday morning.

I was interrupted yeſterday when I leaſt expected it; and I am going to-day to London, where I hear that my wife is not very well. Let me know how Mrs. Pope does.

I had a hint or two more for you; but they have ſlipped out of my memory. Do not forget the ſixty nor the twenty guineas, nor the min—— character transferred into the adminiſtration. Adieu, I am ever faithfully yours, my dear and reverend dean. I embrace Pope.

* Printed in his lordſhip's works. They were firſt publiſhed in Feb. 1726.

To

## To Archbiſhop KING.

MY LORD, May 18, 1727.

I UNDERSTAND, by ſome letters juſt come to my hands, that at your grace's viſitation of the dean and chapter of St. Patrick's, a proxy was inſiſted on from the dean, the viſitation adjourned, and a rule entered that a proxy be exhibited within a month. If your grace can find, in any of your old records or of ours, that a proxy was ever demanded for a dean of St. Patrick's, you will have ſome reaſon to inſiſt upon it: but, as it is a thing wholly new and unheard-of, let the conſequences be what they will, I ſhall never comply with it. I take my chapter to be my proxy, if I want any: it is only through them that you viſit me, and my ſub-dean is to anſwer for me. I am neither civilian nor canoniſt: your grace may probably be both, with the addition of a dexterous deputy. My proceeding ſhall be only upon one maxim: never to yield to an oppreſſion, to juſtify which no precedent can be produced. I ſee very well how perſonal all this proceeding is; and how, from the very moment of the queen's death, your grace has thought fit to take every opportunity of giving me all ſorts of uneaſineſs, without ever giving me, in my whole life, one ſingle mark of your favour beyond common civilities. And if it were not below a man of ſpirit to make complaints, I could date them from ſix and twenty years paſt. This has

ſomething in it the more extraordinary, becauſe, during ſome years, when I was thought to have credit with thoſe in power, I employed it to the utmoſt for your ſervice, with great ſucceſs, where it could be moſt uſeful, againſt many violent enemies you then had, however unjuſtly; by which I got more ill-will than by any other action of my life, I mean from my friends. My lord, I have lived, and by the grace of God will die, an enemy to ſervitude and ſlavery of all kinds: and I believe, at the ſame time, that perſons of ſuch a diſpoſition will be the moſt ready to pay obedience wherever it is due. Your grace has often ſaid, "You would never infringe any of our liberties." I will call back nothing of what is paſt: I will forget, if I can, that you mentioned to me a licence to be abſent. Neither my age, health, humour, or fortune, qualify me for little brangles; but I will hold to the practice delivered down by my predeceſſors. I thought, and have been told, that I deſerved better from that church and that kingdom: I am ſure, I do from your grace. And I believe, people on this ſide will atteſt, that all my merits are not very old. It is a little hard, that the occaſion of my journey hither, being partly for the advantage of that kingdom, partly on account of my health, partly on buſineſs of importance to me, and partly to ſee my friends; I cannot enjoy the quiet of a few months, without your grace interpoſing to diſturb it. But, I thank God, the civilities of thoſe in power here, who allow themſelves to be my profeſſed adverſaries, make ſome atonement for the unkindneſs

kindneſs of others, who have ſo many reaſons to be my friends. I have not long to live; and therefore, if conſcience were quite out of the caſe for me to do a baſe thing, I will ſet no unworthy examples for my ſucceſſors to follow: and, therefore, repeating it again that I ſhall not concern myſelf upon the proceeding of your lordſhip, I am, &c.

## From the Prince of LILLIPUT.

†**‡. *

In European characters and Engliſh thus;

The high and mighty prince EGROEGO, born to the moſt puiſſant empire of the Eaſt,

Unto STELLA, the moſt reſplendent glory of the Weſtern hemiſphere, ſendeth health and happineſs.

BRIGHTEST PRINCESS, 1727.

THAT invincible hero, the MAN MOUNTAIN, fortunately arriving at our coaſts ſome years ago, delivered us from ruin by conquering the fleets and armies of our enemies, and gave us hopes of a durable peace and happineſs. But now the martial people of Blefuſcu, encouraged from his abſence, have renewed the war, to revenge upon us the loſs and diſgrace they ſuffered by our valiant champion.

The fame of your ſuperexcellent perſon and virtue, and the huge eſteem which that great general

* Here we have a parcel of characters formed at random, by way of the addreſs in the Lilliputian tongue.

has for you, urged us in this our ſecond diſtreſs to ſue for your favour. In order to which, we have ſet our able and truſty Nardac KOORBNILOB, requeſting, That if our general does yet tread upon the terreſtrial globe, you, in compaſſion to us, would prevail upon him to take another voyage for our deliverance.

And leſt any apprehenſions of famine among us, ſhould render Nardac MOUNTAIN averſe to the undertaking, we ſignify to you, that we have ſtored our folds, our coops, our granaries and cellars with plenty of proviſion for a long ſupply of the waſtes to be made by his capacious ſtomach.

And furthermore, becauſe as we hear you are not ſo well as we could wiſh, we beg you would complete our happineſs by venturing your moſt valuable perſon along with him into our country; where, by the ſalubrity of our finer air and diet, you will ſoon recover your health and ſtomach.

In full aſſurance of your complying goodneſs, we have ſent you ſome proviſion for your voyage, and we ſhall with impatience wait for your ſafe arrival to our kingdom. Moſt illuſtrious lady, farewel.

Prince EGROEGO.

Dated the 11th day of the 6th Moon, in the 2001 year of the Lilliputian æra.

From

## From Monſieur VOLTAIRE.

SIR, Friday 1.

I SEND you here incloſed two letters, one for Mr. de Morville, our ſecretary of ſtate, and the other for Mr. de Maiſons, both deſirous and worthy of your acquaintance. Be ſo kind as to let me know if you intend to go by Calais, or by the way of Rouen. In caſe you reſolve to go by Rouen, I will give you ſome letters for a good lady, who lives in her country caſtle juſt by Rouen. She will receive you as well as you deſerve. There you will find two or three of my intimate friends, who are your admirers, and who have learned Engliſh ſince I am in England. All will pay you all the reſpects, and procure all the pleaſures they are capable of. They will give you a hundred directions for Paris, and provide you with all the requiſite conveniencies. Vouchſafe to acquaint me with your reſolution, I ſhall certainly do my beſt endeavours to ſerve you, and to let my country know, that I have the ineſtimable honour to be one of your friends. I am, with the higheſt reſpect and eſteem,

Your moſt humble obedient faithful ſervant,

VOLTAIRE.

Monſieur VOLTAIRE au Compte de MORVILLE, Miniſtre et Secretaire d'Etat à Verſailles.

MONSEIGNEUR,

JE me ſuis contenté juſqu'icy d'admirer en ſilence votre conduite dans les affaires de l'Europe; mais il n'eſt pas permis à un homme qui aime votre gloire, et qui vous eſt auſſi tendrement attaché que je le ſuis, de demeurer plus long temps ſans vous faire ſes ſinceres compliments.

Je ne puis d'ailleurs me refuſer l'honneur que me fait le célebre monſieur Swift, de vouloir bien vous préſenter une de mes lettres. Je ſai que ſa réputation eſt parvenue juſqu'à vous, et que vous avez envie de le connoitre. Il fait l'honneur d'une nation que vous eſtimez. Vous avez lu les traductions de pluſieurs ouvrages qui luy ſont attribuez. Eh qui eſt plus capable que vous, monſeigneur, de diſcerner les beautés d'un original à travers la foibleſſe des plus mauvaiſes copies. Je crois que vous ne ſerez pas faché de diner avec monſieur Swift, et monſieur le preſident Henaut. Et je me flatte que vous regarderez comme une preuve de mon ſincere attachment à votre perſonne, la liberté que je prens de vous préſenter un des hommes les plus extraordinaires que l'Angleterre ait produit, et le plus capable de ſentir toute l'étendüe de vos grandes qualités.

Je

Je ſuis pour toute ma vie, avec un profond reſpect, et un attachement rempli de la plus haute eſtime,

Monſeigneur, votre très humble et très obéiſſant ſerviteur,

VOLTAIRE.

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

London, June 24, 1727.

I HAVE received your laſt, with the incloſed print. I deſire you will let Dr. Delany know, that I tranſcribed the ſubſtance of his letter, and the tranſlation of what was regiſtered, and added a whole ſtate of the caſe, and gave it Mrs. Howard to give to the prince from me, and to deſire, that as chancellor, he would do what he thought moſt fit*. I forgot to aſk Mrs. Howard † what was done in it, the next time I ſaw her, and the day I came to town came the news of the king's death, of which I ſent particulars the very ſame day to our friend; ſince then we have been all in a hurry, with millions of ſchemes. I deferred kiſſing the king's and queen's hands till the third day, when my friends at court chid me for deferring it ſo long. I have been and am ſo extremely buſy, that though I begin this letter, I cannot finiſh it till next poſt; for now it is the laſt moment it can go, and I have much more to ſay. I was juſt ready to go

* His royal highneſs George prince of Wales, chancellor of the univerſity of Dublin.

† Afterwards counteſs of Suffolk.

to

to France, when the news of the king's * death arrived, and I came to town in order to begin my journey. But I was desired to delay it, and I then determined it a second time: when, upon some new incidents, I was with great vehemence dissuaded from it by certain persons, whom I could not disobey. Thus things stand with me. My stomach is pretty good, but for some days my head has not been right, yet it is what I have been formerly used to. Here is a strange world, and our friend will reproach me for my share in it; but it shall be short, for I design soon to return into the country. I am thinking of a chancellor for the university, and have pitched upon one; but whether he will like it, or my word be of any use, I know not. The talk is now for a moderating scheme, wherein no body shall be used the worse or better for being called whig or tory, and the king hath received both with great equality, shewing civilities to several who are openly known to be the latter. I prevailed with a dozen, that we should go in a line to kiss the king's and queen's hands. We have now done with repining, if we shall be used well, and not baited as formerly; we all agree in it, and if things do not mend it is not our faults: we have made our offers: if otherwise, we are as we were. It is agreed the ministry will be changed, but the others will have a soft fall; although the king must be excessive generous, if he forgives the treatment of some people. I writ long ago my thoughts to my viceroy, and he may proceed as he shall be advised. But if the † archbishop

* King George I. † Dr. William King.

goes

goes on to proceed to *ſub poena contemptûs*, etc. I would have an appeal at proper time, which I ſuppoſe muſt be to delegates, or the crown, I know not which. However I will ſpend a hundred or two pounds, rather than be enſlaved, or betray a right which I do not value three-pence, but my ſucceſſors may. My ſervice to all friends; and ſo thinking I have ſaid enough, I bid you farewel heartily, and long to eat of your fruit, for I dare eat none here. It hath coſt me five ſhillings in victuals ſince I came here, and ten pounds to ſervants where I have dined. I ſuppoſe my agent * in Ship-ſtreet takes care and enquires about my new agent.

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Saturday, at Pope's, June 24, 1727.

I AM going to London, and intend to carry this letter, which I will give you, if I ſee you, and leave for you, if I do not ſee you.

There would not be common ſenſe in your going into France at this juncture, even if you intended to ſtay there long enough to draw the ſole pleaſure and profit, which I propoſe you ſhould have in the acquaintance I am ready to give you there. Much leſs ought you to think of ſuch an unmeaning journey, when the opportunity for quitting Ireland for England is, I believe, fairly before you. To hanker after a court is fit for men

* Rev. Mr. John Worral.

with

with blue ribbands, pompous titles, and overgrown eſtates. It is below either you or me; one of whom never made his fortune, and the other's turned rotten at the very moment it grew ripe. But, without hankering, without aſſuming a ſuppliant dependant's air, you may ſpend in England all the time you can be abſent from Ireland, *& faire la guerre à l'oeil.* There has not been ſo much inactivity as you imagine; but I cannot anſwer for conſequences. Adieu.

If you can call on me to-morrow morning, in your way to church, about ten o'clock, you will find me juſt returning to Cranford from the Pall-mall.

I ſhall return again to London on Monday evening.

## From the Same.

Cranford, Tueſday.

I HAVE ſo ſevere a defluxion of rheum on both my eyes, that I dare hardly ſtir abroad. You will be ready to ſay, Phyſician, cure thyſelf; and that is what I am about. I took away, by cupping, yeſterday, fourteen ounces of blood; and ſuch an operation would, I believe, have done you more good than ſteel, bitters, waters and drops. I wiſh John Gay ſucceſs in his purſuit; but I think he has ſome qualities, which will keep him down in the world. Good God! what is man? poliſhed, civilized, learned man! A liberal education fits him for ſlavery; and the pains he has taken gives him the noble pretenſion of dangling away life in an anti-

chamber

chamber, or of employing real talents to ſerve thoſe, who have none; or, which is worſe than all the reſt, of making his reaſon and his knowledge ſerve all the purpoſes of other men's follies and vices. You ſay not a word to me about the public, of whom I think as ſeldom as poſſible. I conſider myſelf as a man with ſome little ſatisfaction, and with ſome uſe; but I have no pleaſure in thinking I am an Engliſhman; nor is it, I doubt, to much purpoſe, to act like one. *Serpit enim res, quæ proclivis ad perniciem, cum ſemel cæpit, labitur. Plures enim diſcunt quemadmodum hæc fiant, quam quemadmodum his reſiſtatur.* Adieu.

Let me know how you do. If your * landlord is returned, my kindeſt ſervices to him.

## From the Same.

Indorſed, Sunday, "on going to France about June, 1727."

YOU may be ſure of letters from me to people, who will receive you with all the honours due to ſo great a traveller, and ſo exact an author. I am obliged to ſtay in the country to-morrow, by ſome buſineſs relating to my poor farm, which I would willingly make a rich one; and for which purpoſe a perſon is with me, who comes from Suffolk on my ſummons.

On Tueſday, by ſeven in the evening, I will certainly be in the Pall-mall, and there you ſhall have, if you meet me, and not otherwiſe, both my

* Mr. Pope, the dean being at Twickenham.

letters and inſtructions, which will be of uſe to you.

Raillery apart: ſince you do go into France, I ſhall be glad to talk with you before your departure; and I fancy you would not leave England without embracing the man in England who loves you beſt. Adieu. My beſt ſervices attend all with you.

## From the Same.

Tueſday.

I RETURN you the papers, which I have read twice over ſince you was here. They are extremely well; but the Craftſman has not only adverti ſed the public, that he intended to turn newswriter, he has begun, and for ſome weeks continued to appear under that new character. This conſideration inclines me to think, that another turn might be given to the introduction; and perhaps this would naturally call for a fourth letter from the Occaſional Writer, to account for his ſilence, to proſecute your argument, to ſtate the preſent diſputes about political affairs; and in ſhort, to revive and animate the paper war. When we meet next, I will explain myſelf better than I can do by a letter writ in haſte, with mowers and haymakers about me. Adieu. Let Pope ſhare my embraces with you.

From

## From Mr. PULTENEY.

I AM obliged to you all for your compliments, and when the Dean is well enough, I hope to ſee you in town. You will probably find me a much happier man than when you ſaw me laſt; for I flatter myſelf, that in an hour or two I ſhall be once more bleſſed with a ſon. Mrs. Pulteney is now in labour: if ſhe does well, and brings me a boy, I ſhall not care one ſixpence how much longer Sir Robert governs England, or Horace governs France. I am ever yours,

W. P.

Eleven o'clock, Tueſday morning.

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, July 1, 1727.

I HAD yours of June 22. You complain of not hearing from me; I never was ſo conſtant a writer. I have writ ſix times to our friends, and as many to you. Mr. Pope is reading your Perſius; he is frequently ſick, and ſo at this time; he has read it, but you muſt wait till next letter for his judgment. He would know whether it is deſigned for an elegant tranſlation, or only to ſhew the meaning; I reckon it an explanation of a difficult author, not only for learners, but for thoſe alſo who are not expert in Latin, becauſe he is a very dark author: I would not have your book printed entire, till I treat with my bookſeller here for your

advantage. There is a word (Concacuus) which you have not explained, nor the reaſon of it. Where you are ignorant, you ſhould confeſs you are ignorant. I writ to Stella the day we heard the k— was dead, and the circumſtances of it. I hold you a guinea, I ſhall forget ſomething. Worral writ to me lately. In anſwer, I deſire that when the archbiſhop comes to a determination, that an appeal be properly lodged, by which I will elude him till my return, which will be at Michaelmas. I have left London, and ſtay here a week, and then I ſhall go thither again; juſt to ſee the queen, and ſo come back hither. Here are a thouſand ſchemes wherein they would have me engaged, which I embraced but coldly, becauſe I like none of them. I have been this ten days inclined to my old diſeaſe of giddineſs, a little tottering; our friend underſtands it, but I grow cautious, and am ſomething better; cyder and champagne and fruit have been the cauſe. But now I am very regular, and I eat enough. I took Dr. Delany's paper to the king when he was prince; he and his * ſecretary are diſcontented with the provoſt †, but they find he has law on his ſide. The king's death hath broke that meaſure. I propoſed the prince of Wales to be chancellor, and I believe ſo it will go. Pray copy out the verſes I writ to Stella on her collecting my verſes, and ſend them to me, for we want ſome to make our poetical miſcellany large enough, and I am not there to pick what ſhould be added. Direct them, and all other double pa-

* Samuel Mollyneux, Eſq; † Rev. Mr. Baldwin.

pers,

pers, to lord Bathurſt, in St. James's ſquare, London. I was in a fright about your verſes on Stella's ſickneſs, but glad when they were a month old.

Deſire our friends to let me know what I ſhould buy for them here of any kind. I had juſt now a long letter from Mrs. Dingley, and another from Mr. Synge. Pray tell the latter, that I return him great thanks, and will leave the viſiting affair to his diſcretion. But all the lawyers in Europe ſhall never perſuade me, that it is in the A. Bp's power to take or refuſe my proxy, when I have the king's leave of abſence. If he be violent, I will appeal, and die two or three hundred pounds poorer to defend the rights of the dean. Pray aſk Mr. Synge whether his fenocchio be grown; it is now fit to eat here, and we eat it like celery, either with or without oil, *&c.* I deſign to paſs my time wholly in the country having ſome buſineſs to do, and ſettle, before I leave England for the laſt time. I will ſend you Mr. Pope's criticiſms, and my own, on your work. Pray forget nothing of what I deſire you. Pray God bleſs you all. If the king had lived but ten days longer, I ſhould be now at Paris. Simpleton! the Drapiers ſhould have been ſent unbound, but it is no great matter; two or three would have been enough. I ſee Mrs. Fad but ſeldom; I never trouble them but when I am ſent for: ſhe expects me ſoon, and after that perhaps no more while I am here. I deſire it may be told that I never go to court, which I mention becauſe of a paſſage in Mrs. Dingley's letter; ſhe ſpeaks mighty good things of your kindneſs. I do not

want that poem to Stella to print it entire, but ſome paſſages out of it, if they deſerve it, to lengthen the volume. Read all this letter without heſitation, and I will give you a pot of ale. I intend to be with you at Michaelmas, bar impoſſibilities.

## From Chevalier RAMSAY.

REVEREND SIR, Paris, Aug. 1, 1727.

MR. Hooke having acquainted me with what goodneſs and patience you have been pleaſed to examine a performance of mine *, I take this occaſion to make my acknowledgments. Nothing could flatter me more ſenſibly than your approbation. To acquire the eſteem of perſons of your merit, is the principal advantage I could wiſh for by becoming an author, and more than I could flatter myſelf with. I ſhould be proud of receiving your commands, if I could be any way uſeful to you in this part of the world; where, I aſſure you, your reputation is as well eſtabliſhed as in your own country. I am with the utmoſt regard and eſteem, reverend Sir, your moſt humble, and moſt obliged, obedient ſervant,

A. RAMSAY.

## From Mrs. HOWARD.

Auguſt, 1727.

I WRITE to you to pleaſe myſelf. I hear you are melancholy becauſe you have a bad head, and deaf ears. Theſe are two misfortunes I have

* The travels of Cyrus.

laboured

laboured under theſe many years, and yet was never peeviſh with myſelf or the world. Have I more philoſophy and reſolution than you? Or am I ſo ſtupid I don't feel the evil? Is this meant in a good-natured view? or do I mean, that I pleaſe myſelf, when I inſult over you? Anſwer theſe queries in writing, if poiſon or other methods don't enable you ſoon to appear in perſon. Though I make uſe of your own word poiſon, give me leave to tell you, it is nonſenſe; and I deſire you will take more care, for the time to come, how you endeavour to impoſe upon my underſtanding, by making no uſe of your own. I am, &c.

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 12, 1727.

I AM cleverly caught, if ever gentleman was cleverly caught; for three days after I came to town with lord Oxford * from Cambridgeſhire, which was ten days ago, my old deafneſs ſeized me, and hath continued ever ſince with great encreaſe; ſo that I am now deafer than ever you knew me, and yet a little leſs I think than I was yeſterday; but which is worſe, about four days ago my giddineſs ſeized me, and I was ſo very ill, that yeſterday I took a hearty vomit, and though I now totter, yet I think I am a thought better; but what will be the event, I know not; one thing I know,

* Son of the late right honourable Robert Harley, lord high treaſurer of England, created earl of Oxford and Mortimer by queen Anne.

that theſe deaf fits uſe to continue five or ſix weeks, and I am reſolved if it continues, or my giddineſs, ſome days longer, I will leave this place, and remove to Greenwich, or ſomewhere near London, and take my couſin Lancelot to be my nurſe. Our friends know her; it is the ſame with Pat Rolt. If my diſorder ſhould keep me longer than my licence of abſence laſts, I would have you get Mr. Worral to renew it; it will not expire till the ſixth or ſeventh of October, and I reſolved to begin my journey September 15th. Mr. Worral will ſee by the date of my licence what time the new one ſhould commence; but he has ſeven weeks yet to conſider: I only ſpeak in time. I am very uneaſy here, becauſe ſo many of our acquaintance come to ſee us, and I cannot be ſeen; beſides, Mr. Pope is too ſickly and complaiſant; therefore I reſolve to go ſomewhere elſe. This is a little unlucky, my head will not bear writing long: I want to be at home, where I can turn you out, or let you in, as I think beſt. The king and queen come in two days to our neighbourhood *; and there I ſhall be expected, and cannot go; which however is none of my grievances, for I would rather be abſent, and have now too good an excuſe. I believe this giddineſs is the diſorder, that will at laſt get the better of me; but I would rather it ſhould not be now; and I hope and believe it will not, for I am now better than yeſterday. —— Since my dinner my giddineſs is much better, and my deafneſs a hair's breadth not ſo bad. It is juſt as uſual, worſt in the morning

* Richmond.

and

and at evening. I will be very temperate; and in the midſt of peaches, figs, nectarines, and mulberries, I touch not a bit. I hope I ſhall however ſet out in the midſt of September, as I deſigned.—This is a long letter for an ill head: ſo adieu. My ſervice to our two friends and all others.

## To Mrs. HOWARD.

MADAM, Twickenham, Aug. 15, 1727.

I WISH I were a young lord, and you were unmarried: I ſhould make you the beſt huſband in the world, for I am ten times deafer than ever you were in your life; and inſtead of a poor pain in my face, I have a good ſubſtantial giddineſs and head-ach. The beſt of it is, that although we might lay our heads together, you could tell me no ſecrets that might not be heard five rooms diſtant. Theſe diſorders of mine, if they hold me as long as they uſed to do ſome years ago, will laſt as long as my leave of abſence, which I ſhall not renew: and then the queen will have the misfortune not to ſee me, and I ſhall go back with the ſatisfaction never to have ſeen her ſince ſhe was queen, but when I kiſſed her hand. And, although ſhe were a thouſand queens, I will not loſe my privilege of never ſeeing her but when ſhe commands it. I told my two landlords, that I would write you a love-letter; which, I remember, you commanded me to do laſt year: but I would not ſhew it to either of them. I am the greateſt courtier and flatterer you have; becauſe I try your good ſenſe and taſte, more than

all

all of them put together, which is the greateſt compliment I could put upon you: and you have hitherto behaved yourſelf tolerably well under it; much better than your miſtreſs, if what a lady told me was true: that talking with the queen about me, her Majeſty ſaid, "I was an odd ſort of a "man." But I forgive her; for it is an odd thing to ſpeak freely to princes.

I will ſay another thing in your praiſe, that goodneſs would become you better than any perſon I know: and for that very reaſon, there is nobody I wiſh to be good ſo much as yourſelf.

I am, *&c.*

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Twickenham, Aug. 29, 1727.

I HAVE had your letter of the 19th, and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you with the moſt fatal news that can ever come to me, unleſs I ſhould be put to death for ſome ignominious crime. I continue very ill with my giddineſs and deafneſs, of which I had two days intermiſſion, but ſince worſe, and I ſhall be perfectly content if God ſhall pleaſe to call me away at this time. Here is a triple cord of friendſhip broke, which hath laſted thirty years, twenty-four of which in Ireland. I beg, if you have not writ to me before you get this, to tell me no particulars, but the event in general: my weakneſs, my age, my friendſhip will bear no more. I have mentioned the caſe as well as I knew it to a phyſician, who is my friend;

friend; and I find his methods were the ſame, air and exerciſe, and at laſt aſſes-milk. I will tell you ſincerely, that if I were younger, and in health, or in hopes of it, I would endeavour to divert my mind by all methods in order to paſs my life in quiet; but I now want only three months of ſixty. I am ſtrongly viſited with a diſeaſe, that will at laſt cut me off, if I ſhould this time eſcape; if not, I have but a poor remainder, and that is below any wiſe man's valuing. I do not intend to return to Ireland ſo ſoon as I purpoſed; I would not be there in the very midſt of grief. I deſire you will ſpeak to Mr. Worral to get a new licence about the beginning of October, when my old one (as he will ſee by the date) ſhall expire; but if that fatal accident were not to happen, I am not able to travel in my preſent condition. What I intend is, immediately to leave this place, and go with my couſin for a nurſe about five miles from London on the other ſide towards the ſea, and if I recover, I will either paſs this winter near Saliſbury-plain, or in France; and therefore I deſire Mr. Worral may make this licence run like the former [To Great-Britain, or elſewhere, for the recovery of his health].

Neither my health, nor grief will permit me to ſay more: your directions to Mr. Lancelot at his houſe in New Bond-ſtreet, over againſt the Crown and Cuſhion, will reach me. Farewel.

This ſtroke was unexpected, and my fears laſt year were ten times greater.

To

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

London, Sept. 2, 1727.

I HAD yours of the 19th of Auguſt, which I anſwered the 29th from Twickenham. I came to town on the laſt day of Auguſt, being impatient of ſtaying there longer, where ſo much company came to us while I was ſo giddy and deaf. I am now got to my couſin Lancelot's houſe, where I deſire all letters may be directed to me; I am ſtill in the ſame condition, or rather worſe, for I walk like a drunken man, and am deafer than ever you knew me. If I had any tolerable health, I would go this moment to Ireland; yet I think I would not, conſidering the news I daily expect to hear from you. I have juſt received yours of Auguſt 24; I kept it an hour in my pocket with all the ſuſpenſe of a man who expected to hear the worſt news that fortune could give him; and at the ſame time was not able to hold up my head. Theſe are the perquiſites of living long: the laſt act of life is always a tragedy at beſt; but it is a bitter aggravation to have one's beſt friend go before one. I deſired in my laſt, that you would not enlarge upon that event: but tell me the bare fact. I long knew that our dear friend had not the *ſtamina vitæ*; but my friendſhip could not arm me againſt this accident, although I foreſaw it. I have ſaid enough in my laſt letter, which now I ſuppoſe is with you. I know not whether it be an addition to my grief or not, that I am now extremely ill; for it would

have

have been a reproach to me to be in perfect health, when ſuch a friend is deſperate. I do profeſs upon my ſalvation, that the diſtreſſed and deſperate condition of our friend, makes life ſo indifferent to me, who by courſe of nature have ſo little left, that I do not think it worth the time to ſtruggle; yet I ſhould think, according to what hath been formerly, that I may happen to overcome this preſent diſorder; and to what advantage? Why, to ſee the loſs of that perſon for whoſe ſake only life was worth preſerving. I brought both thoſe friends over *, that we might be happy together as long as God ſhould pleaſe; the knot is broken, and the remaining perſon, you know, has ill anſwered the end; and the other, who is now to be loſt, is all that was valuable. You agreed with me, or you are a great hypocrite. What have I to do in the world? I never was in ſuch agonies as when I received your letter, and had it in my pocket. I am able to hold up my ſorry head no longer.

## Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR, Twickenham, Sept. 6.

I AM both obliged and alarmed by your letter. What you mention of a particular friend of the dean's being upon the brink of another world, gives me great pain; for it makes me, in tenderneſs to him, wiſh him with you; and at the ſame

* Mrs. Johnſon and Mrs. Dingley.

time

time I fear he is not in a condition to make the journey. Though (to eaſe you as far as I can) his phyſician and friend Dr. Arbuthnot aſſures me, he will ſoon be well. At preſent he is very deaf, and more uneaſy than I hoped that complaint alone would have made him. I apprehend he has written to you in a melancholy way, which has put you into a greater fright, than (with God's will) we may have any reaſon for. He talks of returning to Ireland in three weeks, if he recovers ſufficiently; if not, he will ſtay here this winter. Upon pretence of ſome very unavoidable occaſions he went to London four days ſince, where I ſee him as often as he will let me. I was extremely concerned at his *opiniatretè* in leaving me; but he ſhall not get rid of the friend, though he may of his houſe. I have ſuggeſted to him the remedy you mention: and I will not leave him a day till I ſee him better. I wiſh you could ſee us in England without manifeſt inconvenience to yourſelf; though I heartily hope and believe that our friend will do well. I ſincerely honour you for your warmth of affection, where it is ſo juſtly merited: and am, both for his ſake and your own, with great eſteem, Sir,

Your truly affectionate
and obedient ſervant,
A. POPE.

P. S. I have often deſired the dean to make known to you my ſenſe of the good opinion you have expreſt of me in your letters. I am pleaſed to have an opportunity of thanking you under my hand, and I deſire you to continue it to one, who is no way ungrateful.

## From Mrs. HOWARD.

September, 1727.

I DID desire you to write me a love-letter; but I never did desire you to talk of marrying me. I would rather you and I were dumb, as well as deaf, for ever, than that should happen. I would take your giddiness, your head-ach, or any other complaint you have, to resemble you in one circumstance of life. So that I insist upon your thinking yourself a very happy man, at least whenever you make a comparison between yourself and me. I likewise insist upon your taking no resolution to leave England till I see you; which must be here, for the most disagreeable reason in the world, and the most shocking; I dare not go to you. Believe no body, that talks to you of the queen, without you are sure the person likes both the queen and you. I have been a slave twenty years, without ever receiving a reason for any one thing I ever was obliged to do; and I have now a mind to take the pleasure, once in my life, of absolute power; which I expect you to give me, in obeying all my orders, without one question why I have given

## To Mr. WORRAL.

London, Sept. 12. 1727.

I HAVE not writ to you this long time, nor would I now, if it were not neceſſary. By Dr. Sheridan's frequent letters, I am every poſt expecting the death of a friend, with whoſe loſs I ſhall have very little regard for the few years that nature may leave me. I deſire to know where my two friends lodge. I gave a caution to Mrs. Brent that it might not be *in domo decani, quoniam hoc minimè decet, uti manifeſtum eſt: habeo enim malignos, qui ſiniſtrè hoc interpretabuntur, ſi eveniat (quod Deus avertat) ut illic moriatur.* I am in ſuch a condition of health, that I cannot poſſibly travel. Dr. Sheridan, to whom I write this poſt, will be more particular, and ſpare my weak diſordered head. Pray anſwer all calls of money in your power to Mrs. Dingley, and deſire her to aſk it. I cannot come back at the time of my licence, I am afraid. Therefore two or three days before it expires, which will be the beginning of October, (you will find by the date of the laſt) take out a new one for another half year; and let the ſame clauſe be in (of leave to go to Great Britain, or elſewhere, for the recovery of his health) for very probably, if this unfortunate event ſhould happen of the loſs of our friend (and I have no probability or hopes to expect better) I will go to France, if

my

my health will permit me, to forget myſelf*. I leave my whole little affairs with you; I hate to think of them. If Mr. Deacon, or alderman Pearſon, come to pay rent, take it on account, unleſs they bring you their laſt acquittance to direct you. But Deacon owes me ſeventy-five pounds, and intereſt, upon his bond; ſo that you are to take care of giving him any receipt in full of all accounts. I hope you and Mrs. Worrall have your health. I can hold up my head no longer. I am ſincerely yours.

You need not trouble yourſelf to write, till you have buſineſs; for it is uncertain where I ſhall be.

## To Mrs. HOWARD.

MADAM, Sept. 1727.

THIS cruel diſorder of deafneſs, attended with giddineſs, ſtill confines me. I have been debating with myſelf, that having a home in Dublin not inconvenient, it would be prudent for me to return thither, while my ſickneſs will allow me to travel. I am therefore ſetting out for Ireland; and it is one comfort to me, that I am ridding you of a troubleſome companion.

I am infinitely obliged to you for all your civilities, and ſhall retain the remembrance of them during my life. I hope you will favour me ſo far,

* Soon after the date of this letter the Dean went to Ireland; and Mrs. Johnſon, after languiſhing about two months, died on the 28th of January, 1728, in the 44th year of her age.

as to preſent my moſt humble duty to the queen, and to deſcribe to her majeſty my ſorrow, that my diſorder was of ſuch a nature, as to make me incapable of attending her, as ſhe was pleaſed to permit me. I ſhall paſs the remainder of my life with the utmoſt gratitude for her majeſty's favours. I am, *&c.*

## From Mr. GAY, and Mr. POPE, to Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 22, 1727.

THOUGH you went away from us ſo unexpectedly, and in ſo clandeſtine a manner; yet, by ſeveral inquiries, we have informed ourſelves of every thing that hath happened to you.

To our great joy, you have told us your deafneſs left you at the inn in Alderſgate-ſtreet: no doubt, your ears knew there was nothing worth hearing in England.

Our advices from Cheſter tell us, that you met captain Lawſon*; the captain was a man of veracity, and ſet ſail at the time he told you; I really wiſhed you had laid hold of that opportunity, for you had then been in Ireland the next day; beſides, as it is credibly reported, the captain had a bottle or two of excellent claret in his cabbin. You would not then have had the plague of that little

* Commander of the King's Dublin yatcht.

ſmoaky

ſmoaky room at Holyhead *; but, conſidering it was there you loſt your giddineſs, we have great reaſon to praiſe ſmoaky rooms for the future, and preſcribe them in like caſes to our friends. The maid of the houſe writes us word, that, while you were there, you were buſy for ten days together writing continually; and that, as Wat drew nearer and nearer to Ireland, he blundered more and more. By a ſcrap of paper left in this ſmoaky room, it ſeemed as if the book you were writing was a moſt lamentable account of your travels; and really, had there been any wine in the houſe, the place would not have been ſo irkſome. We were farther told, that you ſet out, were driven back again by a ſtorm, and lay in the ſhip all night. After the next ſetting ſail, we were in great concern about you, becauſe the weather grew very tempeſtuous: when, to my great joy and ſurprize, I received a letter from Carlingford in Ireland, which informed us, that, after many perils, you were ſafely landed there. Had the oyſters been good, it would have been a comfortable refreſhment after your fatigue. We compaſſionated you in your travels through that country of deſolation

* When the Dean was there, waiting for a wind, one Weldon, an old ſeafaring man, ſent him a letter, that he had found out the longitude, and would convince him of it; to which the Dean anſwered in writing, that, if he had found it out, he muſt apply to the lords of the admiralty, of whom perhaps one might be found who knew ſomething of navigation, of which he was totally ignorant; and that he never knew but two projectors, one of whom (meaning his own uncle Godwin) ruined himſelf and family, and the other hanged himſelf; and deſired him to deſiſt, leſt one or other might happen to him.

and poverty in your way to Dublin; for it is a moſt dreadful circumſtance, to have lazy dull horſes on a road where there are very bad or no inns. When you carry a ſample of Engliſh apples next to Ireland, I beg you would get them either from Goodrich or Devonſhire. Pray who was the clergyman that met you at ſome diſtance from Dublin? becauſe we could not learn his name. Theſe are all the hints we could get of your long and dangerous journey, every ſtep of which we ſhared your anxieties—— and all that we have now left to comfort us, is to hear that you are in good health.

But why ſhould we tell you what you know already? The queen's family is at laſt ſettled, and in the liſt I was appointed gentleman-uſher to the princeſs Louiſa, the youngeſt princeſs; which, upon account that I am ſo far advanced in life, I have declined accepting; and I have endeavoured, in the beſt manner I could, to make my excuſes by a letter to her Majeſty. So now all my expectations are vaniſhed; and I have no proſpect, but in depending wholly upon myſelf, and my own conduct. As I am uſed to diſappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be diſappointed, ſo that I am in a bleſſed condition. You remember you were adviſing me to go into Newgate to finiſh my ſcenes the more correctly. I now think I ſhall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my Opera* is already finiſhed. I leave the reſt of this paper to Mr. Pope.

* The Beggar's Opera.

Gay

Gay is a Free-man, and I writ him a long congratulatory letter upon it. Do you the ſame: it will mend him, and make him a better man than a Court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Auguſtus's time, if the pleaſed; but I won't in the time of our Auguſtus. My poem * (which it grieves me that I dare not ſend you a copy of, for fear of the Curl's and Dennis's of Ireland, and ſtill more for fear of the worſt of traitors, our friends and admirers) my poem, I ſay, will ſhew you what a diſtinguiſhed age we lived in? Your name is in it, with ſome others, under a mark of ſuch ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bleſs you, and give you health and ſpirits,

Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air;
Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy chair,
Or in the graver gown inſtruct mankind,
Or, ſilent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

Theſe two verſes are over and above what I've ſai of you in the poem. Adieu.

## To Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23, 1727.

I ENTIRELY approve your refuſal of that employment, and your writing to the queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the miniſtry. God forgive him, but not till he

* The Dunciad.

puts himſelf in a ſtate to be forgiven. Upon reaſoning with myſelf, I ſhould hope they are gone too far to diſcard you quite, and that they will give you ſomething; which, although much leſs than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumſtantiated: and ſince you already juſt live, a middling help will make you juſt tolerable. Your lateneſs in life (as you ſo ſoon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almoſt the eldeſt men may hope to ſee changes in a court. A miniſter is always ſeventy: you are thirty years younger; and conſider, Cromwel himſelf did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a ſhilling, which Dr. Birch ſaid was a ſerious thing. Get a ſtronger fence about your 1000l. and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be adviſed by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the moſt refractory, honeſt, good-natured man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper—I am very glad your Opera is finiſhed, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it ſucceed, becauſe you are ill-uſed by others.

I have known courts theſe thirty-ſix years, and know they differ; but in ſome things they are extremely conſtant: Firſt, in the trite old maxim of a miniſter's never forgiving thoſe he hath injured: Secondly, in the inſincerity of thoſe who would be thought the beſt friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing: Fourthly, in ſacrificing thoſe whom we really wiſh well, to a point of intereſt, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keeping

every

every thing worth taking, for thoſe who can do ſervice or diſ-ſervice.

Now why does not Pope publiſh his dulneſs? the rogues he marks will die of themſelves in peace, and ſo will his friends, and ſo there will be neither puniſhment nor reward. Pray enquire how my lord St. John does; there's no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his. I wonder whether you begin to taſte the pleaſure of independency? or whether you do not ſometimes leer upon the court, *oculo retorto?* Will you not think of an annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchaſe-money? Have you dedicated your Opera, and got the uſual dedication-fee of twenty-guineas? How is the doctor? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my lord Bolingbroke, at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philoſopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pulteney in expectation of a ſon, or my lord Oxford of a new old manuſcript!

I bought your Opera to-day for ſixpence, a curſed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand gout.*

We are as full of it, *pro modulo noſtro*, as London can be; continually acting, and houſes crammed, and the lord lieutenant ſeveral times there laughing his heart out. I did not underſtand that the ſcene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Caſſius, till I was told it. I wiſh Mackheath, when he was going to be hang'd, had imitated Alexander the Great when he

was dying: I would have had his fellow-rogues deſire his commands about a ſucceſſor, and he to anſwer, Let it be the moſt worthy, &c. We hear a million of ſtories about the Opera, of the applauſe at the ſong, "That was levelled at me," when two great miniſters were in a box together, and all the world ſtaring at them. I am heartily glad your Opera hath mended your purſe, though perhaps it may ſpoil your court.

Will you deſire my lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thouſand pounds? that you may laugh at courts, and bid miniſters——

Ever preſerve ſome ſpice of the alderman, and prepare againſt age and dulneſs, and ſickneſs, and coldneſs or death of friends. A whore has a reſource left, that ſhe can turn bawd; but an old decayed poet is a creature abandoned, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewiſe Polly's Meſſo-tinto. Lord, how the ſchool-boys at Weſtminſter, and univerſity-lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as miniſters can make weep?

I will excuſe Sir —— the trouble of a letter: when ambaſſadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew, after two years; the emperor anſwered, That he likewiſe condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and reſpected him very much, and do ſtill as much as ever; and it is a return ſufficient, if he pleaſes to accept the offers of my moſt humble ſervice.

The

The Beggar's Opera hath knocked down Gulliver; I hope to ſee Pope's Dulneſs knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expoſe vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public ſervice than all the miniſters of ſtate from Adam to Walpole, and ſo adieu.

## From the Earl of OXFORD.

REVEREND SIR, Dover-ſtreet, Oct. 12, 1727.

I WAS very much concerned to hear you were ſo much out of order when I went to the North; and upon my return, which was but lately, I was in hopes to have found you here, and that you would not have gone to your deanry till the Spring. I ſhould be glad to hear that you are well, and have got rid of that troubleſome diſtemper, your deafneſs.

I have ſeen Pope but once, and that was but for a few minutes; he was very much out of order, but I hope it only proceeded from being two days in town, and ſtaying out a whole opera. He would not ſee the coronation, although he might have ſeen it with little trouble.

I came laſt night well home, after attending and paying my duty in my rank at the coronation. I hope there will not be another till I can have the laudable excuſe of Old Age not to attend; which is no ill wiſh to their preſent majeſties, ſince Nottingham at fourſcore could bear the fatigue very well.

I will

I will not trouble you with an account of the ceremony; I do not doubt but you will have a full and true account from much better hands.

I have been put in hopes that we ſhall ſee you again early in the Spring, which will be a very great pleaſure to me.

There is a gentleman that is now upon putting out a new edition of the Oxford Marmora: I ſhould take it for a great favour if you would be ſo kind to lend me your copy of that book. I think there are ſome corrections: if you think fit to do this, Mr. Clayton, who is in Ireland, will take care to bring it ſafe to me, and I will with great care return it to you again.

I muſt not conclude this without making my wife's compliments to you. I am, with true reſpect, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

You forgot to ſend me the ballad.

Mr. Clayton will call upon you before he comes to England; I have written to him to that purpoſe.

## From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, Nov. 30, 1727.

I HAVE heard, dear Sir, with great pleaſure, of your ſafe arrival; and, which is more, of the recovery of your health. I think it will be the beſt expedient for me to take a journey. You will know who the incloſed comes from; and I hope, will

will value mine for what it contains. I think every one of your friends have heard from you, except myſelf. Either you have not done me juſtice, or your friends have not done you; for I have not heard from them of my name being mentioned in any of your letters. If my curioſity wanted only to be gratified, I don't ſtand in need of a letter from yourſelf, to inform me what you are doing; for there are people about court, who can tell me every thing that you do or ſay; ſo that you had beſt take care of your conduct. You ſee of what importance you are. However, all quarrels aſide, I muſt aſk you, if you have any intereſt? Or, do you think, that I could have, or procure any with my lord lieutenant, to advance a relation of mine, one captain Innes, I think in colonel Wilſon's regiment, and now in Limerick? He is an exceeding worthy man, but has ſtuck long in a low poſt, for want of friends. Pray tell me which way I ſhall proceed in this matter.

I was yeſterday with all your friends at St. James's. There is certainly a fatality upon poor Gay. As for hopes of preferment there by favour, he has laid it aſide. He had made a pretty good bargain (that is, a Smithfield one) for a little place in the cuſtom-houſe, which was to bring him in about a hundred a year. It was done as a favour to an old man, and not at all to Gay. When every thing was concluded, the man repented, and ſaid, he would not part with his place. I have begged Gay not to buy an annuity upon my life; I am ſure I ſhould not live a week. I long to hear

of

of the ſafe arrival of Dr. Delaney. Pray, give my humble ſervice to him.

As for news, it was writ from Spain, to me, from my brother in France, that the preliminaries were ratified, and yet the miniſtry know nothing of it. Nay, ſome told me, that the anſwer was rather ſurly. Lord Townſhend is very ill; but I think, by the deſcription of his caſe, it is not mortal. I was with our friend at the back-ſtairs yeſterday, and had the honour to be called in, and prettily chid for leaving off, *&c.* The firſt part of the diſcourſe was about you, Mr. Pope, Curl, and myſelf. My family are well: they, and my brother in France, and one that is here, all give their ſervice to you. If you had been ſo lucky as to have gone to Paris laſt ſummer, you would have had health, honour, and diverſion in abundance; for I will promiſe, you would have recovered of the ſpleen. I ſhall add no more, but my kindeſt wiſhes, and that I am, with the greateſt affection and reſpect, yours, *&c.*

## From Monſieur VOLTAIRE.

In London, at the White Peruke,
Covent-garden, Dec. 14, 1727.

SIR,

YOU will be ſurprized in receiving an * Engliſh eſſay from a French traveller. Pray, forgive an

* An eſſay on the civil wars of France, which he made the foundation of his Henriade, an heroic poem, ſince well known. He had

an admirer of you, who owes to your writings the love he bears to your language, which has betrayed him into the raſh attempt of writing in Engliſh.

You will ſee by the advertiſement, that I have ſome deſigns upon you, and that I muſt mention you, for the honour of your country, and for the improvement of mine. Do not forbid me to grace my relation with your name. Let me indulge the ſatisfaction of talking of you, as poſterity will do.

In the mean time, can I make bold to intreat you to make ſome uſe of your intereſt in Ireland, about ſome ſubſcriptions for the Henriade; which is almoſt ready, and does not come out yet for want of a little help? The ſubſcriptions will be but one guinea in hand. I am, with the higheſt eſteem, and the utmoſt gratitude, Sir, your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant,

VOLTAIRE.

## From the Same.

SIR,

I SENT the other day a cargo of French dullneſs to my lord lieutenant. My lady Bolingbroke has taken upon herſelf to ſend you one copy of the Henriade. She is deſirous to do that honour to my book; and I hope the merit of being preſented to you by her hands, will be a commendation

had been impriſoned in the Baſtile, in Paris, but being releaſed about the year 1725, he came to England, and ſolicited ſubſcriptions for his poem.

to

to it. However, if ſhe has not done it already, I deſire you to take one of the cargo, which is now at my lord lieutenant's. I wiſh you a good hearing; if you have got it, you want nothing. I have not ſeen Mr. Pope this winter; but I have ſeen the third volume of the miſcellanea; and the more I read your works, the more I am aſhamed of mine. I am, with reſpect, eſteem, and gratitude, Sir, your moſt humble obedient ſervant,

VOLTAIRE.

## To Mrs. MOORE.

DEAR MADAM, Deanry-houſe, Dec. 7, 1727.

THOUGH I ſee you ſeldomer than is agreeable to my inclinations, yet you have no friend in the world, that is more concerned for any thing that can affect your mind, your health, or your fortune; I have always had the higheſt eſteem for your virtue, the greateſt value for your converſation, and the trueſt affection for your perſon; and therefore cannot but heartily condole with you for the loſs of ſo amiable, and (what is more) ſo favourite a child. Theſe are the neceſſary conſequences of too ſtrong attachments, by which we are grieving ourſelves with the death of thoſe we love, as we muſt one day grieve thoſe, who love us, with the death of ourſelves. For life is a tragedy, wherein we ſit as ſpectators a while, and then act our own part in it. Self-love, as it is the motive to all our actions, ſo it is the ſole cauſe of

our

our grief. The dear perſon you lament is by no means an object of pity, either in a moral or religious ſenſe. Philoſophy always taught men to deſpiſe life, as a moſt contemptible thing in itſelf; and religion regards it only as a preparation for a better, which you are taught to be certain that ſo innocent a perſon is now in poſſeſſion of; ſo that ſhe is an immenſe gainer, and you and her friends the only loſers. Now, under misfortunes of this kind, I know no conſolation more effectual to a reaſonable perſon, than to reflect rather upon what is left, than what is loſt. She was neither an only child, nor an only daughter. You have three children left, one * of them of an age to be uſeful to his family, and the two others as promiſing as can be expected from their age; ſo that according to the general diſpenſations of God Almighty you have ſmall reaſon to repine upon that article of life. And religion will tell you, that the true way to preſerve them is, not to fix any of them too deep in your heart, which is a weakneſs that God ſeldom leaves long unpuniſhed: common obſervation ſhewing us, that ſuch favourite children are either ſpoiled by their parents indulgence, or ſoon taken out of the world; which laſt is, generally ſpeaking, the lighter puniſhment of the two.

God, in his wiſdom, hath been pleaſed to load our declining years with many ſufferings, with diſeaſes, and decays of nature, with the death of many friends, and the ingratitude of more; ſome-

* Charles Deveniſh, eſq.

times with the loſs or diminution of our fortunes, when our infirmities muſt need them; often with contempt from the world, and always with neglect from it; with the death of our moſt hopeful or uſeful children; with a want of reliſh for all wordly enjoyments; with a general diſlike of perſons and things: and though all theſe are very natural effects of increaſing years, yet they were intended by the Author of our being to wean us gradually from our fondneſs of life, the nearer we approach towards the end of it. And this is the uſe you are to make in prudence, as well as in conſcience, of all the afflictions you have hitherto undergone, as well as of thoſe which in the courſe of nature and providence you have reaſon to expect. May God, who hath endowed you with ſo many virtues, add ſtrength of mind and reliance upon his mercy in proportion to your preſent ſufferings, as well as thoſe he may think fit to try you with through the remainder of your life?

I fear my preſent ill diſpoſition both of health and mind * has made me but a ſorry comforter: however, it will ſhew that no circumſtance of life can put you out of my mind, and that I am, with the trueſt reſpect, eſteem, and friendſhip,

Dear madam,

your moſt obedient,

and moſt humble ſervant,

JONATH. SWIFT.

* It was written little more than a month before Mrs. Johnſon's death, an event which was then almoſt daily expected.

To

## To Lord CARTERET.

MY LORD, Jan. 18, 1727-8.

I WAS informed, that your excellency having referred to the univerſity here ſome regulation of his majeſty's benefaction for profeſſors; they have, in their anſwer, inſinuated as if they thought it beſt, that the ſeveral profeſſorſhips ſhould be limited to their fellows, and to be held only as they continue to be ſo. I need not inform your excellency, how contrary ſuch a practice is to that of all the univerſities in Europe. Your excellency well knows how many learned men, of the two laſt ages, have been invited by princes to be profeſſors in ſome art or ſcience for which they were renowned; and that the like rule has been followed in Oxford and Cambridge. I hope your excellency will ſhew no regard to ſo narrow and partial an opinion, which can only tend to mend fellowſhips, and ſpoil profeſſorſhips; although I ſhould be ſorry that any fellow ſhould be thought incapable on that account, when otherwiſe qualified. And I ſhould be glad that any perſon, whoſe education has been in this univerſity, ſhould be preferred before another upon equal deſervings. But that muſt be left to thoſe who ſhall be your excellency's ſucceſſors, who may not always be great clerks: and I wiſh you could, in ſome meaſure, provide againſt having this benefaction made a perquiſite of humour, or favour. Whoever is preferred to a biſhoprick, or to ſuch a preferment as ſhall hinder him from

reſiding within a certain diſtance of this town, ſhould be obliged to reſign his profeſſorſhip.

As long as you are governor here, I ſhall always expect the liberty of telling you my thoughts; and I hope you will conſider them, until you find I grow impertinent, or have ſome bias of my own.

If I had not been confined to my chamber by the continuance of my unconverſable diſorder, I would have exchanged your trouble of reading for that of hearing. I am, *&c.*

I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my lady Carteret.

Your friend Walpole has lately done one of the cruelleſt actions that ever I knew, even in a miniſter of ſtate, theſe thirty years paſt; which if the queen hath not intelligence of, may my right hand forget its cunning!

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, Whitehall, Feb. 15, 1727-8.

I HAVE deferred writing to you from time to time, till I could give you an account of the Beggar's Opera. It is acted at the play-houſe in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields with ſuch ſucceſs, that the play-houſe has been crowded every night. To-night is the fifteenth time of acting; and it is thought it will run a fortnight longer. I have ordered Motte to ſend the play to you the firſt opportunity. I made no intereſt, either for approbation, or money; nor has any body been preſſed to take tickets

tickets for my benefit: notwithſtanding which, I think I ſhall make an addition to my fortune of between ſix and ſeven hundred pounds. I know this account will give you pleaſure, as I have puſhed through this precarious affair without ſervility or flattery.

As to any favours from great men, I am in the ſame ſtate you left me; but I am a great deal happier, as I have no expectations. The ducheſs of Queenſberry has ſignalized her friendſhip to me upon this occaſion, in ſuch a conſpicuous manner, that I hope (for her ſake) you will take care to put your fork to all its proper uſes, and ſuffer nobody for the future to put their knives in their mouths. Lord Cobham ſays, that I ſhould have printed it in Italian over-againſt the Engliſh, that the ladies might have underſtood what they read. The outlandiſh (as they now call it) opera has been ſo thin of late, that ſome have called that the Beggar's Opera; and if the run continues, I fear I ſhall have remonſtrances drawn up againſt me by the royal academy of muſic. As none of us have heard from you of late, every one of us are in concern about your health: I beg we may hear from you ſoon. By my conſtant attendance on this affair, I have almoſt worried myſelf into an ill ſtate of health; but I intend in five or ſix days to go to our country-ſeat, at Twickenham, for a little air. Mr. Pope is very ſeldom in town. Mrs. Howard frequently aſks after you, and deſires her compliments to you. Mr. George Arbuthnot, the Doctor's brother, is married to Mrs. Peggy Robinſon.

I would write more, but as to-night is for my benefit I am in a hurry to go out about buſineſs. I am, dear Sir, your moſt affectionate and obedient ſervant,

J. GAY.

From the Same.

DEAR SIR, March 20, 1727-8.

I AM extremely ſorry that your diſorder is returned: but as you have a medicine which has twice removed it, I hope by this time you have again found the good effects of it. I have ſeen Dr. Delany at my lodgings; but, as I have been for a few days with Mr. Pulteney at Caſhioberry, I have not yet returned his viſit. I went with him to wait upon lord Bathurſt, and lord Bolingbroke; both of whom deſire me to make you their compliments. Lady Bolingbroke was very much out of order; and with my lord is now at Dawley: ſhe expects a letter from you. Mrs. Howard would gladly have the receipt you have found ſo much benefit by: ſhe is happier than I have ſeen her ever ſince you left us, for ſhe is free as to her conjugal affairs, by articles of agreement. The Beggar's Opera has been acted now thirty-ſix times, and was as full the laſt night as the firſt; and as yet, there is not the leaſt probability of a thin audience: though there is a diſcourſe about the town, that the directors of the royal academy of muſic deſign to ſolicit againſt its being played on the outlandiſh opera days, as it is now called. On the

benefit-

benefit-day of one of the actreſſes laſt week, one of the players falling ſick, they were obliged to give out another play, or diſmiſs the audience. A play was given out, but the audience called out for the Beggar's Opera; and they were forced to play it, or the audience would not have ſtaid.

I have got by all this ſucceſs, between ſeven and eight hundred pounds; and Rich, deducting the whole charge of the houſe, has cleared already near four thouſand pounds. In about a month I am going to Bath with the ducheſs of Marlborough, and Mr. Congreve; for I have no expectations of receiving any favours from the court. The ducheſs of Queenſberry is in Wiltſhire, where ſhe has had the ſmall-pox in ſo favourable a way, that ſhe had not above ſeven or eight on her face: ſhe is now perfectly recovered. There is a metzotinto print publiſhed to day of Polly, the heroine of the Beggar's Opera *; who was before unknown, and is now in ſo high vogue, that I am in doubt, whether her fame does not ſurpaſs that of the opera itſelf. I would not have talked ſo much on this ſubject, or upon any thing that regards myſelf, but to you: as I know you intereſt yourſelf ſo ſincerely in every thing that concerns me, I believe you would have blamed me, if I had ſaid leſs.

I ſaw Dr. Arbuthnot laſt night with Mr. Lewis, at Sir William Wyndham's, who, if he had not the gout, would have anſwered your letter you ſent him a year and a half ago. He ſaid this to me a

* Miſs Fenton.

week ſince, but he is now pretty well again, and ſo may forget to write; for which reaſon, I ought to to do him juſtice, and tell you, that I think him a ſincere well-wiſher of yours. I have not ſeen Mr. Pope lately, but have heard, that both he and Mrs. * Pope are very well. I intend to ſee him at Twickenham on Sunday next. I have not drunk out the Gutheridge cyder yet; but I have not ſo much as a ſingle pint of port in my cellar. I have bought two pair of ſheets againſt your coming to town, ſo that we need not ſend any more to Jervais upon that account. I really miſs you every day; and I would be content, that you ſhould have a whole window to yourſelf, and half another, to have you again. I am, dear Sir, yours moſt affectionately.

You have half a year's intereſt due at Ladyday, and now it is March the 20th, 1727-8.

## From Mrs. MARTHA BLOUNT.

SIR, May 7, 1728.

I AM very much pleaſed with your letter, but I ſhould have thought myſelf much more obliged, had you been leſs ſincere, and not told me, I did not owe the favour intirely to your inclinations, but to an information that I had a mind to hear from you: and I miſtruſt you think even that as much as I deſerve. If ſo, you really are not de-

* Mr. Pope's mother.

ſerving

ſerving of my repeated inquiries after you, and my conſtant good wiſhes and concern for your welfare; which merits ſome remembrance without the help of another. I can't ſay I have a great inclination to write to you, for I have no great vanity that way, at leaſt not enough to ſupport me above the fear of writing ill: but I would fain have you know how truly well I wiſh you.

I am ſorry to hear no good account of your health; mine has been, ſince Chriſtmas (at which time I had my fever and raſh) neither well, nor ill enough to be taken notice of: but within theſe three weeks I have been ſick in form, and kept my bed for a week, and my chamber to this day.

This confinement, together with the mourning, has enabled me to be very eaſy in my chair-hire: for a dyed black gown, and a ſcoured white one, have done my buſineſs very well; and they are now juſt fit for Peterſham, where we talk of going in three weeks; and I am not without hopes I ſhall have the ſame ſquire * I had laſt year. I am very unwilling to change; and moreover I begin to fear I have no great proſpect of getting any new danglers; and therefore, in order to make a tolerable figure, I ſhall endeavour to behave myſelf mighty well, that I may keep my old ones.

As a proof that I continue to be well received at court, I will tell you where the royal family deſign to paſs their Summer: two months at Richmond-lodge, the ſame time at Hampton-court, and ſix

* Dr. Swift.

weeks at Windſor. Mrs. Howard is well, and happier than ever you ſaw her; for her whole affair with her huſband is ended to her ſatisfaction.

Dr. Arbuthnot, I am very angry with: he neglects me for thoſe he thinks finer ladies. Mr. Gay's fame continues, but his riches are in a fair way of diminiſhing: he is gone to the Bath: I wiſh you were ordered there, for I believe that would carry Mr. Pope, who is always inclined to do more for his friends than himſelf. He is much out of order, and is told nothing is ſo likely to do him good.

My illneſs has prevented my writing to you ſooner. If I was a favourite at court, I would ſoon convince you that I am very ſincerely your faithful friend and very humble ſervant,

M. B.

## To Lord CARTERET.

MY LORD, May 10, 1728.

I TOLD your excellency, that you were to run on my errands. My lord Burlington has a very fine monument of his anceſtor the earl of Corke, in my cathedral, which your excellency has ſeen. I and the chapter have written to him in a body, to have it repaired, and I in perſon have deſired he would do it. And I deſired likewiſe, that he would ſettle a parcel of land, worth five pounds a year (not an annuity) to keep it always in repair. He ſaid, "He would do any thing to oblige me; but was "afraid that in future times, the five pounds a year "would

" would be misapplied, and secured by the dean " and chapter to their own use." I answered, " That a dean and twenty-four members of so " great a chapter, who, in livings, estates, &c. " had about four thousand pounds a year among " them, would hardly divide four shillings among " them, to cheat his posterity; and that we could " have no view but to consult the honour of his " family." I therefore command your excellency to lay this before him, and the affront he has put upon us, in not answering a letter written to him by the dean and chapter in a body.

The great duke of Schomberg is buried under the altar in my cathedral. My lady Holderness is my old acquaintance; and I writ to her about a small sum, to make a monument for her grandfather. I writ to her myself; and also, there was a letter from the dean and chapter, to desire she would order a monument to be raised for him in my cathedral. It seems Mildmay, now lord Fitzwalter, her husband, is a covetous fellow; or whatever is the matter, we have had no answer. I desire you will tell lord Fitzwalter, " That if he " will not send fifty pounds, to make a monument " for the old duke, I and the chapter will erect a " small one of ourselves for ten pounds; wherein " it shall be expressed, That the posterity of the " duke, naming particularly lady Holderness and " Mr. Mildmay, not having the generosity to erect " a monument, we have done it of ourselves." And if, for an excuse, they pretend they will send for his body, let them know it is mine; and rather

ther than ſend it, I will take up the bones, and make of it a ſkeleton, and put it in my regiſtry-office, to be a memorial of their baſeneſs to all poſterity. This I expect your excellency will tell Mr. Mildmay, or, as you now call him, lord Fitzwalter: and I expect likewiſe, that he will let Sir Conyers D'Arcy know how ill I take his neglect in this matter; although, to do him juſtice, he averred, "That "Mildmay was ſo avaricious a wretch, that he "would let his own father be buried without a "coffin, to ſave charges."

I expect likewiſe, that if you are acquainted with your ſucceſſor, you will let him know how impartial I was in giving you characters of clergymen, without regard to party; and what weight you laid on them: and that having but one clergyman who had any relation to me, I let him paſs unpreferred. And laſtly, That you will let your ſaid ſucceſſor know, that you lament the having done nothing for Mr. Robert Grattan; and give him ſuch a recommendation, that he may have ſomething to mend his fortune.

Theſe are the matters I leave in charge to your excellency: and I deſire that I, who have done with courts, may not be uſed like a courtier; for, as I was a courtier when you were a ſchool-boy, I know all your arts. And ſo God bleſs you, and all your family, my old friends: and remember, I expect you ſhall not dare to be a courtier to me. I am, &c.

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, Bath, May 16, 1728.

I HAVE been at the bath about ten days, and I have played at no game but once, and that at backgammon with Mr. Lewis, who is very much your humble ſervant. Lord and lady Bolingbroke are here; I think ſhe is better: they ſtay, as I gueſs, only about a fortnight longer. They both deſired me to make their compliments; as does Mr. Congreve *, who is in a very ill ſtate of health, but ſomewhat better ſince he came here. I do not know how long I ſhall ſtay here, becauſe I am now, as I have been all my life, at the diſpoſal of others. I drink the waters, and am in hopes to lay in a ſtock of health; ſome of which I wiſh to communicate to you. Dr. Delany told me you had been upon a journey, and I really fancy, taking horſe is as good as taking the waters: I hope you have found benefit by it. The Beggar's Opera is acted here; but our Polly has got no fame, though the actors have got money. I have ſent by Dr. Delany the opera, Polly Peachum and captain Macheath. I would have ſent you my own head (which is now engraving) to make up the gang, but it is not yet finiſhed. I ſuppoſe you muſt have heard, that I had the honour to have had a ſermon preached againſt my works by a court-chaplain †, which I look

* He died 19th January, 1728-9.

† 'Dr. Thomas Herring, then preacher to the ſociety of Lincoln's-Inn, and afterwards archbiſhop of Canterbury. Dr. Swift, in the

look upon as no ſmall addition to my fame. Direct to me here when you write; and the ſooner that is, the ſooner you'll make me happy.

From the Same.

DEAR SIR, Bath, July 6, 1728.

THE laſt news I have heard of you, was from Mr. Lancelot, who was at this place with lord Suſſex, who gave me hopes of ſeeing you the latter end of this ſummer. I wiſh you may keep that reſolution, and take the Bath in your way to town. You, in all probability, will find here ſome, or moſt of thoſe you like to ſee. Dr. Arbuthnot wrote to me to-day from Tunbridge, where he is now for the recovery of his health, having had ſeveral relapſes of a fever: he tells me he is much better, and that in Auguſt he intends to come hither. Mr. Congreve and I often talk of you, and wiſh you health, and every good thing; but often, out of ſelf-intereſt, we wiſh you with us. In five or ſix days, I ſet out upon an excurſion to Herefordſhire, to lady Scudamore's, but ſhall return here the beginning of Auguſt. I wiſh you could meet me at Gutheridge. The Bath did not agree with lady Bolingbroke, and ſhe went from here much worſe than ſhe came. Since ſhe went to Dawley, by her own inclination, without the advice of phyſicians, ſhe has taken to a milk-diet, and writes me an account of prodigious good effects both in the recovery

the Intelligencer, No. III. publiſhed in Ireland, ſpeaks with great aſperity of Dr. Herring, on account of his ſermon againſt the Beggar's Opera.'

of

of her appetite and ſpirits. The weather is extremely hot, the place is very empty. I have an inclination to ſtudy, but the heat makes it impoſſible. The duke of Bolton * I hear has run away with Polly Peachum, having ſettled 400l. a year upon her during pleaſure; and upon diſagreement, 200l. a year. Mr. Pope is in a ſtate of perſecution for the Dunciad: I wiſh to be witneſs of his fortitude, but he writes but ſeldom. It would be a conſolation to me to hear from you. My portrait metzotinto is publiſhed from Mr. Howard's painting; I wiſh to ſend you one, but I fancy I could get a better impreſſion at London. I have ten thouſand things to talk to you, but few to write; yet defer writing to you no longer, knowing you intereſt yourſelf in every thing that concerns me ſo much, that I make you happy, as you will me, if you can tell me you are in good health; which I wiſh to hear every morning as ſoon as I awake. I am, dear Sir, yours moſt affectionately.

## To Dr. SHERIDAN.

† Market-hill, Aug. 2, 1728.

OUR friends here, as well as myſelf, were ſadly diſappointed upon hearing the account of your journey. Nobody in town or country, as we were informed, knew where you were; but I perſuaded our family, that you were certainly in a way of making yourſelf eaſy, and had got that living you

* Who afterwards married Miſs Fenton.

† The ſeat of ſir Arthur Acheſon.

mentioned,

mentioned, and accordingly we were grieved, and rejoiced at the loſs and ſettlement of a friend; but it never entered into our heads, that you were beſtowing forty days in ſeveral ſtages between conſtable and conſtable, without any real benefit to yourſelf, farther than of exerciſe; and we wiſhed that no body ſhould have had the benefit of your long abſence from your ſchool, but yourſelf by a good living, or we by your good company: much leſs that the pleaſure of ſpiting T—— had been your great motive. I heartily wiſh you were ſettled at Hamilton's Bawn, and I would be apt to adviſe you not to quit your thoughts that way, if the matter may be brought to bear; for by a letter I juſt received from the biſhop of Cork, which was ſhort and dry, with the ſtale excuſe of pre-engagements, I doubt you can hope nothing from him.—As to what you call my exerciſe, I have long quitted it; it gave me too much conſtraint, and the world does not deſerve it. We may keep it cold till the middle of winter.

As to my return, there are many ſpeculations. I am well here, and hate removals; my ſcheme was, that you ſhould come hither as you ſay, and I return with you in your chaiſe. Sir Arthur, on hearing your letter, preſſed me to ſtay longer. I am a very buſy man, ſuch as at Quilca, which you will know when you come; yet I would contrive to be preſſed more to ſtay till Chriſtmas, and then you may contrive to be here again, and take me back with you time enough for my own viſitation; and my reaſon of ſtaying is, to be here the planting

and

and pruning time, &c. I hate Dublin, and love the retirement here, and the civility of my hoſts. This is my ſtate and humour upon it, and accordingly you are to manage my ſcheme. However, I would have you keep your vacation of September here; and let Mrs. Brent ſend me a dozen guineas (half of them half-guineas) by you, and a periwig, and a new riding gown and caſſock, and whatever elſe I may want by a longer abſence, provided you will reſolve and ſwear that I ſhall ſtay.

I had all Mrs. Brent's packets by Mr. Little. My ſervice to Mrs. Dingley. I cannot ſay, that I have more to ſay, than to ſay that I am, &c.

## To the Same.

* Sept. 18, 1728.

MY continuance here is owing partly to indolence, and partly to my hatred to Dublin. I am in a middling way, between healthy and ſick, hardly ever without a little giddineſs or deafneſs, and ſometimes both: ſo much for that. As to what you call my leſſon, I told you I would think no more of it, neither do I conceive the world deſerves ſo much trouble from you or me. I think the ſufferings of the country for want of ſilver deſerves a paper †, ſince the remedy is ſo eaſy, and thoſe in power ſo negligent. I had ſome other ſubjects in my thoughts; but truly I am taken up ſo much

* This ſhould alſo be dated from Market-hill.

† In the Intelligencer, the ſixth number of which is on this ſubject.

with

with long lampoons on a perſon, who owns you for a back, that I have no time for any thing elſe; and if I do not produce one every now-and-then of about two hundred lines, I am chid for my idleneſs, and threatened with you. I deſire you will ſtep to the deanry, ſpeak to Mrs. Brent *, bid her open the middle great drawer of Ridgeway's ſcrutore in my cloſet, and then do you take out from thence the hiſtory † in folio, marble cover; and two thin folios fairly writ. I forget the titles, but you have read them; one is an account of the proceedings of lord Oxford's miniſtry, and the other ‡ to the ſame purpoſe. There are foul copies of both in the ſame drawer, but do you take out the fair ones, not in my hand. Let them be packed up, and brought hither by the bearer. My lady is perpetually quarrelling with ſir Arthur and me, and ſhews every creature the libels I have writ againſt her ||.

Mr. Worral ſent me the particulars of the havock made in Naboth's vineyard §.—The d— burſt, &c.

I think lady Dun's burning would be an admirable ſubject to ſhew, how hateful an animal a human creature is, that is known to have never done any good. The rabble all rejoicing, &c. which

* The dean's houſe-keeper.

† Hiſtory of the peace of Utrecht.

‡ The ſtate of affairs in 1714.

|| See Hamilton's Bawn, or the Grand Queſtion Debated.

§ A field not far from the deanry-houſe, which Dr. Swift encloſed at a great expence with a fine ſtone-wall lined with brick, againſt which he planted vines and the beſt choſen fruit-trees, for the benefit of the dean of St. Patrick's for the time being.

they

they would not have done at any misfortune to a man known to be charitable.

I wiſh you could get in with the primate, on the account of ſome diſcourſe about you here to-day with Whaley and Walmſley. Whaley goes to Dublin on Monday next in order for England. I would have you ſee him. I fancy you may do ſome good with the primate as to the firſt good vacant ſchool, if you wheedle him, and talk a little whiggiſhly.

## Mr. POPE to Dr. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

I THANK you kindly for your news of the dean of St. Patrick's, for your Perſius, for every thing in your letter. I will uſe my warmeſt endeavours to ſerve Dr. Whaley. Beſide his own merit, the demerit of his antagoniſt goes into the ſcale, and the dean tells me he is a coadjutant of that fool Smedley. You muſt have ſeen, but you cannot have read, what he has lately publiſhed againſt our friend and me. The only pleaſure a bad writer can give me, he has given, that of being abuſed with my betters and my friends. I am much pleaſed with moſt of the Intelligencers, but I am a little piqued at the author of them for not once doing me the honour of a mention upon ſo honourable an occaſion as being ſlandered by the dunces, together with my friend the dean, who is properly the author of the Dunciad: it had never been writ but at his requeſt, and for his deafneſs: for had he been

able to converſe with me, do you think I had amuſed my time ſo ill? I will not trouble you with amendments to ſo imperfect an edition as is now publiſhed; you will ſoon ſee a better, with a full and true commentary, ſetting all miſtakes right, and branding none but our own cattle. Some very good epigrams on the gentlemen of the Dunciad have been ſent me from Oxford, and others of the London authors: if I had an Amanuenſis (which is a thing neither I nor my common trifles are worth) you ſhould have them with this. If your univerſity or town have produced any on this ſubject, pray ſend them me, or keep them at leaſt together, for another day they may all meet.

I've writ to the dean juſt now by Mr. Elrington, who charges himſelf with this, and have inſerted a hint or two of his libelling the lady of the family; in as innocent a manner as he does it, he will hardly ſuſpect I had any information of it.

Though I am a very ill correſpondent, I ſhall at all times be glad to have the favour of a line from you. My eyeſight is bad, my head often in pain, my time ſtrangely taken up. Were I my own maſter (which, I thank God, I yet am, in all points but one, where humanity only conſtrains me) I would infallibly ſee Ireland before I die. But whether that, or many other of my little, though warm deſigns, will ever take effect,

Caliginoſa nocte premit Deus!

I am (wherever I am) the dean's, and the dean's friends, and conſequently faithfully, Sir,

Your affectionate ſervant,

A. POPE.

To

## To Mr. WORRALL.

Sept. 28, 1728.

I HAD all the letters given me by my ſervant: ſo tell Mrs. Brent * and Dr. Sheridan; and I thank you for the great care you had in the commiſſions I troubled you with. We have a deſign upon Sheridan. He ſent us in print a ballad upon Ballyſpellin, in which he has employed all the rhimes he could find to that word; but we have found fifteen more, and employed them in abuſing his ballad, and Ballyſpellin too. I here ſend you a copy, and deſire you will get it printed privately, and publiſhed. I am ever yours, *&c.*

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, London, Dec. 2, 1723.

I THINK this is my fourth letter; I am ſure it is the third, without any anſwer. If I had any aſſurance of your health, I ſhould have been more eaſy. I ſhould have writ to you upon this ſubject above a month ago, had it not been for a report, that you were upon the road in your way to England: which I fear now was without foundation. Lord and lady Bolingbroke are in town: ſhe has been lately very ill, but is now ſomewhat better. I have had a very ſevere attack of a fever, which, by the care of our friend Dr. Arbuthnot, has, I hope, almoſt left me. I have been confined about ten days,

* His Houſekeeper.

but never to my bed, ſo that I hope ſoon to get abroad about my buſineſs; that is, the care of the ſecond part of the Beggar's Opera, which was almoſt ready for rehearſal; but Rich received the duke of Grafton's commands (upon an information, that he was rehearſing a play improper to be repreſented) not to rehearſe any new play whatever, till his grace has ſeen it. What will become of it I know not; but I am ſure I have written nothing, that can be legally ſuppreſſed, unleſs the ſetting vices in general in an odious light, and virtue in an amiable one, may give offence. I paſſed five or ſix months this year at the Bath with the ducheſs of Marlborough; and then, in the view of taking care of myſelf, writ this piece. If it goes on, in caſe of ſucceſs, I have taken care to make better bargains for myſelf: I tell you this, becauſe I know you are ſo good as to intereſt yourſelf ſo warmly in my affairs, that it is what you would want to know. I ſaw Mr. Pope on Friday, who, as to his health, is juſt as you left him. Dr. Arbuthnot particularly deſires his compliments; and Mrs. Howard often aſks after you. Prince Frederick is expected over this week. I hope to go abroad in two or three days. I wiſh I could meet you either abroad, or at home.

## To Mr. WORRALL.

Market-Hill, Jan. 4, 1728.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy; but however, I would certainly

tainly come to town, not only for my viſitation, but becauſe in theſe circumſtances, and in winter, I would rather be at home. But it is now Saturday night, and that beaſt Sheridan is not yet come, although it has been thawing ſince Monday. If I do not come, you know what to do.

My humble ſervice to our friends, as uſual.

## To the Same.

Market-Hill, Jan. 13, 1728-9.

I JUST received your letter, and ſhould never have done, if I returned you thanks ſo often as I ought for your care and kindneſs; both my diſorders ſtill continue; however, I deſire that Mrs. Brent may make things ready, for my raggedneſs will ſoon force me away. I have been now ill about a month, but the family are ſo kind as to ſpeak loud enough for me to hear them; and my deafneſs is not ſo extreme as you have known when I have fretted at your mannerly voice, and was only relieved by Mrs. Worral.

I ſend you incloſed the fruit of my illneſs, to make an Intelligencer; I deſire you will incloſe it in a letter to Mrs. Harding, and let your letter be in an unknown hand, and deſire her to ſhew it to the author of the Intelligencer, and to print it if he thinks fit. There is a letter, you will find, that is to be prefixed before the verſes, which letter is grounded on a report, and if that report be falſe, the former part of the letter will be unſeaſonable, but

the latter will not: and therefore the Intelligencer muſt be deſired to alter it accordingly.

It ſhould be ſent ſoon, to come time enough for the next Intelligencer.

Pray, in your letter to Mrs. Harding, deſire her to make her people be more correct, and that the Intelligencer himſelf may look over it, for that every body who reads thoſe papers, are very much offended with the continual nonſenſe made by her printers.

I am yours,

J. SWIFT.

## To the Same.

Market-Hill, Jan. 18, 1728-9.

I HAVE yours of the 14th inſtant, but you had not then received my laſt, in which was incloſed a paper for the Intelligencer, which I hope you have diſpoſed of as deſired. My diſorder ſtill continues the ſame for this fortnight paſt, and am neither better nor worſe. However, I reſolve to return on the firſt mending of the weather; theſe three laſt days there being as violent a ſtorm as I have known, which ſtill continues. We have been told my lord Mountcaſhell is dead at Drogheda, but believe it to be a lie. However, he is ſo tender, and affects ſo much vigour and fatigue, that we have been in pain about him.

I had a letter two days ago, which coſt me ſix ſhillings and four-pence; it conſiſted of the probate of a will in Leiceſterſhire, and of two incloſed letters,

letters, and was beyond the weight of letters franked. When I went a lad to my mother, after the revolution, ſhe brought me acquainted with a family where there was a daughter with whom I was acquainted. My prudent mother was afraid I ſhould be in love with her; but when I went to London, ſhe married an inn-keeper in Loughborow, in that county, by whom ſhe had ſeveral children. The old mother died, and left all that ſhe had to her daughter aforeſaid, ſeparate from her huſband. This woman (my miſtreſs with a pox) left ſeveral children, who are all dead but one daughter, Anne by name This Anne, for it muſt be ſhe, about ſeven years ago writ to me from London, to tell me ſhe was daughter of Betty Jones, for that was my miſtreſs's name, till ſhe was married to one Perkins, inn-keeper, at the George in Loughborow, as I ſaid before. The ſubject of the girl's letter was, that a young lady of good fortune was courted by an Iriſhman, who pretended to be barrack-maſter-general of Ireland, and deſired me, as an old acquaintance of her mother Betty Jones alias Perkins, to enquire about this Iriſhman. I anſwered, that I knew him not, but ſuppoſed he was a cheat; I heard no more. But now comes a letter to me from this Betty Jones alias Perkins, to let me know, that her daughter Anne Giles, married an Iriſhman, one Giles, and was now come over to Ireland to pick up ſome debts due to her huſband, which ſhe could not get; that the young widow (for her huſband Giles is dead) has a mind to ſettle in Ireland, and to deſire I would lend her

daughter Giles three guineas, which her mother will pay me when I draw upon her in England, and Mrs. Giles writes me a letter to that purpoſe. She intends to take a ſhop, and will borrow the money from Mrs. Brent, (whoſe name ſhe has learned) and pay me as others do. I was at firſt determined to deſire you would, from me, make her a preſent of five pounds, on account of her mother and grandmother, whom my mother uſed to call couſin. She has ſent me an atteſted copy of her mother's will, which, as I told you, coſt me ſix ſhillings and four-pence. But I am in much doubt; for by her mother's letters, ſhe is her heireſs, and the grandmother left Betty Jones, alias Perkins, the mother of this woman in Dublin, all ſhe had, as a ſeparate maintenance from her huſband (who proved a rogue) to the value of five hundred pounds. Now, I cannot conceive why ſhe would let her only daughter and heireſs come to Ireland, without giving her money to bear her charges here, and put her in ſome way. The woman's name is Anne Giles, ſhe lodges at one Mrs. Wilmot's, the firſt houſe in Moleſworth-court, on the right hand, in Fiſhamble-ſtreet. I have told you this long ſtory, to deſire you will ſend for the woman, this Anne Giles, and examine her ſtrictly, to find if ſhe be the real daughter of Elizabeth Jones, alias Perkins, or not; and how her mother, who is ſo well able, came to ſend her in ſo miſerable a condition to Ireland. The errand is ſo romantic, that I know not what to ſay to it. I would be ready to ſacrifice five pounds, on old acquaintance, to help the woman;

man; I ſuſpect her mother's letters to be counterfeit, for I remember ſhe ſpells like a kitchen-maid. And ſo I end this worthy buſineſs.

My bookſeller, Mr. Motte, by my recommendation, dealt with Mr. Hyde; there are ſome accounts between them, and Hyde is in his debt. He has deſired me to ſpeak to Mr. Hyde's executors to ſtate the account, that Mr. Motte may be in a way to recover the balance. I wiſh you would ſtep to Mr. Hyde's houſe, and enquire how that matter ſtands, and how Mr. Motte is to be paid. I ſuppoſe Mr. Hyde died in good circumſtances, and that there will be no danger of his creditors ſuffering by his death.

I incloſe a letter to Mr. Motte, which you will be ſo kind to ſend to the poſt-office.

I deſire, likewiſe, that you will make Mrs. Brent buy a bottle of uſquebaugh, and leave it with the woman who keeps Sir Arthur Acheſon's houſe in Capel-ſtreet, and deſire her to deliver it to captain Creichton, who lodges at the Pyed Horſe, in Capel-ſtreet, and is to bring down other things to my lady Acheſon.

My moſt humble ſervice to Mrs. Worrall, Mrs. Dingley, and love to Mrs. Brent.

I wiſh you all a happy new year.

From

From FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN, Esq;

SIR, March 10, 1728-9.

YOUR time is precious, your curiosity not very small, my esteem of you very great; therefore come not within the walls of the four courts in hopes of hearing a matrimonial decree in this reign; for on Monday, (*viz.*) that is to say, the 10th of this instant March, 1728, his excellency Thomas Wyndham, Esq; lord high-chancellor of Ireland, pronounced, after your back was turned, and not with the assistance of the two chiefs, his decree in the case of Stewart v. Stewart, on A. Powel to this effect: He said there was a full consent till such time as the draught of the settlement was sent down to Mrs. Stewart, to be considered by her and her friends; and after she had considered it, she shall not be at liberty to make any objections; for all restrictions of marriage are odious in the civil law, and not favoured by the common law, especially after the age of one and twenty; therefore marry they may, and let Mr. Nutley * be a lawyer for Mrs. Rebecca Stewart, the plaintiff, to take care of the settlement for her advantage, and let Powel choose another lawyer for himself; though by the bye, Mr. Nutley would serve for both; and it is not necessary to inquire what Powel makes by his practice, although he assured the mother it amounted to one thousand four hundred pounds *per annum*.

* Mr. Nutley had been a judge in queen Anne's time.

Ovid,

Ovid, 'tis true, ſucceſsfully imparts
The rules to ſteal deluded virgins hearts;
But oh! ye fair ones, pious Nutley's ſkill
Inſtructs you to elude, by magick bill,
The laws of God, and gratify your will.

You will, I hope, excuſe this liberty in one, who, to reſent the indignity offered to you by Ram's coachman*, made him drunk ſoon after at Gory; which ſo incenſed the aforeſaid Ram, that he diſcharged him his ſervice, and he is now ſo reduced, that he has no other way of getting his bread but by crying in this city, "Ha, you any dirt to carry "out?" I am, Sir, your ſincere friend and humble ſervant,

FRANCIS GEOGEGHAN.

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, March 18, 1728-9.

I HAVE writ to you ſeveral times; and having heard nothing from you, makes me fear my letters are miſcarried. Mr. Pope's letter has taken off my concern in ſome degree; but I hope good weather will entirely re-eſtabliſh you in your health. I am but juſt recovered from the ſevereſt fit of ſickneſs, that ever any body had, who eſcaped death. I was ſeveral times given up by the phyſicians, and every body that attended me; and upon my recovery, was judged to be in ſo ill a condition, that I ſhould be miſerable for the remainder of my life;

* Vid. Intelligencer, No. 2.

but,

but, contrary to all expectation, I am perfectly recovered, and have no remainder of the diſtempers that attacked me, which were, at the ſame time, fever, aſthma, and pleuriſy. I am now in the duke of Queenſberry's houſe, and have been ſo ever ſince I left Hampſtead; where I was carried at a time, that it was thought I could not live a day. Since my coming to town, I have been very little abroad, the weather has been ſo ſevere.

I muſt acquaint you, (becauſe I know it will pleaſe you) that during my ſickneſs I had many of the kindeſt proofs of friendſhip, particularly from the duke and ducheſs of Queenſberry; who, if I had been their neareſt relation, and neareſt friend, could not have treated me with more conſtant attendance then; and they continue the ſame to me now.

You muſt undoubtedly have heard, that the ducheſs took up my defence with the king and queen, in the cauſe of my play, and that ſhe has been forbid the court for intereſting herſelf to increaſe my fortune, by the publication of it, without being acted. The duke too has given up his employments (which he would have done, if the ducheſs had not met with this treatment) upon account of ill uſage from the miniſters; but this haſtened him in what he had determined. The play is now almoſt printed, with the muſic, words, and baſes, engraved on thirty-one copper-plates, which, by my friends aſſiſtance, has a probability to turn greatly to my advantage. The ducheſs of Marlborough has given me a hundred pounds for one copy;

copy; and others have contributed very handſomely; but, as my account is not yet ſettled, I cannot tell you particulars.

For writing in the cauſe of virtue, and againſt the faſhionable vices, I am looked upon at preſent as the moſt obnoxious perſon almoſt in England. Mr. Pulteney tells me, I have got the ſtart of him. Mr. Pope tells me, that I am dead, and that this obnoxiouſneſs is the reward for my inoffenſiveneſs in my former life. I wiſh I had a book ready to ſend you: but, I believe I ſhall not be able to complete the work till the latter end of next week. Your money is ſtill in lord Bathurſt's hands; but, I believe, I ſhall receive it ſoon: I wiſh to receive your orders how to diſpoſe of it. I am impatient to finiſh my work, for I want the country air; not that I am ill, but to recover my ſtrength; and I cannot leave the work till it is finiſhed. While I am writing this, I am in the room next to our dining-room, with ſheets all round it, and two people from the binder folding ſheets. I print the book at my own expence, in quarto, which is to be ſold for ſix ſhillings, with the muſic. You ſee I do not want induſtry; and I hope you will allow, that I have not the worſt œconomy. Mrs. Howard has declared herſelf ſtrongly, both to the king and queen, as my advocate. The ducheſs of Queenſberry is allowed to have ſhewn more ſpirit, more honour, and more goodneſs, than was thought poſſible in our times; I ſhould have added too, more underſtanding and good ſenſe. You ſee my fortune (as I hope my virtue will) increaſes by oppreſſion.

preſſion. I go to no courts; I drink no wine; and am calumniated, even by miniſters of ſtate, and yet am in good ſpirits. Moſt of the courtiers, though otherwiſe my friends, refuſed to contribute to my undertaking. But the city and the people of England take my part very warmly; and, I am told, the beſt of the citizens will give me proofs of it by their contributions.

I could talk to you a great deal more, but I am afraid I ſhall write too much for you, and for myſelf. I have not writ ſo much together ſince my ſickneſs. I cannot omit telling you, that Dr. Arbuthnot's attendance and care of me ſhewed him the beſt of friends. Dr. Hollings, though intirely a ſtranger to me, was joined with him, and uſed me in the kindeſt and moſt handſome manner. Mr. and Mrs. Pulteney were greatly concerned for me, viſited me, and ſhewed me the ſtrongeſt proofs of friendſhip. When I ſee you I will tell you of others, as of Mr. Pope, Mrs. Blount, Mr. and Mrs. Rollinſon, lord and lady Bolingbroke, *&c.* I think they are all your friends and wellwiſhers. I hope you will love them the better upon my account; but do not forget Mr. Lewis, nor lord Bathurſt, Sir William Wyndham, and lord Gower, and lord Oxford, among the number.

## From —— FLOWER, Eſq; *

SIR, Aſhbrook, March 18, 1728-9.

AS I have been honoured with ſome of your letters, and as you are my old acquaintance, though to my ſorrow not intimately ſo, I truſt you will pardon this preſumption. Perhaps you may be at a loſs to gueſs what title I have to an old acquaintance with you; but as ſeveral little accidents make indelible impreſſions upon the minds of ſchool-boys, near thirty years ago, when I was one, I remember I was committed to your care from Sheene to London: we took water at Morelake, the commander of the little ſkiff was very drunk and inſolent, put us aſhore at Hammerſmith, yet inſiſted, with very abuſive language, on his fare, which you courageouſly refuſed; the mob gathered; I expected to ſee your gown ſtript off, and for want of a blanket to take a flight with you in it, but

Tum pietate gravem ac meritis ſi forte virum quem
Conſpexere, ſilent, arrectiſque auribus aſtant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.
Virg. Æn. I. 155.

By your powerful eloquence you ſaved your bacon and money, and we happily proceeded on our journey. But it is not an inclination purely to tell you this old ſtory, which perſuades me to write.

* Afterwards lord Caſtledurrow.

A friend

A friend from Dublin lately obliged me with a very entertaining paper, entitled, "The Intelligencer," it is number 20, a poſthumous work of Neſtor Ironſide; a correſpondent mentioning theſe papers in a letter, raiſed my curioſity, with the ſpecimen I had of them, to read the reſt. For my part, I have buried myſelf in the country, and know little of the world, but what I learn from news-papers; you, who live ſo much in it, and from other more convincing proofs, I am ſatisfied are acquainted with the Intelligencer. I wiſh his zeal could promote the welfare of his poor country, but I fear his labour is in vain.

The miſeries of the North, as repreſented, demand the utmoſt compaſſion, and muſt ſoften the malice of the moſt bitter enemy. I hope they, whoſe intereſt it is, if they rightly conſidered it, to relieve thoſe miſerable wretches, will redreſs ſo public a calamity; to which, if, as I have heard, ſome of the clergy, by exacting of tithes, have contributed, they deſerve as great cenſure, as a certain dean, who lends ſeveral ſums without intereſt to his poor pariſhioners, has gained credit and honour by his charitable beneficence. Bad men, to be ſure, have crept in, and are of that ſacred and learned order; the blackeſt of crimes, forgery, treaſon and blaſphemy recently prove this: ſuch ſhould be ſpewed out of it with utmoſt contempt, and puniſhed according to their demerit with ſevere juſtice. If this allegation be true, I hope to ſee them cenſured by the Intelligencer, and recommend to him the words of Jeremiah to ex-

patiate upon, chap. x. ver. 21. chap. xii. ver. 10, 11. I imagine the poor widow, his printer *, is in danger of puniſhment; ſhe ſuffered very cruelly for the Drapier's Works; I hope ſeveral contributed to eaſe her misfortunes on that occaſion; I confeſs I am ſorry I did not, but if you will give her a piece of gold, not in my name I beg, being unwilling to vaunt of charity, but as from a friend of yours, I ſhall by the firſt ſafe hand ſend one; in return I expect the Drapier's Works entire.

I am ſorry, that for the benefit of the ladies, the author has not given us the Engliſh of

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura Virgo.

Not having Creech's Horace, a gentleman prevailed on me to attempt tranſlating it in a couple of diſtichs; the ſcience, which the compound Engliſh and Greek word ſignifies, little concerns a widower; but I ſhould be glad to ſee it improved by good proficients in the Ionick jigg. I own, in my little reading, I never met with this word, which puts me in mind of a paſſage on the Thames. My younger uncle, the grave Mr. Flower, his wife and mine, and parſon Dingle, one day made the tour of the city: we ſaw Bedlam, the lions, and what not; and finiſhed with a view of that noble engine under London Bridge: then we took water for Whitehall; rowed very ſilently to oppoſite the glaſs-houſe, where a dyer, his boat at anchor, was angling; poor Jack unfortunately aſked, addreſſing

* Mrs. Harding.

himſelf to our waterman, What that man was fiſhing for? The wag anſwered very briſk, For ——, Maſter, will you buy any? You are a man of too much humour not to be pleaſed with the reply. I never can think of it without a laugh; and am ſure need not deſcribe the ſcene to you. He is ſince called in our family by the name of Jack Fiſher.

## From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

London, March 19, 1728-9.

THIS is the ſecond or third time, dear Sir, that I have writ to you without hearing a word of you, or from you; only, in general, that you are very much out of order; ſometimes of your two old complaints, the vertigo and deafneſs, which I am very ſorry for. The gentleman, who carries this, has come better off than I did imagine: I uſed my little intereſt as far as it would go, in his affair. He will be able to give you ſome account of your friends, many of whom have been in great diſtreſs this winter for John Gay. I may ſay, without vanity, his life, under God, is due to the unwearied endeavours and care of your humble ſervant: for a phyſician, who had not been paſſionately his friend, could not have ſaved him. I had beſide my perſonal concern for him, other motives of my care. He is now become a public perſon, a little Sacheverell; and I took the ſame pleaſure in ſaving him, as Radcliffe did in preſerving my lord chief juſtice Holt's wife, whom he attended out of ſpite to the huſband, who wiſhed her dead.

The

The inoffenſive John Gay is now become one of the obſtructions to the peace of Europe, the terror of the miniſters, the chief author of the Craftſman, and all the ſeditious pamphlets, which have been publiſhed againſt the government. He has got ſeveral turned out of their places; the greateſt ornament of the court baniſhed from it for his ſake; another great lady in danger of being chaſſé likewiſe; about ſeven or eight ducheſſes puſhing forward, like the ancient circumcelliones in the church, who ſhall ſuffer martyrdom upon his account firſt. He is the darling of the city. If he ſhould travel about the country, he would have hecatombs of roaſted oxen ſacrificed to him, ſince he became ſo conſpicuous. Will. Pulteney hangs his head, to ſee himſelf ſo much outdone in the career of glory. I hope he will get a good deal of money by printing his play; but, I really believe, he would get more by ſhewing his perſon: and I can aſſure you, this is the very identical John Gay, whom you formerly knew, and lodged with in Whitehall two years ago. I have been diverting myſelf with making an extract out of a hiſtory, which will be printed in the year 1948. I wiſh I had your aſſiſtance to go through with it; for I can aſſure you, it riſes to a very ſolemn piece of burleſque.

As to the condition of your little club, it is not quite ſo deſperate as you might imagine; for Mr. Pope is as high in favour, as I am afraid the reſt are out of it. The king, upon the peruſal of the laſt edition of his Dunciad, declared he was a very honeſt man. I did not know till this moment, that

I had ſo good an opportunity to ſend you a letter; and now I know it, am called away, and am obliged to end with my beſt wiſhes and reſpects, being moſt ſincerely yours, *&c.*

## From Lady JOHNSON*,

[March 30, 1729.]

To The Rev^d. The Dean of St. PaTricks.

HOND SR

I AM a Huckſter and Lives in Strand Street & has Dealings with Several familys, a ſaterday Night a Caſe of Inſtruments † was ſent me in pawn by a Certain perſon in Marys Street, for two Rowls a print of Butter four Herrings and three Nagins of ſtrong Watters, My foſter brother who ply's about that End of the town tells Me, he wanſt ſaw it in your hand, fearing Hawkins's ‡ whip I ſend it to you, and will take an Other Courſe to gett My Money, ſo I Remain your Hon^rs

Humble Sarv^t to Command

y^e 30 MARTHA SHARP.

* Thus indorſed by Dr. Swift; "The beſt letter I ever read."

† It is not unlikely this was a preſent of a caſe of inſtruments from lady Johnſon to the Doctor.

‡ Hawkins was keeper of Newgate.

From

## From Chevalier RAMSAY.

SIR, London, April 10, 1729.

ONE of the greateſt pleaſures I propoſed to myſelf in a journey to England, was that of ſeeing you at London; and it is a very ſenſible mortification to me to find myſelf diſappointed in ſo agreeable an expectation. It is now many years ſince I had the higheſt eſteem of your genius and writings; and when I was very young, I found, in ſome of them, certain ideas, that prepared me for reliſhing thoſe principles of univerſal religion, which I have ſince endeavoured to unfold in Cyrus. I could not let our common friend Mr. * Leſley go back to Ireland, without ſeizing the opportunity of acknowledging the obliging zeal you have ſhewn to make my work eſteemed. Such marks of friendſhip do me a great deal of honour, as well as pleaſure, and I hope I have a thorough ſenſe of them. As I have much enlarged my book, I am going to publiſh a new edition by ſubſcription. I have given a hundred copies of the propoſals to our friend, and flatter myſelf, that I may count upon the continuation of your friendſhip. I am, with great reſpect, Sir, your moſt obliged and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

A. RAMSAY.

* Son of the reverend Mr. Charles Leſley, the famous non-juror.

## From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, London, May 8, 1729.

I HAVE writ three times to Mr. Dean of St. Patrick's, without receiving ſo much as an acknowledgment of the receipt of my letters. At the ſame time, I hear of other letters, which his acquaintances receive from him. I believe I ſhould hardly have brought myſelf to have written this, were it not to ſerve you, and a friend at the ſame time.

I recommended one Mr. Maſon, ſon of Maſon, gentleman of the queen's chapel, a bary-tone voice, for the vacancy of a ſinger in your cathedral. This letter was writ from Bath laſt September. The ſame Maſon informs me, that there is another vacancy: therefore I renew my requeſt. I believe you will hardly get a better: he has a pleaſant mellow voice, and has ſung ſeveral times in the king's chapel this winter, to the ſatisfaction of the audience. I beg at leaſt your anſwer to this. Your friends in town, ſuch as I know, are well. Mr. Pope is happy again, in having his mother recovered. Mr. Gay is gone to Scotland with the duke of Queenſberry. He has about twenty lawſuits with bookſellers for pirating his book. The king goes ſoon to Hanover. Theſe are all the news I know. I hope you don't imagine I am ſo little concerned about your health, as not to deſire

to

to be informed of the ſtate of it from yourſelf. I have been tolerably well this winter, I thank God. My brother Robin is here, and longs, as well as I, to know how you do. This with my beſt wiſhes and reſpects, from, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

## From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, London, June 9. 1729.

THIS is given you by Mr. Maſon, whom I believe you will find anſwering the character I gave of him, which really was not partial; for I am not ſo much as acquainted with his father or himſelf. I explained every thing to him according to the tenor of the letter which I received from you ſome time ago, and for which I moſt heartily thank you. Let him now ſpeak for himſelf. I have been enquiring about a counter-tenor; but, have, as yet, no intelligence of any.

I am really ſenſibly touched with the account you give of Ireland. It is not quite ſo bad here, but really bad enough: at the ſame time, we are told, that we are in great plenty and happineſs.

Your friends, whom you mention in yours, are well. Mr. Gay is returned from Scotland, and has recovered his ſtrength by his journey. Mr. Pope is well; he had got an injunction in chancery againſt the printers, who had pirated his Dunciad:

it was diſſolved again, becauſe the printer could not prove any property, nor did the author appear. That is not Mr. Gay's caſe; for he has owned his book. Mr. Pulteney gives you his ſervice. They are all better than myſelf; for I am now ſo bad of a conſtant convulſion in my heart, that I am likely to expire ſometimes. We have no news, that I know of. I am apt to believe, that in a little time, this matter of the proviſional treaty will be on or off. The young man waits for my letter. I ſhall trouble you no more at preſent, but remain with my beſt wiſhes, and moſt ſincere affection, dear Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

## From Lady CATHARINE JONES*.

SIR, Chelſea, June 11, 1729.

I RECEIVED the favour of your letter the 22d of May, and own my obligation to Mr. Dean for the information of the decay of my grandfather's † monument in the cathedral church of St. Patrick.

Mr. French, the preſent receiver of my father's eſtate, will be, ſome time next month, in that kingdom, whom I have ordered to wait upon you for your direction in that affair; in which, when he has informed me of the expence, I ſhall imme-

* Daughter of Richard earl of Ranelagh.

† A monument erected to the memory of archbiſhop Jones, and his ſon, lord viſcount Ranelagh. It was then in a ruinous condition; but repaired by the order of this lady.

diately

diately give directions to have it done, agreeably to the deſire of the dean and chapter, as well as the duty done to the memory of my grandfather, without adding farther trouble to Mr. Dean, from his moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

CATHARINE JONES.

## From Lord BOLINGBKOKE.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Aug. 30, 1729, N. S.

I TOOK a letter of yours from Pope, and brought it to this place, that I might anſwer at leaſt a part of it. I begin to-day: when I ſhall finiſh I know not; perhaps when I get back to my farm. The waters I have been perſuaded to drink, and thoſe which my friends drink, keep me fuddled or employed all the morning. The afternoons are ſpent in airings or viſits, and we go to bed with the chicken.

Bruſſels, Sept. 27, N. S.

I HAVE brought your French * acquaintance thus far on her way into her own country, and conſiderably better in health than ſhe was when ſhe went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that ſhe will recover ſuch a degree of health as may render old age ſupportable. Both of us have cloſed the tenth luſtre, and it is high time to determine how we ſhall play the laſt act of the farce. Might not my life be entitled much more properly a what d'ye-call-it than a farce? Some comedy, a great

* Lady Bolingbroke.

deal

deal of tragedy, and the whole interſperſed with ſcenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the prototype of your hero Oxford. I uſed to think ſometimes formerly of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate ſorrow, to daſh the joys of youth, and to be all my life a dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and ſhall find it more as I proceed on my journey; little regret when I look backwards, little apprehenſion when I look forwards. You complain grievouſly of your ſituation in Ireland. I could complain of mine too in England: but I will not, nay, I ought not; for I find, by long experience, that I can be unfortunate, without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the figure of living, and the pleaſure of giving, though your old prating friend Montagne does ſomething like it in one of his rhapſodies: to tell you my reaſons, would be to write an eſſay, and I ſhall hardly have time to write a letter; but, if you will come over and live with Pope and me, I will ſhew you in an inſtant why thoſe two things ſhould not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneaſy. You know that I am too expenſive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of deſcending, without anxiety, two or three ſtages more. In ſhort, Mr. Dean, if you will come to a certain farm in Middleſex *, you ſhall find that I can live frugally

* Dawley, near Hounſlow-heath.

without

without growling at the world, or being peeviſh with thoſe whom fortune hath appointed to eat my bread, inſtead of appointing me to eat theirs; and yet I have naturally as little diſpoſition to frugality as any man alive. You ſay you are no philoſopher, and I think you are in the right to diſlike a word which is ſo often abuſed; but I am ſure you like to follow reaſon, not cuſtom (which is ſometimes the reaſon, and oftener the caprice of others, of the mob of the world). Now, to be ſure of doing this, you muſt wear your philoſophical ſpectacles as conſtantly as the Spaniards uſed to wear theirs. You muſt make them part of your dreſs, and ſooner part with your broad-brimmed beaver, your gown, ſcarf, or even that emblematical veſtment your ſurplice. Through this medium you will ſee few things to be vexed at, few perſons to be angry at.

Oſtend, Oct. 5.

AND yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wiſh altered, and perſons whom we ought to wiſh hanged. Since I am likely to wait here for a wind, I ſhall have leiſure to talk with you more than you will like perhaps. If that ſhould be ſo, you will never tell it me groſsly; and my vanity will ſecure me againſt taking a hint.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for fame becomes a man more towards his *exit*, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confeſs, that the longer you live, the more you grow in-

different about it. Your ſentiment is true and natural; your reaſoning, I am afraid, is not ſo upon this occaſion. Prudence will make us deſire fame, becauſe it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wiſe man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of ſociety. You poets and orators have inverted this order; you propoſe fame as the end; and good, or at leaſt great actions as the means. You go farther: you teach our ſelf-love to anticipate the applauſe which we ſuppoſe will be paid by poſterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads beſide your own: I am afraid this may have done ſome harm in the world.

Calais, Oct. 9.

I GO on from this place, whither I am come in hopes of getting to ſea, which I could not do from the port of Oſtend.

Fame is an object which men purſue ſucceſsfully by various and even contrary courſes. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as eſſential, and on the means as indifferent; ſo that Fabricius and Craſſus, Cato and Cæſar, preſſed forward to the ſame goal. After all, perhaps, it may appear, from a conſideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this paſſion, or this direction of ſelf-love, into your aid. Tacitus has crowded this excuſe for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ contemni virtutes.*

*virtutes* *. But now, whether we conſider fame as a uſeful inſtrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we conſider it as the cauſe of that pleaſure which our ſelf-love is ſo fond of, methinks our entrance into life, or, to ſpeak more properly, our youth, not our old age, is the ſeaſon when we ought to deſire it moſt, and therefore when it is moſt becoming to deſire it with ardour. If it is uſeful it is to be deſired moſt when we have, or may hope to have, a long ſcene of action open before us, towards our *exit*, this ſcene of action is, or ſhould be, cloſed; and then methinks it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing, which we have no longer occaſion for. If it is pleaſant, the ſooner we are in poſſeſſion of fame, the longer we ſhall enjoy this pleaſure; when it is acquired early in life, it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the ſenſation of pleaſure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having taſted it ſooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5. O. S.

I am here; I have ſeen Pope, and one of my firſt enquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am ſorry to hear: you are building, it ſeems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpoſe, in ſome county of Ireland †. Though I have built in a part of the world ‡ which I prefer very

* From ſlighting the opinion of the world, we proceed to a diſregard of virtue.

† In the county of Armagh, the celebrated ſpot called Drapier's Hill.

‡ Dawley, in the county of Middleſex.

little

little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill-fortune and yours, yet I am ſorry you do the ſame thing. I have repented a thouſand times of my reſolution; and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Pope tells me he has a letter of yours, which I have not ſeen yet. I ſhall have that ſatisfaction ſhortly, and ſhall be tempted to ſcribble to you again, which is another good reaſon for making this epiſtle no longer than it is already. Adieu, therefore, my old and worthy friend. May the phyſical evils of life fall as eaſily upon you as ever they did on any man who lived to be old! and may the moral evils which ſurround us make as little impreſſion on you, as they ought to make on one who has ſuch ſuperior ſenſe to eſtimate things by, and ſo much virtue to wrap himſelf up in!

My wife deſires not to be forgotten by you; ſhe is faithfully your ſervant, and zealouſly your admirer. She will be concerned, and diſappointed, not to find you in this iſland at her return; which hope both ſhe and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

## To Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31, 1729.

I RECEIVED your lordſhip's travelling letter of ſeveral dates, at ſeveral ſtages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in ſo many places. As to your

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ten luſtres, I remember, when I complained in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jeſt, and anſwered me out of Terence, *iſta commemoratio eſt quaſi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to anſwer for, all monaſtically paſſed in this country of liberty and delight, and money, and good company! I go on anſwering your letter; it is you were my hero, but the other * never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of your miniſtry, from my accuſations. But I granted he had the greateſt inequalities of any man alive, and his whole ſcene was fifty times more a what d'ye-call-it, than yours: for, I declare, yours was *unie*, and I wiſh you would ſo order it, that the world may be as wiſe as I upon that article. Mr. Pope wiſhes it too, and I believe there is not a more honeſt man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not.——I was † forty-ſeven years old when I began to think of death, and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to ſleep. I writ to Mr. Pope and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undiſtinguiſhed in its time, is many degrees inferior to your's; all my pretenſions from perſon and parts infinitely ſo; I a younger ſon of younger ſons; you born to a great fortune: yet I ſee you with all your advantages, ſunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: But yet I ſee you as much

* Lord Oxford.

† The year of queen Anne's death.

eſteemed,

eſteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almoſt impoſſible) than ever you were in your higheſt exaltation—only I grieve like an alderman that you are not ſo rich. And yet, my lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witneſſes (if you will take Iriſh witneſſes) to prove it. I renounce your whole philoſophy, becauſe it is not your practice. By the figure of living, (if I uſed that expreſſion to Mr. Pope) I do not mean the parade, but the ſuitableneſs to your mind; and as for the pleaſure of giving, I know your ſoul ſuffers when you are debarred of it. Could you, when your own generoſity and contempt of outward things (be not offended, it is no eccleſiaſtical but an Epictetian phraſe) could you, when theſe have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the deanry? I could almoſt wiſh the experiment were tried—No, God forbid, that ever ſuch a ſcoundrel as Want ſhould dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag, retrenchments are not your talent. But as old Weymouth ſaid to me in his lordly latin, *Philoſopha verba, ignava opera;* I wiſh you could learn arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philoſophical ſpectacles which you adviſe me to, will tell me that I can live on 50*l.* a-year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to) but I cannot endure that *otium* ſhould be *ſine dignitate.*—My lord, what I would have ſaid of fame, is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; becauſe I

cannot

cannot be a great lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *ſubſidium*, I would endeavour that my betters ſhould ſeek me by the merit of ſomething diſtinguiſhable, inſtead of my ſeeking them. The deſire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the ſpirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the houſe is ſo full, that there is no room for above one or two at moſt in an age, through the whole world. My lord, I hate and love to write to you, it gives me pleaſure, and kills me with melancholy. The d— take ſtupidity, that it will not come to ſupply the want of philoſophy.

## To Lord ARRAN.

MY LORD, 1729.

I AM earneſtly deſired by ſome worthy friends of mine, to write to your lordſhip in favour of the bearer, Mr. Moore, miniſter of Clonmel, who will have the honour to preſent this letter to your lordſhip. Thoſe rectorial tythes of Clonmel were granted to the church by letters patents from king Charles the ſecond, with the perfect knowledge and full approbation of your great anceſtor, the firſt duke of Ormond, then lord lieutenant of Ireland. Notwithſtanding which, ſome of the former agents to your lordſhip's family have greatly diſtreſſed the incumbent miniſters of Clonmel, which is generally believed to be without the knowledge of his preſent grace the duke your brother, whom God long pre-

ſerve. But your lordſhip's preſent agent being extremely vigilant of all your lordſhip's intereſts, has lately renewed the claim of the Ormond family to thoſe tythes, and was at the laſt aſſizes, after a long hearing of ſix hours, nonſuited. The living of Clonmel is one of the largeſt, and yet pooreſt pariſhes, in this kingdom; being upon the whole (including the valuation of the houſes) ſcarce worth one hundred pounds a-year; out of which, a curate-aſſiſtant being abſolutely neceſſary on account of its extent, a ſalary of forty pounds muſt be paid.

My lord, your lordſhip's family has been always diſtinguiſhed for their favour and protection to the eſtabliſhed church, under her greateſt perſecutions; nor have you, in the univerſal opinion, ever degenerated from them. Thoſe tythes in and about Clonmel are very inconſiderable, having never been let for above twenty-four pounds a year, made up of very ſmall pittances collected from a great number of the pooreſt people; ſo that the recovery of them by an expenſive law-ſuit, if it could be effected, would not be worth attempting.

Mr. Moore is recommended to me by ſeveral perſons of great worth (as I have already obſerved) and I hope I have not hitherto forfeited the credit I had with you.

My humble requeſt therefore to your lordſhip is, that the miniſter of Clonmel may, without diſturbance, enjoy that ſmall addition to his ſupport, which the king and your grandfather intended for him.

I have

I have always underſtood and believed, that the duke your brother's retiring has not leſſened your fortune, but increaſed it: and as to his grace, unleſs all our intelligence be falſe, he is as eaſy as he deſires to be. I heard of ſeveral perſons who have ventured to wait on him abroad, and it is agreed that his grace is perfectly eaſy in his mind and fortune.

Upon the whole, I do earneſtly deſire your lordſhip to reſign thoſe poor ſcraps of tythes in and about Clonmel to Mr. Moore and his ſucceſſors, in a legal form, for ever. Your loſs will be at moſt but twenty-four pounds a year, and that, with a thouſand difficulties, infinitely below your generoſity and quality.

I am, *&c.*

## From Mr. GAY.

Middleton Stoney, Nov. 9, 1729.

I HAVE long known you to be my friend upon ſeveral occaſions, and particularly by your reproofs and admonitions. There is one thing, which you have often put me in mind of, the over-running you with an anſwer before you had ſpoken. You find I am not a bit the better for it; for I ſtill write and write on, without having a word of an anſwer. I have heard of you once by Mr. Pope: let Mr. Pope hear of you the next time by me. By this way of treating me, I mean, by your not letting me know, that you remember me, you are very partial to me, I ſhould have ſaid, very juſt to

me. You ſeem to think, that I do not want to be put in mind of you, which is very true; for I think of you very often, and as often wiſh to be with you. I have been in Oxfordſhire with the duke of Queenſberry for theſe three months, and have had very little correſpondence with any of our friends. I have employed my time in new-writing a damned play, which I wrote ſeveral years ago, called The Wife of Bath*. As it is approved or diſapproved of by my friends, when I come to town, I ſhall either have it acted, or let it alone, if weak brethren do not take offence at it. The ridicule turns upon ſuperſtition, and I have avoided the very words bribery and corruption. Folly indeed is a word, that I have ventured to make uſe of; but that is a term, that never gave fools offence. It is a common ſaying, that he is wiſe, that knows himſelf. What has happened of late, I think, is a proof, that it is not limited to the wiſe.

My lord Bathurſt is ſtill our caſhier: when I ſee him, I intend to ſettle our accounts, and repay myſelf the five pounds of the two hundred I owe you. Next week I believe I ſhall be in town; not at Whitehall, for thoſe lodgings were judged not convenient for me, and were diſpoſed of. Direct to me at the duke of Queenſberry's, in Burlington-gardens, near Piccadilly. You have often twitted

* This comedy was the firſt he wrote, and was unſucceſsfully performed at the theatre in Drury-Lane, in the year 1713. It was altered by the author, and revived ſeveral years after [1729-30] at the theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and damned a ſecond time, although the author's reputation was then at its height, from the uncommon ſucceſs of his Beggar's Opera.

me in the teeth for hankering after the court. In that you miſtook me; for I know by experience, that there is no dependance, that can be ſure, but a dependance upon one's ſelf. I will take care of the little fortune I have got. I know you will take this reſolution kindly, and you ſee my inclinations will make me write to you, whether you will write to me or not. I am, dear Sir, yours moſt ſincerely and moſt affectionately,

J. GAY.

P. S. To the lady I live with, I owe my life and fortune: think of her with reſpect; value and eſteem her as I do; and never more deſpiſe a fork with three prongs. I wiſh too you would not eat from the point of your knife. She has ſo much goodneſs, virtue, and generoſity, that if you knew her, you would have a pleaſure in obeying her as I do. She often wiſhes ſhe had known you.

## To a certain ESQUIRE.

SIR, Jan. 3d, 1729-30.

SEEING your frank on the outſide, and your addreſs in the ſame hand, it was obvious who was the writer. And before I opened it, a worthy friend being with me, I told him the contents of the difference between us: That your tythes being generally worth five or ſix pounds *per annum*, and by the terror of ſquireſhip, frighting my agent to take what you graciouſly thought fit to give, you

wronged me of half my due every year: That having held from your father an iſland worth three pence a-year, which I planted and paid two ſhillings annually for, and being out of poſſeſſion of the ſaid iſland ſeven or eight years, there could not poſſibly be above four ſhillings due to you; for which you have thought proper to ſtop three or four years tythe, at your own rate of two pounds five ſhillings a-year (as I remember) and ſtill continue to ſtop it, on pretence that the ſaid iſland was not ſurrendered to you in form; although you have cut down more plantations of willows and abeles, than would purchaſe a dozen ſuch iſlands. I told my friend, "That this talent of ſquires prevailed very much formerly in the country: That as to yourſelf, from the badneſs of your education, againſt all my advices and endeavours, and from the caſt of your nature, as well as another circumſtance which I ſhall not mention, I expected nothing from you that became a gentleman: That I had expoſtulated this ſcurvy matter very gently with you: That I conceived this letter was an anſwer: That from the prerogative of a good eſtate, however gotten, and the practice of lording over a few Iriſh wretches, and from the natural want of better thinking, I was ſure your anſwer would be extremely rude and ſtupid, full of very bad language in all ſenſes: That a bear in a wilderneſs will as ſoon fix on a philoſopher as on a cottager; and a man wholly void of education, judgment, or diſtinction of perſons, has no regard, in his inſolence, but to the paſ-

"ſion

" ſion of fear: and how heartily I wiſhed, that to " make you ſhew your humility, your quarrel had " rather been with a captain of dragoons, than the " dean of St. Patrick's."

All this happened before my opening your letter; which being read, my friend told me, " I was an " ill gueſſer; that you affirmed you deſpiſed me " only as a clergyman, by your own confeſſion; " and that you had reaſon, becauſe clergymen pre- " tend to learning, wherein you value yourſelf as " what you are an utter ſtranger to."

I took ſome pains in providing and adviſing about your education; but, ſince you have made ſo ill uſe of my rules, I cannot deny, that according to your own principles, your uſage of me is juſt. You are wholly out of my danger: the weapons I uſe will do you no hurt; and to that which would keep nicer men in awe, you are inſenſible. A needle againſt a ſtone wall can make no impreſſion. Your faculty lies in making bargains: ſtick to that. Leave your children a better eſtate than your father left you; as he left you much more than your grandfather left him. Your father and you are much wiſer than I, who gave among you fifty years purchaſe for land, for which I am not to ſee one farthing. This was intended as an encouragement to a clergyman to reſide among you, whenever any of your poſterity ſhall be able to diſtinguiſh a man from a beaſt. One thing I deſire you will be ſet right in: I do not deſpiſe all ſquires. It is true, I deſpiſe the bulk of them. But pray take notice, that a ſquire muſt have ſome merit

before I ſhall honour him with my contempt; for I do not deſpiſe a fly, a maggot, or a mite.

If you ſend me an anſwer to this, I ſhall not read it, but open it before company, and in their preſence burn it; for no other reaſon but the deteſtation of bad ſpelling, no grammar, and that pertneſs which proceeds from ignorance and an invincible want of taſte.

I have ordered a copy of this letter to be taken, with an intention to print it, as a mark of my eſteem for you; which, however, perhaps I ſhall not purſue: for I could willingly excuſe our two names from ſtanding in the ſame paper, ſince I am confident you have as little deſire of fame as I have to give it you.

I wiſh many happy new years to you and your family; and am, with truth,

Your friend and humble ſervant.

Let me add ſomething ſerious: That, as it is held an imprudent thing to provoke valour; ſo, I confeſs, it was imprudent in me to provoke rudeneſs: which, as it was my own ſtanding rule never to do, except in caſes where I had power to puniſh it, ſo my error proceeded from a better opinion of you than you have thought fit to make good: for, with every fault in your nature, your education, and your underſtanding, I never imagined you ſo utterly devoid of knowing ſome little diſtinction between perſons.

By Dr. SWIFT; but when or to whom written is uncertain.

EVERY ſquire, almoſt to a man, is an oppreſſor of the clergy; a racker of his tenants; a jobber of all public works; very proud; and generally illiterate. Two neighbouring ſquires, although they be intimate friends, relations, or allies, if one of them want one hundred foot of the other's land contiguous to his own, which would make any building ſquare, or his garden uniform (without the leaſt inconveniency to the other) he ſhall be abſolutely refuſed; or (as the utmoſt mark of friendſhip) ſhall be forced to pay for it twenty times more than the value. This they call, paying for your conveniency: which is directly contrary to the very letter of an ancient heathen maxim in morality—That whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourſelves, we are bound to do it to a perfect ſtranger. The ſquires take the titles of great men, with as little ceremony, as Alexander or Cæſar. For inſtance, the great Conolly, the great Weſtly—the great Damer.

A fellow, whoſe father was a butcher, deſiring a lawyer to be a referee in ſome little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excuſed himſelf in the following manner:—Sir, I am your moſt humble ſervant; but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of you great men. Which I take to be juſt of a piece with Harlequin's

ſwearing

ſwearing upon his honour. Jealouſies, quarrels, and other ruptures, are as frequent between neighbouring ſquires, and from the ſame motives: the former brangling about their mears and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The deteſtable tyranny and oppreſſion of landlords are viſible in every part of the kingdom.

## From Lord BATHURST.

DEAR DEAN, Feb. 12, 1729-30.

I HAVE this moment received a letter from you; but it is the firſt I can call a letter: the other ſcraps were only to direct me to convey your correſpondence to others, and I thought I anſwered them beſt by obeying your commands. But now you have deigned to ſend me one in form, with a proper beginning and ending, I will not wait even for a poſt-day; but I have taken pen and ink immediately to tell you, how much I think myſelf obliged to you, and how ſincerely I am——

Well, I might end here, if I would; but I can't part with you ſo ſoon; and I muſt let you know, that as to your money affairs, though I have paid off John Gay, I ſtill keep the 200l. for which I have given him a note. I have paid him intereſt to this time for it, which he muſt account to you for. Now you muſt imagine, that a man, who has nine children to feed, can't long afford *alienos paſcere nummos;* but I have four or five, that are very

very fit for the table *. I only wait for the lord mayor's day to diſpoſe of the largeſt; and I ſhall be ſure of getting off the youngeſt, whenever a certain great man † makes another entertainment at Chelſea. Now you ſee, though I am your debtor, I am not without my proper ways and means to raiſe a ſupply anſwerable to your demand. I muſt own to you, that I ſhould not have thought of this method of raiſing money, but that you ſeemed to point it out to me. For, juſt at the time that ſcheme came out, which pretended to be calculated only for Ireland, you gave me a hint in one of the envelopes [*anglicè covers*] that you wiſhed I might provide for my numerous family; and in this laſt you harp upon the ſame ſtring. I did immediately propoſe it to lady Bathurſt, as your advice, particularly for her laſt boy, which was born the plumpeſt, fineſt thing, that could be ſeen; but ſhe fell in a paſſion, and bid me ſend you word, that ſhe would not follow your direction, but that ſhe would breed him up to be a parſon, and he ſhould live upon the fat of the land; or a lawyer, and then, inſtead of being eat himſelf, he ſhould devour others. You know women in paſſion never mind what they ſay; but, as ſhe is a

* This alludes to a tract of the Dean's, entitled, "A modeſt "propoſal for preventing the children of poor people in Ireland "from being a burden to their parents or country, and for making "them beneficial to the public." The Dean had propoſed many uſeful ſchemes, which having been neglected, he ſatirically and humourouſly propoſes to fatten and eat the children of the poor, as the only remaining expedient to prevent miſery to themſelves, and render them of ſome benefit to the public.

† Sir Robert Walpole.

very

very reaſonable woman, I have almoſt brought her over now to your opinion; and having convinced her, that as matters ſtood, we could not poſſibly maintain all the nine, ſhe does begin to think it reaſonable the youngeſt ſhould raiſe fortunes for the eldeſt. And upon that foot a man may perform family duty with more courage and zeal; for if he ſhould happen to get twins, the ſelling of one might provide for the other. Or if, by any accident, while his wife lies-in with one child, he ſhould get a ſecond upon the body of another woman, he might diſpoſe of the fatteſt of the two, and that would help to breed up the other. The more I think upon this ſcheme, the more reaſonable it appears to me; and it ought by no means to be confined to Ireland; for, in all probability we ſhall, in a very little time, be altogether as poor here as you are there. I believe indeed we ſhall carry it farther, and not confine our luxury only to the eating of children; for I happened to peep the other day into a large aſſembly * not far from Weſtminſter-hall, and I found them roaſting a great fat fellow †. For my own part, I had not the leaſt inclination to a ſlice of him; but, if I gueſſed right, four in five of the company had a deviliſh mind to be at him. You begin now to wiſh I had ended, when I might have done it ſo conveniently. Well, adieu.

* The parliament. † Sir Robert Walpole.

From

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, London, March 3, 1729-30.

I FIND you are determined not to write to me, according to our old ſtipulation. Had I not been every poſt for ſome time in expectation to have heard from you, I ſhould have writ to you before, to let you know the preſent ſtate of your affairs. Let me know what I ſhall do with the intereſt-money I have received. What I have done for you, I did for myſelf, which will be always the way of my tranſacting any thing for you. My old vamped play got me no money; for it had no ſucceſs. I am going very ſoon into Wiltſhire with the duke of Queenſberry, with intention to ſtay there till the winter. Since I had that ſevere fit of ſickneſs, I find my health requires it; for I cannot bear the town as I could formerly. I hope another ſummer's air, and exerciſe, will reinſtate me. I continue to drink nothing but water, ſo that you can't require any poetry from me. I have been very ſeldom abroad ſince I came to town, and not once at court. This is no reſtraint upon me, for I am grown old enough to wiſh for retirement. I ſaw Mr. Pope, a day or two ago, in good ſpirits, and with good wiſhes for you. We always talk of you; the Doctor does the ſame. I have left off all great folk but our own family. Perhaps you will think all great folks little enough to leave off us, in our preſent ſituation. I don't hate the world,

but

but I laugh at it; for none but fools can be in earneſt about a trifle. I am, dear Sir, yours moſt affectionately.

Direct for me at the D—— of Q——, in Burlington-gardens.

## From the Earl of OXFORD.

Dover-ſtreet, March 4, 1729-30.

GOOD MASTER DEAN,

IT is now above a whole year and ſix months ſince I have had the favour and pleaſure of a line from your own ſelf, and I have not troubled you with one from myſelf; the anſwer that you would naturally make is very obvious, Why do you then trouble me now? I reply, It is to join with my friend Mr. Pope in recommending the perſon concerned in the encloſed propoſal to your favour and protection, and to entreat that you would be ſo good as to promote his intereſt. I have not ſent you any of his receipts; but will when you pleaſe to let me know what number you can diſpoſe of: I believe that your biſhops have more learning, at leaſt would be thought to have more, than our bench here can pretend to; ſo I hope they will all ſubſcribe. The perſon concerned is a worthy honeſt man; and, by this work of his, he is in hopes to get free of the load which has hung upon him ſome years: this debt of his is not owing to any folly or extravagance of his, but to the calamity of his houſe being twice burnt, which he

he was obliged to rebuild; and having but ſmall preferment in the church, and a large family of children, he has not been able to extricate himſelf out of the difficulties theſe accidents have brought upon him. Three ſons he has bred up well at Weſtminſter, and they are excellent ſcholars: the eldeſt has been one of the uſhers in Weſtminſter ſchool ſince the year 1714.

He is a man in years, yet hearty and able to ſtudy many hours in a day. This, in ſhort, is the caſe of an honeſt, poor, worthy clergyman; and I hope you will take him under your protection. I cannot pretend that my recommendation ſhould have any weight with you, but as it is joined to and under the wing of Mr. Pope.

I took hold of this opportunity to write to you, to let you know you had ſuch an humble ſervant in being that often remembers you, and wiſhes to ſee you in this iſland. My family, I thank God, is well: my daughter had, laſt ſummer, the ſmall-pox really, and in the natural way, and ſhe is not marked at all. My wife and daughter deſire that you will accept of their humble ſervices, and ſay that they want much to ſee you.

I obeyed your commands, and did Mr. Whalley all the little ſervice I was capable of: it was little enough that was in my power, God knows. He comes again before us ſoon after Eaſter: he ſeems to be in great hopes, I wiſh they may be well founded.

I think it is now time to releaſe you, which I will not do until I have told you, I may ſay repeat

to you, that I have a houſe for you, or houſe-room, come when you pleaſe, provided you come ſoon. I am, with true reſpect and eſteem, your moſt obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

OXFORD.

Your lord lieutenant would do well to encourage this poor man; he deſerves it better than Bulkeley.

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, March 31, 1730.

I EXPECT, in about a fortnight, to ſet out for Wiltſhire, and am as impatient as you ſeem to be to have me get on horſeback. I thought proper to give you this intelligence, becauſe Mr. Lewis told me laſt Sunday, that he was, within a day or two, to ſet out for the Bath; ſo that very ſoon you are likely to have neither of your caſhiers in town. Continue to direct for me at this houſe: the letters will be ſent to me, wherever I am. My ambition, at preſent, is levelled to the ſame point, that you direct me to; for I am every day building villakins, and have given over that of caſtles. If I were to undertake it in my preſent circumſtance, I ſhould, in the moſt thrifty ſcheme, ſoon be ſtraitened; and I hate to be in debt; for I can't bear to pawn five pounds worth of my liberty to a taylor or a butcher. I grant you, this is not having the true ſpirit of modern nobility; but it is hard to cure the prejudice of education. I have made your

compliments

compliments to Mr. Pulteney, who is very much your humble ſervant. I have not ſeen the Doctor, and am not likely to ſee his Rouen brother very ſoon; for he is gone to China. Mr. Pope told me, he had acquainted the Doctor with the misfortune of the ſour hermitage. My lord Oxford told me, he at preſent could match yours, and from the ſame perſon. The Doctor was touched with your diſappointment, and has promiſed to repreſent this affair to his brother, at his return from China. I aſſure you, for all your gibes, that I wiſh you heartily good wine, though I can drink none myſelf. When lord Bolingbroke is in town, he lodges at Mr. Chetwynd's, in Dover-ſtreet. I do not know how to direct to him in the country. I have been extremely taken up of late in ſettling a ſteward's account. I am endeavouring to do all the juſtice and ſervice I can to a friend; ſo I am ſure you will think I am well employed upon this occaſion. I now and then have ſeen Jo. Taylor, who ſays he has a demand upon you for rent, you having taken his houſe in the country, and he being determined not to let it to any body elſe: and he thinks it but reaſonable, that you ſhould either come and live in it, or pay your rent. I neither ride nor walk; but I deſign to do both this month and to become a laudable practitioner.

The ducheſs wiſhes ſhe had ſeen you, and thinks you were in the wrong to hide yourſelf, and peep through the window, that day ſhe came to Mr. Pope's. The duke too is obliged to you for your good opinion, and is your humble ſervant. If I

were to write, I am afraid I ſhould again incur the diſpleaſure of my ſuperiors. I can't for my life think ſo well of them, as they themſelves think they deſerve. If you have a very great mind to pleaſe the ducheſs, and at the ſame time to pleaſe me, I wiſh you would write a letter to her, to ſend to her brother, lord Cornbury, to adviſe him in his travels; for, ſhe ſays, ſhe would take your advice rather than mine; and ſhe remembers, that you told her in the park, that you loved and honoured her family. You always inſiſted upon a lady's making advances to you; I do not know whether you will think this declaration ſufficient. Then too, when you were in England, ſhe writ a letter to you, and I have been often blamed ſince for not delivering it.

The day the penſion bill was thrown out of the houſe of lords, lord Bathurſt ſpoke with great applauſe. I have not time to go to Mr. Pope's: in a day or two very probably I ſhall ſee him, and acquaint him about the uſquebaugh. I will not embezzle your intereſt-money; though, by looking over your accounts, I ſee how money may be embezzled. As to my being engaged in an affair of this kind, I ſay nothing for myſelf, but that I will do all I can: for the reſt I leave Jo. Taylor to ſpeak for me. To-day I dine with alderman Barber, the preſent ſheriff, who holds his feaſt in the city. Does not Charters's misfortunes * grieve you? For

* He was condemned at the Old Bailey, Feb. 27, 1729-30, for a rape.

that

that great man is likely to ſave his life, and loſe ſome of his money. A very hard caſe!

P. S. I am juſt now come from the alderman's feaſt, who had a very fine dinner, and a very fine appearance of company.
The poſt is juſt going away.

## To Lady WORSLEY.

MADAM, April 19, 1730.

MY lady Carteret (if you know ſuch a lady) commands me to purſue my own inclination; which is, to honour myſelf with writing you a letter; and thereby endeavouring to preſerve myſelf in your memory, in ſpite of an acquaintance of more years than, in regard to my own reputation as a young gentleman, I care to recollect. I forget whether I had not ſome reaſons to be angry with your ladyſhip, when I was laſt in England. I hope to ſee you very ſoon the youngeſt great-grand-mother in Europe: and fifteen years hence (which I ſhall have nothing to do with) you will be at the amuſement of "Riſe up, daughter, &c." You are to anſwer this letter; and to inform me of your health and humour; and whether you like your daughter better or worſe, after having ſo long converſed with the Iriſh world, and ſo little with me. Tell me what are your amuſements at preſent; cards, court, books, viſiting, or fondling (I humbly beg your ladyſhip's pardon, but it is between ourſelves) your grand-children? My lady

Carteret has been the beſt queen we have known in Ireland theſe many years; yet is ſhe mortally hated by all the young girls, becauſe (and it is your fault) ſhe is handſomer than all of them together. Pray, do not inſult poor Ireland on this occaſion; for it would have been exactly the ſame thing in London. And therefore I ſhall adviſe the king, when I go next to England, to ſend no more of her ſort (if ſuch another can be found) for fear of turning all his loyal female-ſubjects here againſt him.

How is our old friend Mrs. Barton? (I forget her new name.) I ſaw her three years ago, at court, almoſt dwindled to an echo, and hardly knew her; while your eyes dazzled me as much as when I firſt met them: which, conſidering myſelf, is a greater compliment than you are aware of. I wiſh you may have grace to find it.

My lady Carteret has made me a preſent, which I take to be malicious, with a deſign to ſtand in your place. Therefore I would have you to provide againſt it by another, and ſomething of your own work, as hers is. For you know I always expect advances and preſents from ladies. Neither was I ever deceived in this laſt article by any of your ſex but the queen, whom I taxed three years ago with a preſent of ten pounds value. Upon taking my leave, ſhe ſaid, "She intended a medal for me, "but it was not finiſhed." I afterwards ſent her, on her own commands, about five and thirty pounds worth of ſilk, for herſelf and the princeſſes; but never received the medal to this day. Therefore,

fore, I will truſt your ſex no more. You are to preſent my moſt humble ſervice to my old friend Sir Robert Worſley. I hope my friend Harry is well, and fattening in the ſun, and continuing a batchelor, to enrich the poor Worſley family.

I command you to believe me to be, with the greateſt truth and reſpect, *&c.*

## From Lord BATHURST.

DEAR DEAN, June 30, 1730.

I RECEIVED a letter from you ſome time ago which gave me infinite pleaſure; and I was going to return you an anſwer immediately: but when I ſat down to write, I found my thoughts rolled upon the trifles, which fill the ſcene of life in that buſy, ſenſeleſs place, where I then was *; and though I had nothing to do there, at leaſt nothing worth doing, and time lay upon my hands, I was reſolved to defer writing to you, till I could clear my head from that rubbiſh, which every one muſt contract in that place. I cannot but fancy, if one of our heads were diſſected after paſſing a winter's campaign there, it would appear juſt like a pamphlet ſhop; you'd ſee a collection of treaties, a bundle of farces, a parcel of encomiums, another of ſatires, ſpeeches, novels, ſermons, bawdy ſongs, addreſſes, epigrams, proclamations, poems, divinity, lectures, quack bills, hiſtorical accounts, fables, and God knows what.

* London.

The moment I got down here, I found myſelf quite clear from all thoſe affairs: but really, the hurry of buſineſs which came upon me after a ſtate of idleneſs for ſix months, muſt excuſe me to you. Here I am abſolute monarch of a circle of above a mile round, at leaſt one hundred acres of ground, which (to ſpeak in the ſtyle of one of your countrymen) is very populous in cattle, fiſh, and fowl.

To enjoy this power, which I reliſh extremely, and regulate this dominion, which I prefer to any other, has taken up my time from morning to night. There are Yahoos in the neighbourhood; but having read in hiſtory, that the ſouthern part of Britain was long defended againſt the Picts by a wall, I have fortified my territories all round. That wiſe people the Chineſe, you know, did the ſame thing to defend themſelves againſt the Tartars. Now, I think of it, as this letter is to be ſent to you, it will certainly be opened; and I ſhall have ſome obſervations made upon it, becauſe I am within three miles of a certain caſtle. Therefore, I do hereby declare, that nothing herein contained ſhall extend, or be conſtrued to extend, ſo far: and furthermore, I think myſelf in honour bound to acknowledge, that under our preſent juſt and prudent miniſtry, I do not fear the leaſt moleſtation from that quarter. Neither are the fortifications afore-mentioned in anywiſe deſigned to keep them out; for I am well ſatisfied they can break through much ſtronger fences than theſe, if they ſhould have a mind to it. Obſerve how naturally power and dominion are attended with fear and precaution.

When

When I am in the herd, I have as little of it about me as any body; but now that I am in the midſt of my own dominions, I think of nothing but preſerving them, and grow fearful, leſt a certain great man ſhould take a fancy to them, and tranſport them into Norfolk *, to place them as an iſland in one of his new-made fiſh-ponds. Or, if you take this for too proud a thought, I will only ſuppoſe it to be hung out under a great bow-window.

In either caſe I muſt confeſs to you, that I don't like it. In the firſt place, I am not ſure his new-made ground may hold good: in the latter caſe, I have ſome reaſon to doubt the foundations of his houſe are not ſo ſolid, as he may imagine. Now, therefore, I am not ſo much in the wrong, as you may conceive, to deſire that my territory may remain where it is: for, though I know you could urge many arguments to ſhew the advantages I might reap by being ſo near him, yet I hold it as a maxim, that he who is contented with what he has, ought not to riſque that, even though he ſhould have a chance to augment it in any proportion. I learned this from our friend Eraſmus; and the corrupt notions, that money is power, and therefore every man ought to get as much as he can, in order to create more power to himſelf, have no weight with me.

But now, to begin my letter to you, I have received four bottles of uſquebaugh, and ſent three of them to Mr. Pope; ſo that I have detained only one for myſelf. I don't believe, ſuch an inſtance

* To Houghton, the ſeat of Sir Robert Walpole.

of honeſty, punctuality, diſintereſtedneſs, and ſelf-denial, can be given in this age. The whole being in my power, I have withheld but the quarter part. I expect, if ever I come to be a great man, you will write a vindication of me, whether I am aſperſed or not. Till then, I remain your moſt faithful and moſt obedient ſervant.

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, July 4, 1730.

YOU tell me, that I have put myſelf out of the way of all my old acquaintance, ſo that unleſs I hear from you, I can know nothing of you. Is it not barbarous then to leave me ſo long without writing one word to me? If you will not write to me for my ſake, methinks you might write for your own. How do you know what is become of your money? If you had drawn upon me, when I expected it, you might have had your money, for I was then in town; but I am now at Ameſbury, at the duke of Queenſberry's. The ducheſs ſends you her ſervices. I wiſh you were here; I fancy you would like her and the place. You might fancy yourſelf at home; for we have a cathedral near us, where you might find a biſhop of the ſame name *. You might ride upon the downs, and write conjectures upon Stonehenge. We are but

* Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, biſhop of Saliſbury, whoſe brother, Dr. John Hoadly, ſucceeded archbiſhop King in the ſee of Dublin, January 19, 1729-30.

five

five and twenty miles from the Bath; and I was told this very evening by general Dormer, (who is here) that he heard ſomewhere or other, that you had ſome intentions of coming there the latter ſeaſon. I wiſh any thing would bring us together, but your want of health. I have left off wine and writing; for I really think, that man muſt be a bold writer, who truſts to wit without it. I took your advice; and ſome time ago took to love, and made ſome advances to the lady, you ſent me to in Soho, but I met no return; ſo I have given up all thoughts of it, and have now no purſuit or amuſement. A ſtate of indolence is what I don't like; 'tis what I would not chooſe. I am not thinking of a court, or preferment; for I think the lady I live with is my friend, ſo that I am at the height of my ambition. You have often told me, there is a time of life, that every one wiſhes for ſome ſettlement of his own. I have frequently that feeling about me, but I fancy it will hardly ever be my lot; ſo that I will endeavour to paſs away life as agreeably as I can, the way I am. I often wiſh to be with you, or you with me; and I believe you think I ſay true. I am determined to write to you, though thoſe dirty fellows of the poſt-office do read my letters; for, ſince I ſaw you, I am grown of that conſequence to be obnoxious to the men I deſpiſe; ſo that it is very probable in their hearts they think me an honeſt man. I have heard from Mr. Pope but once ſince I left London: I was ſorry I ſaw him ſo ſeldom, but I had buſineſs, that kept me from him. I often wiſh we were together again.

again. If you will not write, come. I am, dear Sir, yours moſt ſincerely and affectionately.

## From Lord BATHURST.

DEAR SIR, Cirenceſter, Sept. 9, 1730.

YOU have taken all the precaution, which a reaſonable man could poſſibly take, to break off an impertinent correſpondence, and yet it will not do. One muſt be more ſtupid than a Dutch burgomaſter, not to ſee through the deſign of the laſt letter. "I ſhew all your letters to our Iriſh wits. "One of them is going to write a treatiſe of Eng-"liſh bulls and blunders." And for farther ſecurity, you add at laſt, I am going to take a progreſs, God knows where, and ſhan't be back again, God knows when. I have given you a reaſonable breathing time; and now, I muſt at you again. I receive ſo much pleaſure in reading your letters, that according to the uſual good nature and juſtice of mankind, I can diſpenſe with the trouble I give you in reading mine; but if you grow obſtinate, and won't anſwer, I'll plague and peſter you, and do all I can to vex you. I'll take your works to pieces, and ſhew you, that they are all borrowed or ſtolen. Have not you ſtolen the ſweetneſs of your numbers from Dryden and Waller? Have not you borrowed thoughts from Virgil and Horace? At leaſt, I am ſure I have ſeen ſomething like them in thoſe books. As to your proſe writings, which they make ſuch a noiſe about, they are only ſome little improvements upon the humour you have ſtolen from Miguel de Cervantes and Rabelais. Well,

but

but the ſtyle,—a great matter indeed, for an Engliſhman to value himſelf upon, that he can write Engliſh: why, I write Engliſh too, but it is in another ſtyle.

But I won't forget your political tracts. You may ſay, that you have ventured your ears at one time, and your neck at another, for the good of your country. Why, that other people have done in another manner, upon leſs occaſion, and are not at all proud of it. You have overturned and ſupported miniſters; you have ſet kingdoms in a flame by your pen. Pray, what is there in that, but having the knack of hitting the paſſions of mankind? With that alone, and a little knowledge of ancient and modern hiſtory, and ſeeing a little farther into the inſide of things than the generality of men, you have made this buſtle. There is no wit in any of them: I have read them all over, and don't remember any of thoſe pretty flowers, thoſe juſt antitheſes, which one meets with ſo frequently in the French writers. None of thoſe clever turns upon words, nor thoſe apt quotations out of Latin authors, which the writers of the laſt age among us abounded in. None of thoſe pretty ſimilies, which ſome of our modern authors adorn their works with, that are not only a little like the thing they would illuſtrate, but are alſo like twenty other things. In ſhort, as often as I have read any of your tracts, I have been ſo tired with them, that I have never been eaſy till I got to the end of them. I have found my brain heated, my imagination fired, juſt as if I was drunk. A pretty thing indeed

deed for one of your gown to value himſelf upon, that with ſitting ſtill an hour in his ſtudy, he has often made three kingdoms drunk at once.

I have twenty other points to maul you upon, if you provoke me; but if you are civil, and good-natured, and will ſend me a long, a very long letter, in anſwer to this, I will let you alone a good while. Well, adieu. If I had had a better pen, I can tell you, that I ſhould not have concluded ſo ſoon.

## From Lady BETTY GERMAIN.

London, Sept. 19, 1730.

HAD I not been retired into the country, yours ſhould have been anſwered long ago. As to your poeteſs, I am her obliged ſervant, and muſt confeſs the fact is juſt as you ſtate it. It is very true I was gaming; and upon the dapper youth's delivering me a paper, which I juſt opened, found they were verſes; ſo ſlunk them into my pocket, and there truly they were kept exceeding private; for I cannot accuſe myſelf of ſhewing them to a mortal. But let me aſſure you, it was not out of modeſty, but in great hopes, that the author would have divulged them; which, you know, would have looked decenter than trumpeting my own fame. But it ſeems unhappily we were both bit, and judged wrong of each other. However, ſince you deſire it, you may be very ſure ſhe ſhall not

fail

fail of my entreaties to his grace of Dorſet for her, though you have not yet let me into the ſecret what her requeſt is: ſo till my lord Carteret does his part, or that I hear from you again, it will be but a blind ſort of a petition. I have not ſeen his grace this great while, and he is now at Windſor, and I chooſe rather to ſpeak to him on all accounts, having not ſo fine a talent at writing. But as you are commonly eſteemed by thoſe, who pretend to know you, to have a tolerable ſhare of honeſty and brains, I do not queſtion your doing what is right by him; nor his paying you all the civility and kindneſs you can deſire. Nor will I hope their influence ever can make him do otherwiſe, though he has the unfaſhionable quality of eſteeming his old friends; but however partial to them, yet not to be biaſſed againſt his own ſenſe and judgment. The conſequence of this, I hope, will be your coming to England, and meeting often with him, (in lady Betty's chamber *) where the happy compoſition † ſhall exert her ſkill in ordering dinner; and I won't miſtake oil of amber for the ſpirit of it, but continue as I ever was, your ſincere friend, as well as faithful humble ſervant.

* Alluding to the firſt line of Francis Harris's petition,

† Mrs. Biddy Floyd. This expreſſion alludes to the laſt verſe of a little poem of Swift, intitled, A Receipt to form a Beauty, "and call'd the happy compoſition Floyd." This lady is mentioned in the ballad on the game of traffic, as being one of the party at lord Berkeley's, and at this time lived with lady Betty.

From

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, Amesbury, Nov. 8, 1730.

SO you are determined never to write to me again; but, for all that, you shall not make me hold my tongue. You shall hear from me (the post-office willing) whether you will or not. I see none of the folks you correspond with, so that I am forced to pick up intelligence concerning you, as I can; which has been so very little, that I am resolved to make my complaints to you as a friend, who I know loves to relieve the distressed: and in the circumstances I am in, where should I apply, but to my best friend? Mr. Pope indeed, upon my frequent enquiries, has told me, that the letters, which are directed to him, concern me as much as himself: but what you say of yourself, or of me, or to me, I know nothing at all. Lord Carteret was here yesterday, on his return from the Isle of Wight, where he had been a shooting, and left seven pheasants with us. He went this morning to the Bath, to lady Carteret, who is perfectly recovered. He talked of you three hours last night, and told me, that you talk of me. I mean, that you are prodigiously in his favour, as he says; and, I believe, that I am in yours; for I know you to be a just and equitable person, and it is but my due. He seemed to take to me, which may proceed from your recommendation; though, indeed, there is another reason for it, for he is now out of employ-

ment, and my friends have been generally of that ſort: for, I take to them, as being naturally inclined to thoſe, who can do no miſchief. Pray, do you come to England this year? He thinks you do. I wiſh you would; and ſo does the ducheſs of Queenſberry. What would you have more to induce you? Your money cries, come ſpend me; and your friends cry, come ſee me. I have been treated barbarouſly by you. If you knew how often I talk of you, how often I think of you, you would now and then direct a letter to me, and I would allow Mr. Pope to have a ſhare in it. In ſhort, I don't care to keep any man's money, that ſerves me ſo. Love or money I muſt have; and if you will not let me have the comfort of the one, I think I muſt endeavour to get a little comfort by ſpending ſome of the other. I muſt beg that you will call at Ameſbury, in your way to London; for I have many things to ſay to you; and I can aſſure you, you will be welcome to a three-pronged fork. I remember your preſcription, and I do ride upon the downs; and at preſent I have no aſthma. I have killed five brace of partridges, and four brace and half of quails: and I do not envy either Sir Robert or Stephen Duck, who is the favourite poet of the court *. I hear ſometimes from Pope, and from ſcarce any body elſe. Were I to live ever ſo long, I believe I ſhould never think of

* Stephen Duck was a poor threſher, who having written ſome verſes, they were ſhewn to the late queen, who made him her library-keeper at Richmond. He afterwards took orders, and was preferred to a living, but growing melancholy, he at laſt drowned himſelf.

London;

London; but I cannot help thinking of you. Were you here, I could talk to you, but I would not for you; you ſhall have all your ſhare of talk, which was never allowed you at Twickenham. You know this was a grievance you often complained of; and ſo, in revenge, you make me write all, and anſwer nothing. I beg my compliments to Dr. Delany. I am, dear Sir, yours moſt affectionately.

J. GAY.

I ended the letter as above, to go to the ducheſs, and ſhe told me, I might go down, and come a quarter of an hour hence. I had a deſign to have aſked her to ſign the invitation, that I have made you. As I don't know how much ſhe may have to ſay to you, I think it will be prudent to leave off, that ſhe may not be ſtinted for want of room. So much I will ſay, that whether ſhe ſigns it, or not, both the duke and ducheſs would be very glad you would come to Ameſbury; and you muſt be perſuaded, that I ſay this without the leaſt private view. For, what is it to me whether you come or not? For I can write to you, you know.

P. S. By the Ducheſs of Q——.

I would fain have you come. I can't ſay you'll be welcome; for I don't know you, and perhaps I ſhall not like you; but if I do not, (unleſs you are a very vain perſon) you ſhall know my thoughts as ſoon as I do myſelf.

C. Q.

To

## To Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

WHEN my lord Peterborow, in the queen's time, went abroad upon his embaſſies the miniſtry told me, that he was ſuch a vagrant, they were forced to write at him by gueſs, becauſe they knew not where to write to him. This is my caſe with you; ſometimes in Scotland, ſometimes at Hamwalks, ſometimes God knows where. You are a man of buſineſs, and not at leiſure for inſignificant correſpondence. It was I got you the employment of being my lord duke's *premier miniſtre:* for his grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entruſted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a ſtrong inclination to ſpend a ſummer near Saliſbury-downs, having rid over them more than once, and with a young parſon of Saliſbury reckoned twice the ſtones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble acknowledgments to my lady ducheſs in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that ſhe is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior:* I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl, and would be angry ſhe ſhould excel her mother, who was long my principal goddeſs. I deſire you will tell her grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be help'd when they are only bidential, which happens in all poor houſes, eſpecially thoſe of poets; upon which account a knife was abſolutely neceſſary at Mr. Pope's, where it

was morally impoſſible, with a bidential fork, to convey a morſel of beef, with the incumbrance of muſtard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her grace hath coſt me thirty pounds to provide Tridents for fear of offending her, which ſum I deſire ſhe will pleaſe to return me.—I am ſick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my diſorder. I have a ſtrong mind to ſpend my 200l. next ſummer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that ſum left in this kingdom. You want no ſettlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a ſettlement) till you increaſe your fortune to what will ſupport you with eaſe and plenty, a good houſe and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you: for I have often known a ſhe-couſin of a good family and ſmall fortune, paſſing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till ſhe grew an old maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of ſeldom ſeeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumſtances of life have always ſeparated thoſe whom friendſhip will join: God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progreſs towards real happineſs here, which would make life more deſirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneaſy as it did yourſelf; I mean the removal of that ſolicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually fill'd your thoughts, and diſturb'd your converſation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope ſeriouſly tells me, you will

will have opportunity of ſaving every groat of the intereſt you receive; and ſo by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to paſs the reſt of your wineleſs life in eaſe and plenty; with the additional triumphal comfort of never having receiv'd a penny from thoſe taſteleſs ungrateful people from whom you deſerved ſo much, and who deſerve no better geniuſes than thoſe by whom they are celebrated.—If you ſee Mr. Ceſar, preſent my humble ſervice to him, and let him know that the ſcrub libel printed againſt me here, and re-printed in London, for which he ſhewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myſelf, and ſent to a whig-printer: it was in the ſtyle and genius of ſuch ſcoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this ſtrain againſt a friend of mine whom you know.—But my paper is ended.

## To Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I WRIT to you a long letter about a fortnight paſt concluding you were in London, from whence I underſtood one of your former was dated: nor did I imagine you were gone back to Ameſbury ſo late in the year, at which ſeaſon I take the country to be only a ſcene for thoſe who have been ill uſed by a court on account of their virtues; which is a ſtate of happineſs the more valuable, becauſe it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deſerves it more. I would gladly ſell a dukedom to loſe favour in the manner their graces

have done. I believe my lord Carteret, ſince he is no longer lieutenant, may not wiſh me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as lieutenant. I confeſs he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than moſt of his predeceſſors, and I confeſs at the ſame time that he had, ſix times, a regard to my recommendation by preferring ſo many of my friends in the church; the two laſt acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the laſt of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my laſt, that a continuance of giddineſs (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at preſent. For in my caſe a domeſtic life is neceſſary, where I can with the Centurion ſay to my ſervant, Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and conſequently a ducheſs is at this time the hatefulleſt lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her grace is ten thouſand times more hateful. I confeſs I begin to apprehend you will ſquander my money, becauſe I hope you never leſs wanted it; and if you go on with ſucceſs for two years longer, I fear I ſhall not have a farthing of it left. The doctor hath ill-informed me, who ſays that Mr. Pope is at preſent the chief poetical favourite, yet Mr. Pope himſelf talks like a philoſopher and one wholly retir'd. But the vogue of our few honeſt folks here is, that Duck is abſolutely to ſucceed Euſden in the laurel, the contention being

between

between Concannen or Theobald, or ſome other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious ſtate of your affairs in thoſe days was too much the ſubject, and I wiſh the ducheſs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing ſo much contributed to my eaſe as the turn of affairs after the queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unleſs I would have been a greater raſcal than happened to ſuit with my temper. I therefore ſat down quietly at my morſel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all ſucceeding meaſures and miniſtries by way of ſauce to reliſh my meat: and I confeſs one point of conduct in my lady ducheſs's life has added much poignancy to it. There is a good Iriſh practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you ſpend a dozen lines in telling me you muſt leave off, that you may give my lady ducheſs room to write, and ſo you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200l. to have left place for as many more.

## To the Ducheſs.

MADAM,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of reſpect, like receiving your grace at the bottom of the ſtairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and eſtabliſhed rule above twenty years in England, that the firſt advances have been conſtantly made me by all ladies who aſpired to my acquaintance, and the greater their

quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakneſs, I have condeſcended graciouſly to diſpenſe with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameleſs perſon ſent me eleven meſſages before I would yield to a viſit: I mean a perſon to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occaſion of the happineſs he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my lord duke and your grace. At the ſame time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You ſay, perhaps you ſhall not like me; I affirm you are miſtaken, which I can plainly demonſtrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another perſon diſlikes me of late, with whoſe likings yours have not for ſome time paſt gone together. However, if I ſhall once have the honour to attend your grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needleſs: for Diogenes himſelf would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your grace.

## To Lord CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD, Nov. 10, 1730.

I WAS poſitively adviſed by a friend, whoſe opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your lordſhip, to venture a letter of ſolicitation: and it is the firſt requeſt of

this kind that I ever made, ſince the public changes, in times, perſons, meaſures, and opinions, drove me into diſtance and obſcurity.

There is an honeſt man, whoſe name is Launcelot; he has been long a ſervant to my lord Suſſex: he married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a leaſe which the duke of Grafton ſuffered to expire about three years ago, ſunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promiſes from the duke of Dorſet, while his grace held that office which is now in your lordſhip*; but they all failed, after the uſual fate that the bulk of court-ſuiters muſt expect.

I am very ſenſible that I have no manner of claim o the leaſt favour from your lordſhip, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleaſed to treat me with much humanity, and with more diſtinction than I could pretend to deſerve. I am likewiſe conſcious of that demerit which I have largely ſhared with all thoſe who concerned themſelves in a court and miniſtry, whoſe maxims and proceedings have been ever ſince ſo much exploded. But your lordſhip will grant me leave to ſay, that in thoſe times, when any perſons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable conſequence, they never failed to ſucceed in any reaſonable requeſt they made for a friend. And when I ſometimes added my poor ſolicitations, I uſed to quote the then miniſters a paſ-

* The earl of Cheſterfield was then lord ſteward of his majeſty's houſhold.

ſage in the Goſpel, " The poor (meaning their own " dependents) you have always with you, &c."

This is the ſtrongeſt argument I have to entreat your lordſhip's favour for Launcelot, who is a perfectly honeſt man, and as loyal as you could wiſh. His wife, my near relation, has been my favourite from her youth, and as deſerving as it is poſſible for one of her level. It is underſtood, that ſome little employments about the court may be often in your lordſhip's diſpoſal; and that my lord Suſſex will give Mr. Launcelot the character he deſerves: and then let my petition be (to ſpeak in my own trade) " a drop in the bucket."

Remember, my lord, that, although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my requeſt is but of a few lines.

I ſhall not congratulate with your lordſhip upon any of your preſent great employments, or upon the greateſt that can poſſibly be given to you; becauſe you are one of thoſe very few who do more honour to a court, than you can poſſibly receive from it: which I take to be a greater compliment to any court than it is to your lordſhip. I am,

My Lord, &c.

## From Lord CHESTERFIELD.

SIR, Hague, Dec. 15, 1730.

YOU need not have made any excuſes to me for your ſolicitation: on the contrary, I am proud of being the firſt perſon, to whom you have thought it worth your while to apply, ſince thoſe changes, which,

which, you ſay, drove you into diſtance and obſcurity. I very well know the perſon you recommend to me, having lodged at his houſe a whole ſummer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to ſerve him: but your recommendation, I can aſſure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-ſuitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court-promiſes, I will exactl yexplain to you how far it is likely I may be able to ſerve him.

When firſt I had this office *, I took the reſolution of turning out nobody; ſo that I ſhall only have the diſpoſal of thoſe places, that the death of the preſent poſſeſſors will procure me. Some old ſervants, that have ſerved me long and faithfully, have obtained the promiſes of the firſt four or five vacancies; and the early ſolicitations of ſome of my particular friends, have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having ſatisfied theſe engagements, I do aſſure you, Mr. Launcelot ſhall be my firſt care. I confeſs, his proſpect is more remote than I could have wiſhed it, but as it is ſo remote, he won't have the uneaſineſs of a diſappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets ſomething, we ſhall both be pleaſed.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a Tory, I would venture to ſerve him, in the juſt expectation, that

* 'Of lord ſteward of the king's houſhold, in which he ſucceeded the duke of Dorſet, appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland.'

ſhould

ſhould I ever be charged with having preferred a Tory, the perſon, who was the author of my crime, would likewiſe be the author of my vindication. I am with real eſteem, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

CHESTERFIELD.

## To Lord CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD, Jan. 5. 1730-31.

I RETURN your lordſhip my moſt humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter; and deſire your juſtice to believe, that, in writing to you a ſecond time, I have no deſign of giving you a ſecond trouble. My only end at preſent is, to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like thoſe of play; where, if the moſt expert be abſent for a few months, the whole ſyſtem is ſo changed, that he has no more ſkill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wiſh, that your Lordſhip had pleaſed to forgive one, who has been an utter ſtranger to public life above ſixteen years. Buſſy Rabutin himſelf, the politeſt perſon of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long baniſhment, appeared ridiculous there: and what could I expect, from my antiquated manner of addreſſing your lordſhip, in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; ſo diſtinguiſhed by your active ſpirit, and greatneſs of your genius? I do here repeat to your lordſhip, that I lay the fault of my miſconduct entirely on a friend, whom I exceed-

ingly

ingly love and eſteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature, as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your lordſhip ſhould continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court ſo long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention! and God forbid that, in one particular branch of the king's family, there ſhould ever be ſuch a mortality, as to take away a dozen of his meaner ſervants in leſs than a dozen years!

Give me leave, in farther excuſe of my weakneſs, to confeſs, that beſide ſome hints from my friends, your lordſhip is in great meaſure to blame for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to ſee you; which I acknowledge to have been a diſtinction that I had not the leaſt pretence to, and conſequently as little to ground upon it the requeſt of a favour.

As I am an utter ſtranger to the preſent forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your lordſhip's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourſelf: and that, as in my time the moſt ſolemn and frequent promiſes of great men uſually failed, againſt all probable appearances, ſo that ſingle ſlight one of your lordſhip may, by your generous nature, early ſucceed againſt all viſible impoſſibilities. I am, *&c.*

To

## To the Counteſs of SUFFOLK.

MADAM, November 21, 1730.

I DO now pity the leiſure you have to read a letter from me; and this letter ſhall be a hiſtory. Firſt, therefore, I call you to witneſs, that I did not attend on the queen till I had received her own repeated meſſages; which, of courſe, occaſioned my being introduced to you. I never aſked any thing till, upon leaving England the firſt time, I deſired from you a preſent worth a guinea, and from her majeſty one worth ten pounds, by way of a memorial. Yours I received; and the queen, upon my taking leave of her, made an excuſe that ſhe had intended a medal for me; which not being ready, ſhe would ſend it me the Chriſtmas following; yet this was never done, nor at all remembered when I went back to England the next year, and by her commands, attended her as I had done before. I muſt now tell you, madam, that I will receive no medal from her majeſty, nor any thing leſs than her picture at half length, drawn by Jervas; and if he takes it from another original, the queen ſhall ſit at leaſt twice for him to touch it up. I deſire you will let her majeſty know this in plain words, although I have heard that I am under her diſpleaſure. But this is a uſual thing with princes, as well as miniſters, upon every falſe repreſentation; and ſo I took occaſion to tell the queen, upon the quarrel Mr. Walpole had with our friend Gay, the firſt time I ever had the honour to attend her.

Againſt

Againſt you I have but one reproach: That when I was laſt in England, and juſt after the preſent king's acceſſion, I reſolved to paſs that ſummer in France, for which I had then a moſt lucky opportunity; from which thoſe who ſeemed to love me well diſſuaded me, by your advice: and when I ſent you a note, conjuring you to lay aſide the character of a courtier and a favourite upon that occaſion, your anſwer poſitively directed me not to go in that juncture; and you ſaid the ſame thing to my friends, who ſeemed to have power of giving me hints, that I might reaſonably hope for a ſettlement in England: which, God knows, was no very great ambition, conſidering the ſtation I ſhould leave here, of greater dignity, and which might have eaſily been managed to be diſpoſed of as the queen pleaſed. If theſe hints came from you, I affirm, you then acted too much like a courtier. But I forgive you, and eſteem you as much as ever. You had your reaſons, which I ſhall not enquire into; becauſe I always believed you had ſome virtues, beſide all the accompliſhments of mind and perſon that can adorn a lady.

I am angry with the queen for ſacrificing my friend Gay to the miſtaken piques of Sir Robert Walpole, about a libel written againſt him; although he were convinced at the ſame time of Mr. Gay's innocence; and although, as I ſaid before, I told her Majeſty the whole ſtory. Mr. Gay deſerved better treatment among you, upon all accounts, and particularly for his excellent unregarded Fables, dedicated to prince William; which I hope

his

his royal highneſs will often read, for his inſtruction. I wiſh her majeſty would a little remember what I largely ſaid to her about Ireland, when, before a witneſs, ſhe gave me leave, and commanded me, to tell her what ſhe ſpoke to me upon that ſubject; and ordered me, if I lived to ſee her in her preſent ſtation to ſend her our grievances; promiſing to read my letter, and do all good offices in her power for this miſerable and moſt loyal kingdom, now at the brink of ruin, and never ſo near as now. As to myſelf, I repeat again, that I never aſked any thing more than a trifle, as a memorial of ſome diſtinction, which her majeſty graciouſly ſeemed to make between me and every common clergyman: but that trifle was forgotten, according to the uſual method of princes, although I was taught to think myſelf upon a foot of pretending to ſome little exception.

As to yourſelf, madam, I moſt heartily congratulate with you for being delivered from the toil, the envy, the ſlavery, and vexation, of a favourite; where you could not always anſwer the good intentions that I hope you had. You will now be leſs teaſed with ſolicitations, one of the greateſt evils in life. You poſſeſs an eaſy employment, with quiet of mind, although it be by no means equal to your merit: and if it ſhall pleaſe God to eſtabliſh your health, I believe and hope you are too wiſe to hope for more. Mr. Pope has always been an advocate for your ſincerity; and even I, in the character I gave you of yourſelf, allowed you as much of that virtue, as could be expected in a lady,

lady, a courtier, and a favourite. Yet, I confeſs, I never heartily pledged your health as a toaſt, upon any other regards than beauty, wit, good ſenſe, and an unblemiſhed character. For, as to friendſhip, truth, ſincerity, and other trifles of that kind, I never concerned myſelf about them; becauſe I knew them to be only parts of the lower morals, which are altogether uſeleſs at courts. I am content that you ſhould tell the queen all I have ſaid of her; and in my own words, if you pleaſe.

I could have been a better prophet in the character I gave you of yourſelf, if it had been good manners, in the height of your credit, to put you in mind of its mortality: for, you are not the firſt, by at leaſt three ladies, whom I have known to undergo the ſame turn of fortune. It is allowed, that ladies are often very good ſcaffoldings; and I need not tell you the uſe that ſcaffoldings are put to by all builders, as well political as mechanic. I ſhould have begun this letter by telling you, that I was encouraged to write it by my beſt friend, and one of your great admirers; who told me, "that, from "ſomething that had paſſed between you, he "thought you would not receive it ill." After all, I know no perſon of your ſex, for whom I have ſo great an eſteem, as I do and believe I ſhall always continue to bear for you, I mean a private perſon; for, I muſt except the queen, and it is not an exception of form: becauſe I have really a very great veneration for her great qualities, although I have reaſon to complain of her conduct to me; which

I could

I could not excuſe although ſhe had fifty kingdoms to govern. I have but room to conclude with my ſincere profeſſions of being, with true reſpect,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

## From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

DEAR SIR, Indorſed, "Nov. 1730."

THE paſſage in Mr. Pope's letter about your health does not alarm me: both of us have had the diſtemper theſe thirty years. I have found that ſteel, the warm gums, and the bark, all do good in it. Therefore, firſt take the vomit A; then, every day, the quantity of a nutmeg in the morning, of the electuary, marked B; with five ſpoonfuls of the tincture marked D. Take the tincture, but not the electuary, in the afternoon. You may take one of the pills marked C, at any time when you are troubled with it, or thirty of the drops marked E, in any vehicle, even water. I had a ſervant of my own, that was cured merely with vomiting. There is another medicine not mentioned, which you may try; the pulvis rad. Valerianæ ſylveſtris, about a ſcruple of it twice a-day. How came you to take it in your head, that I was queen's phyſician? When I am ſo, you ſhall be a biſhop, or any thing you have a mind to. Pope is now the great reigning poetical favourite. Your lord

lord lieutenant * has a mind to be well with you. Lady Betty Germain complains you have not writ to her ſince ſhe wrote to you. I have ſhewed as much civility to Mrs. Barber as I could, and ſhe likewiſe to me. I have no more paper, but what ſerves to tell you, that I am, with great ſincerity, your moſt faithful humble ſervant,

J. ARBUTHNOT.

I recommended Dr. Helſham to be phyſician to the lord lieutenant. I know not what effect it will have. My reſpects to him, and Dr. Delany.

A.

℞ Pulv. Rad. ipocacoanæ, ℈j.

B.

℞ Conſerv. flavedin. aurant. abſynth. Rom. ana ʒvi. rubigin. Martis in pollin. redact. ʒiij. ſyrup. e ſucco kermes, q. ſ.

C.

℞ Aſ. fœtid. ʒij. tinctur. caſtor. q. ſ. fiant pilulæ xxiv.

D.

℞ Cortic. Peruviani elect. rubigin. Martis ana ʒj. digere tepidè in vino alb. Gallic. ℔ij per 24 horas: poſtea fiat colatura.

* The duke of Dorſet.

E.

℞ Sp. cor. cerv. ſp. lavendul. tinctur. caſtor. ana ʒij. miſce *.

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, Dec. 6, 1730.

BOTH your letters, to my great ſatisfaction, I have received. You were miſtaken as to my being in town; for I have been here ever ſince the beginning of May. But the beſt way is to direct your letters always to the duke's houſe, in London; and they are ſent hither by his porter. You ſay, we deſerve envy: I think, we do; for I envy no man, either in town or out of it. We have had ſome few viſitors, and every one of them ſuch, as one would deſire to viſit. The ducheſs is a more ſevere check upon my finances than ever you were; and I ſubmit, as I did to you, to comply to my own good. I was a long time, before I could prevail with her to let me allow myſelf a pair of ſhoes with two heels; for I had loſt one, and the ſhoes were ſo decayed, that they were not worth mending. You ſee by this, that thoſe, who are the moſt generous of their own, can be the moſt covetous for others. I hope

* As theſe receipts may poſſibly be uſeful to ſome perſon troubled with the Dean's complaint of giddineſs, Dr. Arbuthnot's receipt of bitters, for ſtrengthening the ſtomach, is added.

Take of zadoary root one drachm; galangal and Roman wormwood, of each two drachms; orange-peel, a drachm; leſſer cardamon ſeeds, two ſcruples. Infuſe all in a quart of boiling ſpring-water for ſix hours: ſtrain it off, and add to it four ounces of greater compound wormwood-water.

you will be ſo good to me, as to uſe your intereſt with her, (for, whatever ſhe ſays, you ſeem to have ſome) to indulge me with the extravagance ſuitable to my fortune.

The lady you mention, that diſlikes you, has no diſcernment. I really think, you may ſafely venture to Ameſbury, though indeed the lady here likes to have her own way as well as you; which may ſometimes occaſion diſputes: and I tell you beforehand, that I cannot take your part. I think her ſo often in the right, that you will have great difficulty to perſuade me, that ſhe is in the wrong. Then, there is another thing, that I ought to tell you, to deter you from this place; which is, that the lady of the houſe is not given to ſhew civility to thoſe ſhe does not like. She ſpeaks her mind, and loves truth. For the uncommonneſs of the thing, I fancy your curioſity will prevail over your fear; and you will like to ſee ſuch a woman. But I ſay no more, till I know whether her grace will fill up the reſt of the paper.

The ducheſs of Q——.

Write I muſt, particularly now, as I have an opportunity to indulge my predominant paſſion of contradiction. I do, in the firſt place, contradict moſt things Mr. Gay ſays of me, to deter you from coming here; which if you ever do, I hereby aſſure you, that unleſs I like my own way better, you ſhall have yours; and in all diſputes you ſhall convince me, if you can. But, by what I ſee of you, this is not a misfortune that will always happen; for

I find you are a great miſtaker. For example, you take prudence for imperiouſneſs: 'tis from this firſt, that I determined not to like one, who is too giddy-headed for me to be certain whether or not I ſhall ever be acquainted with. I have known people take great delight in building caſtles in the air; but I ſhould chooſe to build friends upon a more ſolid foundation. I would fain know you; for I often hear more good likeable things than 'tis poſſible any one can deſerve. Pray come, that I may find out ſomething wrong; for I, and I believe moſt women, have an inconceivable pleaſure to find out any faults, except their own. Mr. Cibber is made poet laureat. I am, Sir, as much your humble ſervant as I can be to any perſon I don't know,

C. Q.

Mr. Gay is very peeviſh that I ſpell and write ill; but I don't care: for neither the pen nor I can do better. Beſides, I think you have flattered me, and ſuch people ought to be put to trouble.

Mr. GAY's Poſtſcript.

Now I hope you are pleaſed, and that you will allow for ſo ſmall a ſum as 200*l.* you have a lumping pennyworth.

From Lady ELIZABEH GERMAINE.

Dec. 24, 1730.

SINCE you, with a modeſt aſſurance, affirm you underſtand and practiſe good manners better than any other perſon in either kingdom, I wiſh you would

would therefore put into very handſome terms my excuſe to dean Swift, that I have not anſwered his letter, that I received before the laſt. For even prebendary Head aſſured my brother Harry, that he, in all form and juſtice, took place of a colonel, as being major-general in the church; and therefore you need not have called a council to know, whether you or I were to write laſt; becauſe, as being but a poor courteſy lady, I can pretend to no place but what other people's goodneſs gives me. This being ſettled, I certainly ought not to have writ again; but however, I fear I ſhould have been wrong enough to have deſired the correſpondence to be kept up, but that I have been ill for a fortnight, and of courſe lazy, and not in a writing mood.

Firſt, as to Mrs. Barber; as I told you before, ſo I tell you the ſame again, that upon your recommendation, I ſhall be very glad to ſerve her, though I never did ſee her; and as I had not your letter till I went from Tunbridge, ſhe paſſed unmarked by me in the crowd; nor have I met with her ſince. She writ to me to preſent ——'s poems to the duke and ducheſs of Dorſet. I anſwered her letter, and obeyed her commands. And as to her own, I ſhall moſt willingly ſubſcribe; though I am of the opinion, we ladies are not apt to be good poets, eſpecially if we can't ſpell: but that is by the way of inviolable ſecret between you and me. So much for this letter. Now to your laſt epiſtle, for which it ſeems I am to give you thanks, for honouring me with your commands. Well, I do ſo, becauſe this gets a proof, that after ſo many year's

acquaintance, there is one, that will take my word; which is a certain ſign, that I have not often broke it. Therefore behold the conſequence is this; I have given my word to the duke of Dorſet, that you would not ſo poſitively affirm this fact concerning Mr. Fox, without knowing the certain truth, that there is no deceit in this declaration of truſt. And though it has been recommended to him, as you ſay, he never did give any anſwer to it, nor deſigned it, till he was fully ſatisfied of the truth; and even then, I believe, would not have determined to have done it, becauſe it is an eaſy way of ſecuring a place for ever to a family; and were this to be an example, be it ſo many pence, or ſo many pounds, for the future they would be inheritances.

So now, not to ſhew my power with his grace (in ſpite of his dependants, who may caſt their eyes on it) for that I dare affirm there never will be need of, where juſtice or good-nature is neceſſary; but to ſhew you his dependance on your honour and integrity, he gives me leave to tell you, it ſhall certainly be done; nor does this at all oblige you to give the thanks you ſeem ſo deſirous to give; for at any time, whenſoever you have any buſineſs, ſervice, or requeſt to make to his grace of Dorſet (whether my proper buſineſs or not) till you two are better acquainted with one another's merits, I ſhall be very glad to ſhew how ſincerely I am your friend and faithful humble ſervant.

## To Mrs. WHITEWAY.

Dec. 28, 1730.

YOU might give a better reaſon for reſtoring my book, that it was not worth keeping. I thought by the ſuperſcription that your letter was written by a man; for you have neither the ſcrawl nor the ſpelling of your ſex. You live ſo far off, and I believe are ſo ſeldom at home, and I am ſo ill a viſitor, that it is no wonder we meet ſo ſeldom: but if you knew what I ſay of you to others, you would believe it was not want of inclination: I mean what I ſay of you as I knew you formerly; for as to what you are now, I know but little. I give you the good wiſhes of the ſeaſon; and am, with true eſteem and affection, yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

## To Lady SANTRY.

MADAM, 1730, at a conjecture.

MY reaſon for waiting on you, ſome time ago, was grounded on the eſteem I always had for you; which continued ſtill the ſame, although I had hardly the leaſt acquaintance with your lord, nor was at all deſirous to cultivate it, becauſe I did not at all approve of his conduct. In two or three days after I ſaw you at ſir Compton Domville's houſe, all my acquaintance told me how full the town was of the viſit I had made you; and of the cruel treat-

ment you received from me, with relation to your ſon. I will not believe your ladyſhip was ſo weak as to ſpread this complaint yourſelf; but I lay it wholly to thoſe two young women who were then in the ſame room, I ſuppoſe as viſitors. But, if you were really diſcontented, and thought to publiſh your diſcontent in aggravating words, I muſt cut off at leaſt nine tenths of the friendſhip I had for you, and liſt you in the herd of Iriſh ladies, whoſe titles, or thoſe of their huſbands, with me, never have the weight of a feather, or the value of a pebble. I imagined you had ſo much ſenſe as to underſtand, that all I ſaid was intended for the ſervice both of you and your ſon. I have often ſpoken much more ſeverely to perſons of much higher quality than your ſon, and in a kingdom where to be a lord is of importance; and I have received hearty thanks, as well as found amendment. One thing I ſhall obſerve, upon your account, which is, Never to throw away any more advice upon any Iriſh lord, or his mother; becauſe I thought you would be one of the laſt to deceive me.

I called four times at the houſe where you lodge, and you were always denied, by which, I ſuppoſe, you would have me think you are angry; whereas I am the perſon who ought to complain, becauſe all I ſaid to you proceeded from friendſhip, and a deſire of reforming your ſon. But that deſire is now utterly at an end.

From

From WILLIAM PULTENEY, Eſq;

DEAR SIR, London, Feb. 9, 1730.

AMONG the many compliments I have received from my friends on the birth of my ſon, I aſſure you none gave me greater pleaſure, than the kind letter you honoured me with on the occaſion. When you were laſt in England, your ſtay was ſo ſhort, that I ſcarce had time, and very few opportunities, to convince you how great a deſire I had to bear ſome ſhare of your eſteem; but, ſhould you return this ſummer, I hope you will continue longer among us. Lord Bolingbroke, lord Bathurſt, Pope, myſelf, and others of your friends, are got together in a country neighbourhood, which would be much enlivened, if you would come and live among us. Mrs. Pulteney joins with me in the invitation, and is much obliged to you for remembering her. She bid me tell you, that ſhe is determined to have no more children, unleſs you will promiſe to come over, and chriſten the next. You ſee how much my happineſs, in many reſpects, depends upon your promiſe. I have always deſired Pope, when he wrote to you, to remember my compliments; and I can aſſure you, with the greateſt truth, though you have much older acquaintances, that you have not in England a friend that loves and honours you more than I do, or can be, with greater ſincerity than I am, your moſt humble and obedient ſervant,

W. PULTENEY.

P. S. If

P. S. If any of our pamphlets (with which we abound) are ever ſent over to Ireland, and you think them worth reading, you will perceive how low they are reduced in point of argument on one ſide of the queſtion. This has driven certain people to that laſt reſort of calling names. Villain, traitor, ſeditious raſcal, and ſuch ingenious appellations, have frequently been beſtowed on a couple of friends of yours. Such uſage has made it neceſſary to return the ſame polite language; and there has been more Billingſgate ſtuff uttered from the preſs within theſe two months, than ever was known before. Upon this, Dr. Arbuthnot has writ a very humorous treatiſe*, which he ſhewed me this morning; wherein he proves, from many learned inſtances, that this ſort of altercation is ancient, elegant, and claſſical; and that what the world falſely imagines to be polite, is truly Gothic and barbarous. He ſhews how the gods and goddeſſes uſed one another; dog, bitch, and whore were pretty common expreſſions among them: kings, heroes, ambaſſadors, and orators, abuſed one another much in the ſame way; and he concludes, that it is a pity this method of objurgation ſhould be loſt. His quotations from Homer, Demoſthenes, Æſchines, and Tully are admirable, and the whole is very humourouſly conducted. I take it for granted, he will ſend it you himſelf, as ſoon as it is printed.

* 'Probably that publiſhed in the Miſcellaneous Works of the late Dr. Arbuthnot, Vol. I. p. 40. Printed at Glaſgow, in 1731. The title of the piece is,—A brief Account of Mr. John Ginglicut's Treatiſe concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients.'

From

## From Lady ELIZABETH GERMAINE.

Feb. 23, 1730-31.

NOW were you in vaſt hopes you ſhould hear no more from me, I being ſlow in my motions: but don't flatter yourſelf; you began the correſpondence, ſet my pen a going, and God knows when it will end; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to pleaſe myſelf when I could; and though I don't juſt take the turn my mother did of faſting and praying; yet to be ſure that was her pleaſure too, or elſe ſhe would not have been ſo greedy of it. I don't care to deliver your meſſage this great while to lieutenant Head, he having been dead theſe two years. And though he had, as you ſay, a head, I loved him very well; but, however, from my dame Wadgar's * firſt impreſſion, I have ever had a natural antipathy to ſpirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. Pope, which I am ſorry for, and expect you ſhould come to England, in order to improve it. If it was the queen, and not the duke of Grafton, that picked out ſuch a laureat †, ſhe deſerves his poetry in her praiſe.

Your friend Mrs. Barber has been here. I find ſhe has ſome requeſt; but neither you nor ſhe has yet let it out to me what it is; for, certainly you cannot mean That by ſubſcribing to her book; if ſo, I ſhall be mighty happy to have you call That

* The deaf houſekeeper at lord Berkeley's. † Colley Cibber.

a fa-

a favour. For ſurely there is nothing ſo eaſy as what one can do one's ſelf, nor any thing ſo heavy as what one muſt aſk other people for; though I don't mean by this, that I ſhall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet ſhall be much happier, when it is in my own power to ſhew, how ſincerely I am my old friend's moſt faithful humble ſervant.

Mrs. Lloyd is much yours; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

## From Mr. GAY.

March 20, 1730-31.

I THINK it is above three months ſince I wrote to you, in partnerſhip with the ducheſs. About a fortnight ſince I wrote to you from Twickenham, for Mr. Pope and myſelf. He was then diſabled from writing, by a ſevere rheumatic pain in his arm; but is pretty well again, and at preſent in town. Lord Oxford, lord Bathurſt, he, and I, dined together yeſterday at Barnes, with old Jacob Tonſon, where we drank your health. I am again, by the advice of phyſicians, grown a moderate wine-drinker, after an abſtinence of above two years; and now look upon myſelf as qualified for ſociety as before.

I formerly ſent you a ſtate of the accounts between us. Lord Bathurſt has this day paid me your principal and intereſt. The intereſt amounted to 12*l.* and I want your directions how to diſpoſe of the

the principal, which muſt lie dead, till I receive your orders. I had a ſcheme of buying two lottery tickets for you, and keeping your principal intire. And as all my good fortune is to come, to ſhew you that I conſult your advantage, I will buy two more for myſelf, and then you and I will go halves in the ten thouſand pounds. That there will be a lottery is certain: the ſcheme is not yet declared, but I hear it will not be the moſt advantageous one; for we are to have but 3*l. per cent.*

I ſolicit for no court favours, ſo that I propoſe to buy the tickets at the market price, when they come out, which will not be theſe two or three months. If you do not like to have your money thus diſpoſed of; or if you like to truſt to your own fortune, rather than to ſhare in mine, let me have your orders; and at the ſame time, tell me what I ſhall do with the principal ſum.

I came to town the 7th of January laſt, with the duke and ducheſs, about buſineſs, for a fortnight. As it depended upon others, we could not get it done till now. Next week we return to Ameſbury, in Wiltſhire, for the reſt of the year; but the beſt way is always to direct to me at the duke's, in Burlington-gardens, near Piccadilly. I am ordered by the ducheſs to grow rich in the manner of ſir John Cutler. I have nothing, at this preſent writing, but my frock that was made at Saliſbury, and a bob perriwig. I perſuade myſelf that it is ſhilling-weather as ſeldom as poſſible; and have found out, that there are few court-viſits that are worth a ſhilling. In ſhort, I am very happy in my preſent independency.

dependency. I envy no man; but have the due contempt of voluntary ſlaves of birth and fortune. I have ſuch a ſpite againſt you, that I wiſh you may long for my company, as I do for yours. Though you never write to me, you cannot make me forget you; ſo that if it is out of friendſhip you write ſo ſeldom to me, it does not anſwer the purpoſe. Thoſe who you like ſhould remember you, do ſo whenever I ſee them. I believe they do it upon their own account; for I know few people who are ſolicitous to pleaſe or flatter me. The ducheſs ſends you her compliments, and ſo would many more, if they knew of my writing to you.

## To the Same.

DEAR SIR, April 11, 1731.

THE fortune of the perſon you intereſt yourſelf in, amounts to at preſent (all debts paid) about three thouſand four hundred pounds; ſo that, whatever other people think, I look upon him, as to fortune, to be happy; that is to ſay, an independant creature. I have been in expectation, poſt after poſt, to have received your directions about the diſpoſal of your money, which lord Bathurſt paid into my hands ſome time ago. I left that ſum, with 200*l.* of my own, in Mr. Hoare's hands, at my coming out of town. If I hear nothing from you, I ſhall do with it, as I do with my own. I made you a propoſal about purchaſing lottery tickets, in partnerſhip with myſelf; that is to ſay, four tickets between us. This can be done with the overplus,

the intereſt-money I have received; but in this I will do nothing, till I hear from you.

I am now got to my reſidence at Ameſbury, getting health, and ſaving money. Since I have got over the impediment to a writer, water-drinking, if I can perſuade myſelf that I have any wit, and find I have inclination, I intend to write; though, as yet, I have another impediment: for I have not provided myſelf with a ſcheme. Ten to one but I ſhall have a propenſity to write againſt vice, and who can tell how far that may offend? But, an author ſhould conſult his genius, rather than his intereſt, if he cannot reconcile them. Juſt before I left London, I made a viſit to Mrs. Barber. I wiſh I could any wiſe have contributed to her ſubſcription. I have always found myſelf of no conſequence, and am now of leſs than ever; but I have found out a way, in one reſpect, of making myſelf of more conſequence, which is by conſidering other people of leſs. Thoſe who have given me up, I have given up; and in ſhort, I ſeek after no friendſhips, but am content with what I have in the houſe. They have ſubſcribed, and I propoſed it before Jo. Taylor; who, upon hearing ſhe was a friend of yours, offered his ſubſcription, and deſired his compliments to you. I believe ſhe has given you an account that ſhe has ſome proſpect of ſucceſs from others recommendations to thoſe I know; and I have not been wanting upon all occaſions to put in my good word, which I fear avails but little. Two days ago I received a letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, which gave me but a bad account of Mr. Pope's health. I have

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writ to him; but have not heard from him ſince I came into the country. If you knew the pleaſure you gave me, you would keep your contract of writing more punctually; and eſpecially you would have anſwered my laſt letter, as it was about a money affair, and you have to do with a man of buſineſs.

Your letter was more to the ducheſs than to me; ſo I now leave off, to offer her the paper.

Poſtſcript by the Ducheſs.

It was Mr. Gay's fault that I did not write ſooner; which if I had, I ſhould hope you would have been here by this time; for I have to tell you, all your articles are agreed to; and that I only love my own way, when I meet not with others whoſe ways I like better. I am in great hopes that I ſhall approve of yours; for, to tell you the truth, I am at preſent a little tired of my own. I have not a clear or diſtinct voice, except when I am angry; but I am a very good nurſe, when people don't fancy themſelves ſick. Mr. Gay knows this; and he knows too how to play at backgammon. Whether the parſon of the pariſh can, I know not; but if he cannot hold his tongue, I can. Pray ſet out the firſt fair wind, and ſtay with us as long as ever you pleaſe. I cannot name my fixed time that I ſhall like to maintain you and your equipage; but, if I don't happen to like you, I know I can ſo far govern my temper, as to endure you for about five days. So come away directly; at all hazards, you'll be allowed a good breathing time. I ſhall make no ſort

of

of reſpectful concluſions; for till I know you, I cannot tell what I am to you.

### Mr. GAY's Poſtſcript.

The direction is to the duke of Queenſberry's, in Burlington-gardens, Piccadilly. Now I have told you this, you have no excuſe from writing but one, which is coming; get over your law-ſuit, and receive your money.

The ducheſs adds, "He ſhall not write a word more from Ameſbury, in Wiltſhire. Your groom was miſtaken; for the houſe is big enough, but the park is too little."

### To Mr. GAY.

Dublin, April 13, 1731.

YOUR ſituation is an odd one; the ducheſs is your treaſurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the duke's. And I had gone a good way in ſome verſes on that occaſion, preſcribing leſſons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do ſo and ſo, &c. like other treaſurers; how to deal with ſervants, tenants, or neighbouring ſquires, which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance, and ſo the parallel goes on, but grows too long to pleaſe me: I prove that poets are the fitteſt perſons to be treaſurers and managers to great perſons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c.——Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your ſhoe? unleſs you would make your court at St.

James's by affecting to imitate the prince of Lilliput.——But the reſt of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the ducheſs, I ſhall ſay no more to you, but apply myſelf to her grace.

MADAM,

Since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and ſince I have the ſame perfection; I will ſettle that matter immediately, to prevent thoſe ill conſequences he apprehends. Your grace ſhall have your own way, in all places except your own houſe, and the domains about it. There and there only, I expect to have mine, ſo that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houſes in town or country. I will likewiſe, out of my ſpecial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right againſt all human kind, except myſelf, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You ſhall have a greater privilege in the third article of ſpeaking your mind; which I ſhall graciouſly allow you now and then to do even to myſelf, and only rebuke you when it does not pleaſe me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to truſt myſelf with the carriage of it) the preſumptuous manner in which you begin had ſlipt out of my memory. But I forgive you to the ſeventeenth line, where you begin to baniſh me for ever, by demanding me to

anſwer

anſwer all the good character ſome partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived ſixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermiſſion of two ſummers in England; and conſequently am fifty years older than I was at the queen's death, and fifty thouſand times duller, and fifty million times more peeviſh, perverſe, and moroſe; ſo that under theſe diſadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about ſome twenty bars length. Pray, madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me ſit at your left hand at leaſt within three of you, for of two bad ears, my right is the beſt? My groom tells me that he likes your park, but your houſe is too little. Can the parſon of the pariſh play at back-gammon, and hold his tongue? is any one of your women a good nurſe, if I ſhould fancy myſelf ſick for four and twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When theſe preliminaries are ſettled, I muſt be very poor, very ſick, or dead, or to the laſt degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Ameſbury. For, I profeſs, you are the firſt lady that ever I deſired to ſee, ſince the firſt of Auguſt 1714, and I have forgot the date when that deſire grew ſtrong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, elſe I would have gone on foot for that happineſs as far as to your houſe in Scotland. But I can ſoon recollect the time, by aſking ſome ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company? which however I think was a ſign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring

your grace. I diſlike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad ſpelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourſelf. Falſe ſpelling is only excuſable in a chamber-maid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women. Pray God preſerve your grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be ſo juſt to remember me among thoſe who have the greateſt regard for virtue, goodneſs, prudence, courage and generoſity; after which you muſt conclude that I am with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, madam, your grace's moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant, *&c.*

## To Mr. GAY.

I have juſt got yours of February 24, with a poſtſcript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the firſt part, and with great difficulty ſome days after added the reſt. I ſee his weakneſs by his hand-writing. How much does his philoſophy exceed mine? I could not bear to ſee him: I will write to him ſoon.

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, April 27, 1731.

YOURS, without a date, I received two days after my return to this place from London, where I ſtayed only four days. I ſaw Mr. Pope, who is much better: I dined with him at lord Oxford's,

ford's, who never fails drinking your health, and is always very inquiſitive after every thing that concerns you. Mr. Pulteney had received your letter, and ſeemed very much pleaſed with it; and I thought you too very much in the good graces of the lady. Sir William Wyndham, who you will hear has buried lady Catharine, was at Dawley in great affliction. Dr. Arbuthnot I found in good health and ſpirits. His neighbour, Mr. Lewis, was gone to Bath. Mrs. Patty Blount I ſaw two or three times, who will be very much pleaſed, when ſhe knows you ſo kindly remember her. I am afraid Mrs. Howard will not be ſo well ſatisfied with the compliments you ſend her. I breakfaſted twice with her at Mrs. Blount's; and ſhe told me, that her indiſpoſition had prevented her anſwering your letter. This ſhe deſired me to tell you, that ſhe would write to you ſoon; and ſhe deſires you will accept of her compliments in the mean time, by me. You ſhould conſider circumſtances before you cenſure. It will be too long for a letter to make her apology; but when I ſee you, I ſhall convince you, that you miſtake her. This day before I left London, I gave orders for buying two South-Sea or India bonds for you, which carry 4 *l. per cent.* and are as eaſily turned into ready money, as bank-bills; which, by this time, I ſuppoſe is done.

Whenever you come to England, if you will put that confidence in me, to give me notice, I will meet you at your landing-place, and conduct you hither. You have experience of me as a tra-

veller; and I promiſe, I will not drop you on the road for any viſit whatever. You tell me of thanks I have not given. I don't know what to ſay to people who will be perpetually laying one under obligations: my behaviour to you, ſhall convince you that I am very ſenſible of them, though I never once mention them. I look upon you as my beſt friend and counſellor. I long for the time when we ſhall meet and converſe together. I will draw you into no great company, beſide thoſe I live with. In ſhort, if you inſiſt upon it, I will give up all great company for yours. Theſe are conditions, that I can hardly think you will inſiſt upon, after your declarations to the ducheſs, who is more and more impatient to ſee you: and all my fear is, that you will give up me for her, which, after my ungallant declaration, would be very ungenerous. But we will ſettle this matter together, when you come to Ameſbury. After all, I find I have been ſaying nothing; for, ſpeaking of her, I am talking as if I were in my own power. You uſed to blame me for over-ſolicitude about myſelf. I am now grown ſo rich, that I don't think myſelf worth thinking on; ſo that I will promiſe you never to mention myſelf, or my own affairs; but you owed it all to the inquiſitiveneſs of your friendſhip; and ten to one but you will every now and then draw me in to talk of myſelf again. I ſent you a groſs ſtate of my fortune already. I have not room to draw it out in particulars. When you come over, the ducheſs will ſtate it to you. I have left no room for her to

write,

write, ſo that I will ſay nothing till my letter is gone; but ſhe would not forgive me, if I did not ſend her compliments.

## From Lord BATHURST.

April 9, 1731.

I NEVER deſigned to have writ to you any more, becauſe you bantered and abuſed me ſo groſly in your laſt. To flatter a man, from whom you can get nothing, nor expect any thing, is doing miſchief for miſchief-ſake, and conſequently highly immoral. However I will not carry my reſentments ſo far, as to ſtand by and ſee you undone, without giving you both notice and advice. Could any man but you think of truſting John Gay with his money? None of his friends would ever truſt him with his own, whenever they could avoid it. He has called in the 200 *l.* I had of yours: I paid him both principal and intereſt. I ſuppoſe by this time he has loſt it. I give you notice, you muſt look upon it as annihilated.

Now, as I have conſidered, your deanry brings you in little or nothing, and that you keep ſervants and horſes, and frequently give little neat dinners, which are more expenſive than a few ſplendid entertainments; beſide which, you may be ſaid to water your flock with French wine, which altogether muſt conſume your ſubſtance in a little while; I have thought of putting you in a method, that may retrieve your affairs. In the firſt place, you muſt turn off all your ſervants, and ſell

your horſes, I will find exerciſe for you. Your whole family muſt conſiſt of only one ſound wholeſome wench. She will make your bed, and warm it; beſide waſhing your linen, and mending it, darning your ſtockings, &c. But to ſave all expence in houſe-keeping, you muſt contrive ſome way or other, that ſhe ſhould have milk; and I can aſſure you, it is the opinion of ſome of the beſt phyſicians, that women's milk is the wholeſomeſt food in the world.

Beſides, this regimen, take it altogether, will certainly temper and cool your blood. You will not be ſuch a *boutefeu*, as you have been, and be ready, upon every trifling occaſion, to ſet a whole kingdom in a flame. Had the Drapier been a milk-ſop, poor Wood had not ſuffered ſo much in his reputation and fortune. It will allay that fervour of blood, and quiet that hurry of ſpirits, which breaks out every now and then into poetry, and ſeems to communicate itſelf to others of the chapter. You would not then encourage Delany and Stopford in their idleneſs, but let them be as grave as moſt of their order are with us. I am convinced they will ſooner get preferment then, than in the way they now are. And I ſhall not be out of hopes of ſeeing you a biſhop in time, when you live in that regular way, which I propoſe. In ſhort, in a few years, you may lay up money enough to buy even the biſhopric of Durham. For, if you keep cows inſtead of horſes, in that high-walled orchard, and cultivate by your own induſtry a few potatoes in your garden, the

maid

maid will live well, and be able to ſell more butter and cheeſe, than will anſwer her wages. You may preach then upon temperance with a better grace, than now, that you are known to conſume ſeven or eight hogſheads of wine every year of your life. You will be mild and meek in your converſation, and not frighten parliament-men, and keep even lords-lieutenants in awe. You will then be qualified for that ſlavery, which the country you live in, and the order you profeſs, ſeem to be deſigned for. It will take off that giddineſs in your head, which has diſturbed yourſelf and others. The diſputes between Sir Arthur * and my lady, will for the future be confined to proſe; and an old thorn may be cut down in peace, and warm the parlour chimney, without heating the heads of poor innocent people, and turning their brains.

You ought to remember what St. Auſtin ſays, *Poeſis eſt vinum dæmonum.* Conſider the life you now lead: you warm all that come near you with your wine and converſation; and the reſt of the world, with your pen dipped deep in St. Auſtin's *vinum dæmonum.*

So far for your ſoul's health. Now, as to the health of your body: I muſt inform you, that part of what I preſcribe to you, is the ſame which our

* Sir Arthur Acheſon, at whoſe ſeat, in a village called Market-Hill in Ireland, the Dean ſometimes made a long viſit. The diſpute between Sir Arthur and my lady, here alluded to, is whether Hamilton's bawn ſhould be turned into a barrack, or a malt-houſe? The Old Thorn, is that cut down at Market-Hill, the ſubject of a little poem written by Swift.

great

great friar Bacon preſcribed to the pope, who lived in his days. Read his Cure of old age, and Preſervation of youth, chap. the 12th. You uſed to ſay, that you found benefit from riding. The French, an ingenious people, uſed the word *chevaucher*, inſtead of *monter à cheval*, and they look upon it as the ſame thing in effect.

Now, if you will go on after this, in your old ways, and ruin your health, your fortune, and your reputation, it is no fault of mine. I have pointed out the road, which will lead you to riches and preferment; and that you may have no excuſe from entering into this new courſe of life, upon pretence of doubting, whether you can get a perſon properly qualified to feed you, and compoſe your new family, I will recommend you to John Gay, who is much better qualified to bring increaſe from a woman, than from a ſum of money. But if he ſhould be lazy, (he is ſo fat, that there is ſome reaſon to doubt him) I will without fail ſupply you myſelf, that you may be under no diſappointments. Bracton ſays, *Conjunctio maris et fœminæ eſt jure naturæ*. Vide Coke upon Littleton. Calvin's caſe, 1ſt vol. Reports.

This I ſend you from my cloſet at Richkings *, where I am at leiſure to attend ſerious affairs; but when one is in town, there are ſo many things to laugh at, that it is very difficult to compoſe one's thoughts, even long enough to write a letter of advice to a friend. If I ſee any man ſerious in that crowd, I look upon him for a very dull or deſign-

* 'A ſeat of his lordſhip's, in Buckinghamſhire.'

ing

ing fellow. By the bye, I am of opinion, that folly and cunning are nearer allied than people are aware of. If a fool runs out his fortune, and is undone, we ſay, the poor man has been outwitted. Is it not as reaſonable to ſay of a cunning raſcal, who has lived miſerably, and died hated and deſpiſed, to leave a great fortune behind him, that he has outwitted himſelf? In ſhort, to be ſerious about thoſe trifles, which the majority of mankind think of conſequence, ſeems to me to denote folly; and to trifle with thoſe things, which they generally treat ludicrouſly, may denote knavery. I have obſerved that in comedy, the beſt actor plays the part of the droll, while ſome ſcrub rogue is made the hero, or fine gentleman. So in this farce of life, wiſe men paſs their time in mirth, while fools only are ſerious. Adieu.

Continue to be merry and wiſe; but never turn ſerious, or cunning.

## To Mr. GAY.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

EVER ſince I received your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Briſtol, to paſs a month at Ameſbury, as the ducheſs has given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered: firſt, I thought I had done with my law-ſuit, and ſo did all my lawyers, but my adverſary, after being in appearance a proteſtant theſe twenty years, has declared he was always a papiſt, and conſequently by the law here, cannot buy

buy nor (I think) ſell; ſo that I am at ſea again, for almoſt all I am worth. But I have ſtill a worſe evil; for the giddineſs I was ſubject to, inſtead of coming ſeldom and violent, now conſtantly attends me more or leſs, though in a more peaceable manner, yet ſuch as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: and the ducheſs, in all her youth, ſpirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurſe, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians muſt live where they can command, and ſcold; I muſt have horſes to ride, I muſt go to bed and riſe when I pleaſe, and live where all mortals are ſubſervient to me. I muſt talk nonſenſe when I pleaſe, and all who are preſent muſt commend it. I muſt ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles beſide, every day.

I always told you Mr. —— was good for nothing but to be a rank courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the ducheſs, and I hate to ſee you ſo charitable, and ſuch a cully; and yet I love you for it, becauſe I am one myſelf.

You are the ſillieſt lover in Chriſtendom: If you like Mrs ——, why do you not command her to take you? if ſhe does not, ſhe is not worth purſuing; you do her too much honour; ſhe has neither ſenſe nor taſte, if ſhe dares to refuſe you, though ſhe had ten thouſand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I underſtand your meaning, and I am ſure I had never the leaſt thoughts of any myſelf. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation,

putation, and from a principle of ſelf-love, and I do ſometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I ſee very well how matters go with the ducheſs in regard to me. I heard her ſay, Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me, the frolick is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him come; what a clutter is here? poſitively I will not write a ſyllable more. She is an ungrateful ducheſs conſidering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thouſands ſhe had before.—I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000l. which will bring you 300 *per annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquiſite of ſpunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two ſervants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink—provided you live in the country.—Have you no ſcheme either in verſe or proſe? The ducheſs ſhould keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and ſo I have done with you.

MADAM,

Since I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconſtant, without any reproach from their conſcience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (which ever it is that has deſigns upon a chaplain) muſt be my nurſe, if I happen to be ſick or peeviſh at your houſe, and in that caſe you muſt ſuſpend your domineering-

claim

claim till I recover. Your omitting the uſual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters has done me infinite miſchief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered ſince. I dare not confeſs that I have deſcended ſo low as to write to your grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but ſuſpected it, I ſhould loſe them all. One of them, who had but an inklin of the matter (your grace will hardly believe it) refuſed to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk. Pray, conſider this, and do your duty, or dread the conſequence. I promiſe you ſhall have your will ſix minutes every hour at Ameſbury, and ſeven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be ſick, I muſt govern to a ſecond. Yet properly ſpeaking, there is no man alive with ſo much truth and reſpect your Grace's moſt obedient and devoted ſervant.

## To VENTOSO.

SIR, April 28th, 1731.

YOUR letter has lain by me without acknowledging it, longer than I intended; not for want of civility, but becauſe I was wholly at a loſs what to ſay: for, as your ſcheme of thinking, converſing, and living, differs in every point diametrically from mine, ſo I think myſelf the moſt improper perſon in the world to converſe or correſpond with you. You would be glad to be thought a proud

a proud man, and yet there is not a grain of pride in you: for, you are pleaſed that people ſhould know you have been acquainted with perſons of great names and titles, whereby you confeſs, that you take it for an honour; which a proud man never does: and beſides, you ran the hazard of not being believed. You went abroad, and ſtrove to engage yourſelf in a deſperate cauſe, very much to the damage of your fortune, and might have been to the danger of your life, if there had not been, as it were, a combination of ſome, who would not give credit to the account you gave of your tranſactions; and of others, who, either really, or pretending to believe you, have given you out as a dangerous perſon; of which laſt notion I once hinted ſomething to you: becauſe, if what you repeated of yourſelf were true, it was neceſſary that you had either made your peace, or muſt have been proſecuted for high treaſon. The reputation (if there be any) of having been acquainted with princes, and other great perſons, ariſes from its being generally known to others, but never once mentioned by ourſelves, if it can poſſibly be avoided. I ſay this perfectly for your ſervice; becauſe a univerſal opinion, among thoſe who know or have heard of you, that you have always practiſed a direct contrary proceeding, has done you more hurt, than your natural underſtanding, left to itſelf, could ever have brought upon you. The world will never allow any man that character which he gives to himſelf, by openly profeſſing it to thoſe with whom he converſes. Wit, learning, valour,

great

great acquaintance, the eſteem of good men, will be known, although we ſhould endeavour to conceal them, however they may paſs unrewarded: but, I doubt, our own bare aſſertions, upon any of thoſe points, will very little avail, except in tempting the hearers to judge directly contrary to what we advance. Therefore, at this ſeaſon of your life, I ſhould be glad you would act after the common cuſtom of mankind, and have done with thoughts of courts, of ladies, of lords, of politicks, and all dreams of being important in the world. I am glad your country life has taught you Latin, of which you were altogether ignorant when I knew you firſt; and I am aſtoniſhed how you came to recover it. Your new friend Horace will teach you many leſſons agreeable to what I have ſaid, for which I could refer to a dozen paſſages in a few minutes. I ſhould be glad to ſee the houſe wholly ſwept of theſe cobwebs; and that you would take an oath, never to mention a prince or princeſs, a foreign or domeſtic lord, an intrigue of ſtate or of love; but ſuit yourſelf to the climate and company where your prudence will be to paſs the reſt of your life. It is not a farthing matter to you what is doing in Europe, more than to every alderman who reads the news in a coffee-houſe. If you could reſolve to act thus, your underſtanding is good enough to qualify you for any converſation in this kingdom. Families will receive you without fear or reſtraint; nor watch to hear you talk in the grand ſtyle, laugh when you are gone, and tell it to all their acquaintance. It is a happineſs

that

that this quality may, by a man of ſenſe, be as eaſily ſhaken off as it is acquired, eſpecially when he has no proper claim to it: for you were not bred to be a man of buſineſs; you never were called to any employments at courts; but deſtined to be a private gentleman, to entertain yourſelf with country-buſineſs, and country acquaintance; or, at beſt, with books of amuſement in your own language. It is an uncontrolled truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who underſtood his own talents, nor a good one who miſtook them. I am, *&c.*

## From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

June 5, 1731.

I FANCY you have comforted yourſelf a long time with the hopes of hearing no more from me; but you may return your thanks to a downright fit of the gout in my foot, and as painful a rheumatiſm that followed immediately after in my arm, which bound me to my good behaviour. So you may perceive I ſhould make a ſad nurſe to Mr. Pope, who finds the effects of age, and a crazy carcaſe already. However, if it is true what I am informed, that you are coming here ſoon, I expect you ſhould bring us together; and if he will bear me with patience, I ſhall hear him with pleaſure.

I don't know what number of chaplains the duke of Dorſet intends to carry over; but as yet, I have heard of but one that he has ſent, and he as worthy, honeſt, ſenſible a man as any I know,

Mr. Brandreth, who I believe was recommended to your acquaintance. I believe you will find by my writing, that it is not quite eaſy to me, ſo I will neither teaſe you, nor trouble myſelf longer, who am moſt ſincerely your faithful humble ſervant,

E. G.

## A COUNTERFEIT LETTER to the QUEEN*.

MADAM, Dublin, June 22, 1731.

I HAVE had the honour to tell your majeſty, on another occaſion, that provinces labour under one mighty misfortune, which is, in a great meaſure, the cauſe of all the reſt; and that is, that they are for the moſt part far removed from the prince's eye, and, of conſequence, from the influence both of his wiſdom and goodneſs. This is the caſe of Ireland beyond expreſſion!

There is not one mortal here, who is not well ſatisfied of your majeſty's good intentions to all your people: and yet your ſubjects of this iſle are ſo far from ſharing the effects of your good diſpoſitions, in any equitable degree; are ſo far from enjoying all the good to which they are entitled from your majeſty's moſt gracious inclinations; that they often find great difficulty how to enjoy even the relief of complaint.

To omit a thouſand other inſtances, there is one perſon of Iriſh birth, eminent for genius and merit

* Thus indorſed by Dr. Swift: "Counterfeit letter from me to "the Queen, ſent to me by Mr. Pope, dated June 22, 1731. Re- "ceived July 19, 1731. Given by the counteſs of Suffolk."

of

of many kinds, an honour to her country, and to her ſex: I will be bold to ſay, not leſs ſo in her ſphere than your majeſty in yours. And yet all her talents and virtues have not yet been able to influence any one perſon about your majeſty, ſo far as to introduce her into your leaſt notice. As I am your majeſty's moſt dutiful and loyal ſubject, it is a debt I owe your majeſty to acquaint you, that Mrs. Barber, the beſt female poet of this or perhaps of any age, is now in your majeſty's capital, known to lady Hertford, lady Torrington, lady Walpole, *&c.*; a woman whoſe genius is honoured by every man of genius in this kingdom, and either honoured or envied by every man of genius in England.

Your Majeſty is juſtly reverenced for thoſe great abilities with which God hath bleſſed you; for your regard to learning, and your zeal for true religion. Complete your character, by your regard to perſons of genius; eſpecially thoſe, who make the greatneſs of their talents, after your majeſty's example, ſubſervient to the good of mankind and the glory of God; which is moſt remarkably Mrs. Barber's caſe and character.

Give me leave to tell you, madam, that every ſubject of underſtanding and virtue, throughout your dominions, is appointed by Providence of your council. And this, madam, is an open and an honeſt apology for this trouble; or, to ſpeak more properly, for this dutiful information. It is your true intereſt, that all your ſubjects ſhould ſee that merit is regarded by you in one inſtance; or

rather, that it is not diſregarded in any inſtance. Let them daily bleſs God for every gift of wiſdom and goodneſs beſtowed upon you, and pray inceſſantly for the long continuance of them; as doth

Your Majeſty's
moſt dutiful and
loyal ſubject and ſervant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

## From the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY and Mr. GAY.

### The DUCHESS.

July 18, 1731.

YOU are my dear friend, I am ſure, for you are hard to be found: that you are ſo, is certainly owing to ſome evil genius. For, if you ſay true, this is the very propereſt place you can repair to. There is not a head here upon any of our ſhoulders, that is not, at ſometimes, worſe than yours can poſſibly be at the worſt; and not one to compare with yours, when at beſt, except your friends are your ſworn liars. So in one reſpect, at leaſt, you will find things juſt as they could be wiſhed. It is farther neceſſary to aſſure you, that the ducheſs is neither healthy nor young; ſhe lives in all the ſpirits ſhe can, and with as little grandeur as ſhe can poſſibly. She too, as well as you, can ſcold, and command; but ſhe can be ſilent, and obey, if ſhe pleaſes; and then for a good nurſe, it is out of diſpute, that

ſhe

ſhe muſt prove an excellent one, who has been ſo experienced in the infirmities of others, and of her own. As for talking nonſenſe, provided you do it on purpoſe, ſhe has no objection: there is ſome ſenſe in nonſenſe, when it does not come by chance. In ſhort, I am very ſure, that ſhe has ſet her heart upon ſeeing you at this place. Here are women enough to attend you, if you ſhould happen not to approve of her. She has not one fine lady belonging to her, or her houſe. She is impatient to be governed, and is cheerfully determined, that you ſhall quietly enjoy your own will and pleaſure as long as ever you pleaſe.

## Mr. GAY.

You ſhall ride, you ſhall walk, and ſhe will be glad to follow your example: and this will be doing good at the ſame time to her and yourſelf. I had not heard from you ſo long, that I was in fears about you, and in the utmoſt impatience for a letter. I had flattered myſelf, your law-ſuit was at an end, and that your own money was in your own pocket; and about a month ago, I was every day expecting a ſummons to Briſtol. Your money is either getting or loſing ſomething; for I have placed it in the funds. For I am grown ſo much a man of buſineſs, that is to ſay, ſo covetous, that I cannot bear to let a ſum of money lie idle. Your friend Mrs. Howard, is now counteſs of Suffolk. I am ſtill ſo much a dupe, that I think you miſtake her. Come to Ameſbury, and you and I will diſ-

pute this matter; and the ducheſs ſhall be judge. But I fancy you will object againſt her; for I will be ſo fair to you, as to own, that I think ſhe is of my ſide: but, in ſhort, you ſhall chooſe any impartial referee you pleaſe. I have heard from her; Mr. Pope has ſeen her; I beg you would ſuſpend your judgment till we talk over this affair together; for, I fancy, by your letter, you have neither heard from her, or ſeen her, ſo that you cannot at preſent be as good a judge as we are. I'll be a dupe for you at any time, therefore I beg it of you, that you would let me be a dupe in quiet.

As you have had ſeveral attacks of the giddineſs you at preſent complain of, and that it has formerly left you, I will hope, that at this inſtant you are perfectly well; though my fears were ſo very great, before I received your letter, that I may probably flatter myſelf, and think you better than you are. As to my being a manager for the duke, you have been miſinformed. Upon the diſcharge of an unjuſt ſteward, he took the adminiſtration into his own hands. I own, I was called in to his aſſiſtance, when the ſtate of affairs was in the greateſt confuſion. Like an ancient Roman, I came, put my helping hand to ſet affairs right, and as ſoon as it was done, I am retired again as a private man.

The DUCHESS.

What you imagined you heard her ſay, was a good deal in her ſtyle: it was a thouſand to one ſhe had ſaid ſo, but I muſt do her the juſtice to ſay, that

that ſhe did not, either in thought or word. I am ſure ſhe wants to be better acquainted with you, for which ſhe has found out ten thouſand reaſons, that we'll tell you, if you come.

Mr. GAY.

By your letter, I cannot gueſs whether we are likely to ſee you or not. Why might not the Ameſbury downs make you better?

The DUCHESS.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Gay tells me, I muſt write upon his line for fear of taking up too much room. It was his fault that I omitted my duty in his laſt letter, for he never told me one word of writing to you, till he had ſent away his letter. However, as a mark of my great humility, I ſhall be ready and glad to aſk you pardon upon my knees, as ſoon as ever you come, though not in fault. I own this is a little mean-ſpirited, which I hope will not make a bad impreſſion, conſidering you are the occaſion. I ſubmit to all your conditions, ſo pray, come; for, I have not only promiſed myſelf, but Mr. Gay alſo, the ſatisfaction to hear you talk as much nonſenſe as you can poſſibly utter.

Mr. GAY.

You will read in the Gazette of a friend of yours, who has lately had the dignity of being

disgraced*: for, he, and every body, except five or six, look upon it in the same light. I know, were you here, you would congratulate him upon it. I have no scheme at present, either to raise my fame or fortune. I daily reproach myself for my idleness. You know one cannot write when one will. I think and reject: one day or other, perhaps, I may think on something that may engage me to write. You and I are alike in one particular, I wish to be so in many; I mean, that we hate to write upon other folks hints. I love to have my own scheme, and to treat it in my own way. This, perhaps, may be taking too much upon myself, and I may make a bad choice; but I can always enter into a scheme of my own with more ease and pleasure, than into that of any other body. I long to see you; I long to hear from you; I wish you health; I wish you happiness; and I should be very happy myself to be witness that you enjoyed my wishes.

## To Mr. GAY and Duchess of QUEENSBERRY.

August 28, 1731.

YOU and the Duchess use me very ill, for I profess, I cannot distinguish the style or the handwriting of either. I think her grace writes more like you than herself; and that you write more like

* William Pulteney, Esq; who on the 1st of July, 1731, was, by order of king George II. struck out of the list of the privy-council, and put out of all the commissions of the peace.

her

her grace than yourſelf. I would ſwear the beginning of your letter writ by the ducheſs, though it is to paſs for yours; becauſe there is a curſed lie in it, that ſhe is neither young nor healthy, and beſides it perfectly reſembles the part ſhe owns. I will likewiſe ſwear, that what I muſt ſuppoſe is written by the ducheſs, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country parſon's, to whom I lately gave a city-living, ſuch as an Engliſh chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: one to reduce the whole politeneſs, wit, humour, and ſtyle of England into a ſhort ſyſtem, for the uſe of all perſons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour *. The other is of almoſt equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of ſervants, in about twenty ſeveral ſtations, from the ſteward and waiting-woman down to the ſcullion and pantry-boy. I believe no mortal had ever ſuch fair invitations, as to be happy in the beſt company of England. I wiſh I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a ſhoe-boy grew to be ſeveral times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common ſenſe: a lord lieutenant told the firſt king George, that he was the greateſt ſubject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten

* Wagſtaff's Dialogues of Polite Converſation, publiſhed in his lifetime.

and

and preſerved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wiſe thing he ever did, except purchaſing ſixteen thouſand pounds a year—why, you need not ſtare: it is eaſily applied: I muſt be abſent, in order to preſerve my credit with her grace—Lo here comes in the ducheſs again (I know her by her d d's; but am a fool for diſcovering my art) to defend herſelf againſt my conjecture of what ſhe ſaid—Madam, I will imitate your grace and write to you upon the ſame line. I own it is a baſe un-romantic ſpirit in me, to ſuſpend the honour of waiting at your grace's feet, till I can finiſh a paltry law-ſuit. It concerns indeed almoſt all my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about ſix weeks rent of your grace's. This curſed accident has drill'd away the whole ſummer. But, madam, underſtand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal ſenſe, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, ſhall expect them to be literally performed: though perhaps I ſhall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of juſtice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miſerably has your grace been miſtaken in thinking to avoid envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miſerunt, ſed tu utraſque.* So ſays Cicero (as your grace knows) or ſo he might have ſaid.

I am told that the Craftsman, in one of his papers, is offended with the publiſhers of (I ſuppoſe) the laſt edition of the Dunciad; and I was aſked whether

ther you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new diſgraced perſon as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but ſuppoſe it was the conſequence of ſome miſtake. As to writing, I look on you juſt in the prime of life for it, the very ſeaſon when judgment and invention draw together. But ſchemes are perfectly accidental; ſome will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: and what you ſay, is paſt doubt, that every one can beſt find hints for himſelf: though it is poſſible that ſometimes a friend may give you a lucky one juſt ſuited to your own imagination. But all this is almoſt paſt with me: my invention and judgment are perpetually at fiſty-cuffs, till they have quite diſabled each other; and the meereſt trifles I ever wrote, are ſerious philoſophical lucubrations, in compariſon to what I now buſy myſelf about; as (to ſpeak in the author's phraſe) the world may one day ſee.

From the Same.

September 10, 1731.

IF your ramble was on horſeback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between ſtage-coaches and friends coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hoſier in Cheapſide. One clean ſhirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon roſe without one. I have often had it in my head to

put it into yours, that you ought to have ſome great work in ſcheme, which may take up ſeven years to finiſh, beſide two or three under-ones, that may add another thouſand pound to your ſtock; and then I ſhall be in leſs pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without conſidering that the intereſt of a whole thouſand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come among you; and reaſon good, when I am teaſed with dukes and ducheſſes for a viſit, all my demands complied with, and all excuſes cut off. You remember, "O happy Don "Quixote! Queens held his horſe, and Ducheſſes "pulled off his armour," or ſomething to that purpoſe. He was a mean-ſpirited fellow; I can ſay ten times more; O happy, *&c.* ſuch a ducheſs was deſigned to attend him, and ſuch a duke invited him to command his palace. *Nam iſtos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:* go read your Plautus, and obſerve Strobilus vapouring after he had found the pot of gold. I will have nothing to do with that lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, becauſe you are ſo forgiving as not to hate her; however, ſhe has good qualities enough to make her eſteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wiſh ſhe were a fool. I have been ſeveral months writing near five hundred lines on a pleaſant ſubject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will ſay on me after I am dead. I ſhall finiſh it ſoon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I

have

have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors. It is a great comfort to ſee how corruption and ill conduct are inſtrumental in uniting virtuous perſons and lovers of their country of all denominations: whig and tory, high and low-church, as ſoon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be diſaffection, pray God ſend me always among the diſaffected! and I heartily wiſh you joy of your ſcurvy treatment at court, which has given you leiſure to cultivate both public and private virtue; neither of them likely to be ſoon met within the walls of St. James's or Weſtminſter. But I muſt here diſmiſs you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the duke for the great honour he has done me.

My Lord,

I could have ſworn that my pride would be always able to preſerve me from vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for ſome months paſt, firſt by the conduct of my lady ducheſs, and now by that of your grace, which had like to finiſh the work: and I ſhould have certainly gone about ſhewing my letters under the charge of ſecrecy to every blab of my acquaintance, if I could have the leaſt hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in ſo obſcure a corner, quite thrown out of the preſent world, and within a few ſteps of the next, ſhould receive ſuch condeſcending invitations, from two ſuch perſons, to whom he is an utter ſtranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial

partial repreſentations of a friend. But in the mean time, I muſt deſire your grace not to flatter yourſelf, that I waited for your conſent to accept the invitation. I muſt be ignorant indeed not to know, that the ducheſs, ever ſince you met, has been moſt politickly employed in increaſing thoſe forces, and ſharpning thoſe arms with which ſhe ſubdued you at firſt, and to which, the braver and the wiſer you grow, you will more and more ſubmit. Thus I knew myſelf on the ſecure ſide, and it was a mere piece of good manners to inſert that clauſe, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your grace that the ducheſs's great ſecret in her art of government, has been to reduce both your wills into one; ſo I am content, in due obſervance to the forms of the world, to return my moſt humble thanks to your grace for ſo great a favour as you are pleaſed to offer me, and which nothing but impoſſibilities ſhall prevent me from receiving, ſince I am, with the greateſt reaſon, truth, and reſpect, my lord, your grace's moſt obedient, *&c.*

MADAM,

I have conſulted all the learned in occult ſciences of my acquaintance, and have ſat up eleven nights to diſcover the meaning of thoſe two hieroglyphical lines in your grace's hand at the bottom of the laſt Ameſbury letter, but all in vain. Only 'tis agreed, that the language is Coptic, and a very profound Behmiſt aſſures me, the ſtyle is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great perſon of the female ſex,

ſex, to a ſtrange kind of man whom ſhe never ſaw, and this is all I can find, which after ſo many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that reſpect, wherewith I am, madam, your grace's moſt obedient, &c.

## From the Same.

Dublin, Oct. 3, 1732.

I USUALLY write to friends after a pauſe of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diverſions. I believe, I have told you of a great man, who ſaid to me, that he never once in his life received a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reaſons enough without affronting our underſtandings. For there is not one perſon out of this country, who regards any events that paſs here, unleſs he has an eſtate or employment. I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the leaſt provocation to the preſent miniſtry, and much leſs to the court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not ſee the politic of opening common letters, directed to perſons generally known: for a man's underſtanding would be very weak to convey ſecrets by the poſt, if he knew any, which, I declare, I do not: and beſides, I think the world is already ſo well informed by plain events, that I queſtion whether the miniſters have any ſecrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehenſion if a letter ſhould be ſent me full of treaſon; becauſe I cannot hinder people from writing

writing what they pleaſe, nor ſending it to me; and although it ſhould be diſcovered to have been opened before it came to my hand, I would only burn it and think no farther. I approve of the ſcheme you have to grow ſomewhat richer, though, I agree, you will meet with diſcouragements; and it is reaſonable you ſhould, conſidering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you muſt allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for fear thoſe who paſſed by his ſhop might make a compariſon with his work. And I will ſay one thing in ſpite of the poſt-officers, that ſince wit and learning began to be made uſe of in our kingdoms, they were never profeſſedly thrown aſide, contemned, and puniſhed, till within your own memory; nor dulneſs and ignorance ever ſo openly encouraged and promoted. In anſwer to what you ſay of my living among you, if I could do it to my eaſe; perhaps you have heard of a ſcheme for an exchange in Berkſhire propoſed by two of our friends; but, beſide the difficulty of adjuſting certain circumſtances, it would not anſwer, I am at a time of life that ſeeks eaſe and independence; you'll hear my reaſons when you ſee thoſe friends, and I concluded them with ſaying; That I would rather be a freeman among ſlaves, than a ſlave among freemen. The dignity of my preſent ſtation damps the pertneſs of inferior puppies and ſquires, which, without plenty and eaſe on your ſide the channel, would break my heart in a month.

Madam,

MADAM,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that ſame Strado del Poe; and yet, if that author be againſt lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good courtier; which, I am ſure, your grace is not, no not ſo much as to be a maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a free-thinker, nor can ſell bargains; that you can neither ſpell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a courtier. Then you pretend to be reſpected for qualities which have been out of faſhion ever ſince you were almoſt in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of diſaffection; which is farther confirmed by your ill taſte for wit, in preferring two old-faſhioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Beſides, you ſpell in ſuch a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in ſuch an old-faſhioned ſtyle, as none of them can underſtand. You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's ſtock of health. I promiſe you he will ſpend it all upon lazineſs, and run deep in debt by a winter's repoſe in town; therefore I intreat your grace will order him to move his chops leſs, and his legs more, for the ſix cold months, elſe he will ſpend all his money in phyſic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your grace's declaration, of the manner in which you diſpoſe what you call your love and reſpect, which, you ſay, are not paid to merit but to your own humour. Now, madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of

merit; and there goes an ugly obſervation, that the humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, madam, if I ſhould go to Ameſbury with a great load of merit, and your grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchaſe my merchandize at the price of your reſpect, the goods may be damaged, and no body elſe will take them off my hands. Beſides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the firſt part, and I but the ſecond; which is hard treatment, ſince I ſhall be the neweſt acquaintance by ſome years; and I will appeal to all the reſt of your ſex, whether ſuch an innovation ought to be allowed? I ſhould be ready to ſay in the common forms, that I was much obliged to the lady who wiſhed ſhe could give the beſt living, *&c.* if I did not vehemently ſuſpect it was the very ſame lady who ſpoke many things to me in the ſame ſtyle, and alſo with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whoſe dupe he was, as well as of her waiting-woman; but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my lord duke, and with my heartieſt prayer for the proſperity of the whole family, remain your grace's, *&c.*

To

## To Mr. POPE.

DEAR SIR, July 26, 1731.

I WRIT you a long letter not many days ago, which therefore did not arrive until after your laſt that I received yeſterday, with the incloſed from me to the queen. You hinted ſomething of this in a former letter: I will tell you ſincerely how the affair ſtands. I never was at Mrs. Barber's houſe in my life, except once that I chanced to paſs by her ſhop, was deſired to walk in, and went no farther, nor ſtaid three minutes. Dr. Delany has been long her protector; and he, being many years my acquaintance, deſired my good offices for her, and brought her ſeveral times to the deanry. I knew ſhe was poetically given, and, for a woman, had a ſort of genius that way. She appeared very modeſt and pious, and I believe was ſincere; and wholly turned to poetry. I did conceive her journey to England was on the ſcore of her trade, being a woollen-draper, until Dr. Delany ſaid, ſhe had a deſign of printing her poems by ſubſcription, and deſired I would befriend her: which I did, chiefly by your means; the doctor ſtill urging me on: upon whoſe requeſt I writ to her two or three times, becauſe ſhe thought that my countenancing her might be of uſe. Lord Carteret very much befriended her, and ſhe ſeems to have made her way not ill. As for thoſe three letters you mention, ſuppoſed all to be written by me to the queen, on

Mrs. Barber's account, eſpecially the letter which bears my name; I can only ſay, that the apprehenſions one may be apt to have of a friend's doing a fooliſh thing, is an effect of kindneſs: and God knows who is free from playing the fool ſome time or other. But in ſuch a degree as to write to the queen, who has uſed me ill without any cauſe, and to write in ſuch a manner as the letter you ſent me, and in ſuch a ſtyle, and to have ſo much zeal for one almoſt a ſtranger, and to make ſuch a deſcription of a woman as to prefer her before all mankind; and to inſtance it as one of the greateſt grievances of Ireland, that her majeſty has not encouraged Mrs. Barber, a woollen-draper's wife declined in the world, becauſe ſhe has a knack at verſifying; was to ſuppoſe, or fear, a folly ſo tranſcendent, that no man could be guilty of, who was not fit for Bedlam. You know the letter you ſent incloſed is not my hand; and why I ſhould diſguiſe, and yet ſign my name, ſhould ſeem unaccountable: eſpecially when I am taught, and have reaſon to believe, that I am under the queen's diſpleaſure on many accounts, and one very late, for having fixed up a ſtone over the burying-place of the duke of Schomberg, in my cathedral: which, however, I was aſſured by a worthy perſon, who ſolicited that affair laſt ſummer with ſome relations of the duke, "That her majeſty, on hearing the "matter, ſaid they ought to erect a monument." Yet I am told aſſuredly, that the king not long ago, on the repreſentation and complaint of the Pruſſian envoy (with a hard name) who has married a grand-

grand-daughter of the duke, ſaid publicly in the drawing-room, "That I had put up that ſtone out "of malice, to raiſe a quarrel between his majeſty "and the king of Pruſſia." This perhaps may be falſe, becauſe it is abſurd: for I thought it was a Whiggiſh action to honour duke Schomberg, who was ſo inſtrumental in the Revolution, and was ſtadtholder of Pruſſia, and otherwiſe in the ſervice of that electorate, which is now a kingdom. You will obſerve the letter you ſent me concluded, "Your majeſty's loyal ſubject;" which is abſolutely abſurd; for we are only ſubjects to the king, and ſo is her majeſty herſelf. I have had the happineſs to be known to you above twenty years; and I appeal, whether you have known me to exceed the common indiſcretions of mankind; or that, when I conceived myſelf to have been ſo very ill uſed by her majeſty, whom I never attended but on her own commands, I ſhould turn ſolicitor to her for Mrs. Barber? If the queen had not an inclination to think ill of me, ſhe knows me too well to believe in her own heart that I ſhould be ſuch a coxcomb. I am puſhed on by that unjuſt ſuſpicion to give up ſo much of my diſcretion, as to write next poſt to my lady Suffolk on this occaſion, and to deſire ſhe will ſhew what I write to the queen; although I have as much reaſon to complain of her, as of her majeſty, upon the ſcore of her pride and negligence, which make her fitter to be an Iriſh lady than an Engliſh one. You told me, "ſhe "complained that I did not write to her;" when I did, upon your advice, and a letter that required

an anſwer, ſhe wanted the civility to acquit herſelf I ſhall not be leſs in the favour of God, or the eſteem of my friends, for either of their majeſties hard thoughts, which they only take up from miſrepreſentations. The firſt time I ſaw the queen, I took occaſion, upon the ſubject of Mr. Gay, to complain of that very treatment which innocent perſons often receive from princes and great miniſters, that they too eaſily receive bad impreſſions; and although they are demonſtrably convinced that thoſe impreſſions had no grounds, yet they will never ſhake them off. This I ſaid upon Sir Robert Walpole's treatment of Mr. Gay about a libel; and the queen fell entirely in with me, yet now falls into the ſame error. As to the letter † * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * of accidents, and out of perfect commiſeration, &c.

## To the Counteſs of SUFFOLK.

MADAM, July 24, 1731.

I GIVE you joy of your new title, and of the conſequences it may have, or hath had, on your riſing at court, whereof I know nothing but by common fame: for, you remember how I propheſied of your behaviour, when you ſhould come to be a great lady, at the time I drew your character; and hope you have kept it. I writ to you ſome time ago, by the advice of Mr. Pope: I writ to you

† Here the paper is accidentally torn. There ſeem to be wanting eight ſmall quarto lines, which conclude with thoſe few words on the back of the page which follow the aſteriſks.

civilly;

civilly; but you did not anſwer my letter, although you were not then a counteſs; and if you were, your neglect was ſo much the worſe: for, your title has not increaſed your value with me; and your conduct muſt be very good, if it will not leſſen you. Neither ſhould you have heard from me now, if it were not on a particular occaſion. I find, from ſeveral inſtances, that I am under the queen's diſpleaſure; and as it is uſual among princes, without any manner of reaſon. I am told, there were three letters ſent to her majeſty in relation to one Mrs. Barber, who is now in London, and ſoliciting for a ſubſcription to her poems. It ſeems, the queen thinks that theſe letters were written by me; and I ſcorn to defend myſelf even to her majeſty, grounding my ſcorn upon the opinion I had of her juſtice, her taſte, and good ſenſe; eſpecially when the laſt of thoſe letters, whereof I have juſt received the original from Mr. Pope, was ſigned with my name: and why I ſhould diſguiſe my hand, which you know very well, and yet write my name, is both ridiculous and unaccountable. Laſt poſt, I wrote my whole ſentiments on the matter to Mr. Pope; who tells me, "that you "and he vindicated me on all the three letters;" which, indeed, was but bare juſtice in you both, for he is my old friend, and you are in my debt on account of the eſteem I had for you. I deſire you would aſk the queen, "Whether, ſince the "time I had the honour to be known to her, I "ever did one ſingle action, or ſaid one ſingle "word, to diſoblige her?" I never aſked her for

any thing: and you well know, that when I had an intention to go to France, about the time that the late king died, I desired your opinion (not as you were a courtier) whether I should go or not; and that you absolutely forbid me, as a thing that would look disaffected, and for other reasons, wherein I confess I was your dupe as well as somebody's else; and, for want of that journey, I fell sick, and was forced to return hither to my unenvied home. I hear the queen has blamed me for putting a stone, with a Latin inscription, over the duke of Schomberg's burying-place in my cathedral; and that the king said publicly, "I had done "it in malice, to create a quarrel between him and "the king of Prussia." But the public prints, as well as the thing itself, will vindicate me: and the hand the duke had in the Revolution made him deserve the best monument. Neither could the king of Prussia justly take it ill, who must needs have heard that the duke was in the service of Prussia, and stadtholder of it, as I have seen in his titles. The first time I saw the queen, I talked to her largely upon the conduct of princes and great ministers, it was on a particular occasion: "That, "when they receive an ill account of any person, "although they afterwards have the greatest de-"monstration of the falsehood, yet, will they never "be reconciled:" And although the queen fell in with me upon the hardship of such a proceeding, yet now she treats me exactly in the same manner. I have faults enough, but never was guilty of any either to her majesty or to you; and as little to

the

the king, whom I never ſaw, but when I had the honour to kiſs his hand. I am ſenſible that I owe a great deal of this uſage to Sir Robert Walpole; whom yet I never offended, although he was pleaſed to quarrel with me very unjuſtly: for which, I ſhewed not the leaſt reſentment (whatever I might have in my heart) nor was ever a partaker with thoſe who have been battling him for ſome years paſt. I am contented that the queen ſhould ſee this letter; and would pleaſe to conſider how ſevere a cenſure it is to believe I ſhould write three to her, only to find fault with her miniſtry, and recommend Mrs. Barber: whom I never knew until ſhe was recommended to me by a worthy friend, to help her to ſubſcribers, which by her writings I thought ſhe deſerved. Her majeſty gave me leave, and even commanded me, above five years ago, if I lived until ſhe was queen, to write to her on behalf of Ireland: for the miſeries of this kingdom ſhe appeared then to be much concerned. I deſired the friend who introduced me to be a witneſs of her majeſty's promiſe. Yet that liberty I never took, although I had too many occaſions; and is it not wonderful, that I ſhould be ſuſpected of writing to her in ſuch a ſtyle, in ſuch a counterfeit hand, and my name ſubſcribed, upon a perfect trifle, at the ſame time that I well knew myſelf to be very much out of her majeſty's good graces? I am, perhaps, not ſo very much awed with majeſty as others; having known courts more or leſs from my early youth. And I have more than once told the

queen,

queen, " That I did not regard her ſtation half ſo " much, as the good underſtanding I heard and " found to be in her:" neither did I ever once ſee the late king, although her majeſty was pleaſed to chide me on that account, for my ſingularity. In this I am a good Whig, by thinking it ſufficient to be a dutiful ſubject, without any perſonal regard for princes, farther than as their virtues deſerve; and upon that ſcore, had a moſt particular reſpect for the queen, your miſtreſs. One who aſks nothing may talk with freedom; and that is my caſe. I have not ſaid half that was in my heart, but I will have done: and remembering that you are a counteſs, will borrow ſo much ceremony as to remain, with great reſpect,

Madam,

your ladyſhip's moſt obedient

and moſt humble ſervant.

## From the Counteſs of SUFFOLK.

SIR, Hampton-court, Sept. 25, 1731.

YOU ſeem to think that you have a natural right to abuſe me, becauſe I am a woman, and a courtier. I have taken it as a woman and as a courtier ought, with great reſentment, and a determined reſolution of revenge. The number of letters that have been ſent, and thought by many to be yours, (and thank God they were all ſilly ones) has

has been a fair field to execute it. Think of my joy to hear you ſuſpected of folly; think of my pleaſure when I entered the liſt for your juſtification! Indeed I was a little diſconcerted to find Mr. Pope took the ſame ſide; for I would have had the man of wit, the dignified divine, the Iriſh Drapier, have found no friend but the ſilly woman and the courtier. Could I have preſerved myſelf alone in the liſt, I ſhould not have deſpaired, that this monitor of princes, this Iriſh patriot, this excellent man at ſpeech and pen, ſhould have cloſed the ſcene under ſuſpicion of having a violent paſſion for Mrs. Barber; and lady M——or or Mrs. Haywood * has writ the progreſs of it. Now, to my mortification I find every body inclined to think you had no hand in writing thoſe letters; but I every day thank Providence that there is an epitaph in St. Patrick's cathedral †, that will be a laſting monument of your imprudence. I cheriſh this extremely; for, ſay what you can to juſtify it, I am convinced I ſhall as eaſily argue the world into the belief of a courtier's ſincerity, as you (with all your wit and eloquence) will be able to convince mankind of the prudence of that action. I expect to hear if peace ſhall enſue, or war continue between us. If I know but little of the art of war, you ſee I do not want courage; and that has made many an ignorant ſoldier fight ſucceſsfully. Beſides, I have a numerous body of light-armed troops to bring into the field,

* Mrs. Haywood, a well-known writer of ſcandal in novels.

† On the duke of Schomberg.

who,

who, when ſingle, may be as inconſiderable as a Lilliputian, yet ten thouſand of them embarraſſed captain Gulliver. If you ſend honourable articles, they ſhall be ſigned. I inſiſt that you own that you have been unjuſt to me; for I have never forgot you; for, I have made others ſend my compliments, becauſe I was not able to write myſelf. If I cannot juſtify the advice I gave you, from the ſucceſs of it, I gave you my reaſons for it: and it was your buſineſs to have judged of my capacity, by the ſolidity of my arguments. If the principle was falſe, you ought not to have acted upon it. So you have been only the dupe of your own ill judgment, and not my falſehood. Am I to ſend back the crown and the plaid, well packed up, in my own character? or am I to follow my own inclination, and continue very truly and very much your humble ſervant,

H. SUFFOLK.

## From Mr. GAY.

December 1, 1731.

YOU uſed to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you ſpeak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't ſend to me now and then, the poſt-office will think me of no conſequence, for I have no correſpondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you pleaſe, you cannot be forgotten by thoſe who ever knew you, and therefore pleaſe me by ſometimes

ſhewing

ſhewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendſhip to you: I ſeek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I ſpend no ſhillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great viſits, and, as I don't want the aſſiſtance of ſome that I formerly converſed with, I will not ſo much as ſeem to ſeek to be a dependant. As to my ſtudies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot ſay that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is ſomething in the way of thoſe fables I have already publiſhed. All the money I get is by ſaving, ſo that by habit there may be ſome hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miſer. All miſers have their excuſes; the motive to my parſimony is independence. If I were to be repreſented by the ducheſs (ſhe is ſuch a downright niggard for me) this character might not be allowed me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myſelf: for I don't pretend that I am equally ſaving with S——k. Mr. Lewis deſired you might be told that he has five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a verſe-man can have a juſt knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-ſuit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the ſecurity now in your own poſſeſſion; but ſtill your caſe is not ſo bad as captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for

for him with coſts. I have had an injunction for me againſt pirating bookſellers, which I am ſure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of ſome money. When I began this proſecution, I fancied there would be ſome end of it; but the law ſtill goes on, and 'tis probable I ſhall ſome time or other ſee an attorney's bill as long as the book. Poor duke Diſney is dead, and has left what he had among his friends, among whom are lord Bolingbroke 500l. Mr. Pelham 500l. Sir William Wyndham's youngeſt ſon, 500l. Gen. Hill, 500l. Lord Maſſam's ſon, 500l.

You have the good wiſhes of thoſe I converſe with; they know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own ſake. I am ſatisfied with the love and friendſhip of good men, and envy not the demerits of thoſe who are moſt conſpicuouſly diſtinguiſhed. Therefore as I ſet a juſt value upon your friendſhip, you cannot pleaſe me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me; the only ſatisfaction of diſtant friends!

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worſt of it, is what ſhould be its excuſe, that I write in a head-ach that has laſted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: though in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you ſhun your friends when you are in thoſe circumſtances, and I deſire them; your way is the more

more generous, mine the more tender. Lady— took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelvemonth; but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However she is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common justice. For God's sake why all this scruple about Lord B——'s keeping your horses, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine; John Gay shall help me to entertain you, though you come like king Lear with fifty knights—Though such prospects as I wish, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again: the old lord may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of lord Bolingbroke's, and one of mine; which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and, with a noble scorn of politics, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of parties, even of countries (for countries are but larger parties) *Quid verum atque decens, curare, et rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finish it. I am happy whenever you join our names together: so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleased with nothing: for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you aſk me about is of little value. It might have been a ſeaſonable ſatire upon the ſcandalous language and paſſion with which men of condition have ſtooped to treat one another: ſurely they ſacrifice too much to the people; when they ſacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diverſion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of moſt popularity, fame, &c. even as a writer I am cool in it; and whenever you ſee what I am now writing, you'll be convinced I would pleaſe but a few, and (if I could) make mankind leſs admirers, and greater reaſoners. I ſtudy much more to render my own portion of being eaſy, and to keep this peeviſh frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmanned me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increaſed, though not diminiſhed. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, though my mother now cannot. When I am ſick, I lie down; when I am better, I riſe up: I am uſed to the head-ach, &c. If greater pains arrive, (ſuch as my late rheumatiſm) the ſervants bathe and plaſter me, or the ſurgeon ſcariſies me, and I bear it; becauſe I muſt. This is the evil of nature, not of fortune. I am juſt now as well as when you were here: I pray God you were no worſe. I ſincerely wiſh my life were paſt near you, and, ſuch as it is, I would not repine at it. All you mention remember you, and wiſh you here.

From

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

August 2, 1731.

I AM indebted to you, my reverend dean, for a letter of a very old date: the expectation of seeing you from week to week, which our friend Gay made me entertain, hindered me from writing to you a good while; and I have since deferred it by waiting an opportunity of sending my letter by a safe hand. That opportunity presents itself at last, and Mr. Ecklin will put this letter into your hands.

You will hear from him, and from others, of the general state of things in this country, into which I returned, and where I am confined for my sins. If I entertained the notion, which by the way I believe to be much older than popery, or even than christianity, of making up an account with heaven, and demanding the balance in bliss, or paying it by good works and sufferings of my own, and by the merits and sufferings of others, I should imagine that I had expiated all the faults of my life, one way or other, since my return into England. One of the circumstances of my situation, which has afflicted me most, and which afflicts me still so, is the absolute inutility I am of to those whom I should be the best pleased to serve. Success in serving my friends would make me amends for the want of it in disserving my enemies. It is intolerable to want it in both, and yet both go together generally.

I have had two or three projects on foot for making ſuch an eſtabliſhment here as might tempt you to quit Ireland. One of them would have ſucceeded, and would have been agreeable in every reſpect, if engagements to my lady's kinſman (who did not, I ſuppoſe, deſerve to be your clerk) had not prevented it. Another of them cannot take place, without the conſent of thoſe, who would rather have you a dean in Ireland, than a pariſh prieſt in England; and who are glad to keep you, where your ſincere friend, my late lord Oxford, ſent you. A third was wholly in our power; but when I enquired exactly into the value, I found it leſs than I had believed; the diſtance from theſe parts was great; and beſide all this, an unexpected and groundleſs diſpute about the right of preſentation (but ſtill ſuch a diſpute as the law muſt determine) had ariſen. You will pleaſe to believe, that I mention theſe things for no other reaſon than to ſhew you, how much thoſe friends deſerve you ſhould make them a viſit at leaſt, who are ſo deſirous to ſettle you among them. I hope their endeavours will not be always unſucceſsful.

I received, ſome time ago, a letter from Dr. Delany; and very lately Mr. Pope ſent me ſome ſheets, which ſeem to contain the ſubſtance of two ſermons of that gentleman's. The *philoſophia prima* is above my reach, and eſpecially when it attempts to prove, that God has done, or does ſo and ſo, by attempting to prove, that doing ſo and ſo is eſſential to his attributes, or neceſſary to his deſign; and that the not doing ſo and ſo, would be inconſiſtent with the former,

former, or repugnant to the latter. I content myſelf to contemplate what I am ſure he has done, and to adore him for it in humble ſilence. I can demonſtrate, that every cavil, which has been brought againſt the great ſyſtem of the world, phyſical and moral, from the days of Democritus and Epicurus to this day, is abſurd; but I dare not pronounce why things are made as they are, ſtate the ends of infinite wiſdom, and ſhew the proportion of the means.

Dr. Delany, in his letter to me, mentioned ſome errors in the critical parts of learning, which he hoped he had corrected, by ſhewing the miſtakes, particularly of Sir John Marſham, on whoſe authority thoſe errors were built. Whether I can be of uſe to him, even in this part, I know not; for having fixed my opinion long ago concerning all ancient hiſtory and chronology, by a careful examination into the firſt principles of them, I have ever ſince laid that ſtudy totally aſide. I confeſs, in the letter I writ lately to the doctor, notwithſtanding my great reſpect for Sir John Marſham, that his authority is often precarious, becauſe he leans often on other authorities, which are ſo. But to you I will confeſs a little more: I think, nay, I know, that there is no poſſibility of making any ſyſtem of that kind, without doing the ſame thing; and that the defect is in the ſubject, not in the writer. I have read the writings of ſome who differ from him; and of others who undertook particularly to refute him. It ſeems plain to me, that this was the caſe. All the materials of this ſort of

learning are disjointed and broken. Time has contributed to render them so, and the unfaithfulness of those, who have transmitted them down to us, particularly of that vile fellow Eusebius, has done even more than time itself. By throwing these fragments into a different order, by arbitrary interpretations (and it is often impossible to make any others) in short, by a few plausible guesses for the connexion and application of them, a man may, with tolerable ingenuity, prove almost any thing by them. I tried formerly to prove, in a learned dissertation, by the same set of authorities, that there had been four Assyrian monarchies; that there had been but three; that there had been but two; that there had been but one; and that there never had been any. I puzzled myself, and a much abler man than myself, the friend to whom I lent the manuscript, and who has, I believe, kept it. In short, I am afraid that I shall not be very useful to Dr. Delany, in making remarks on the work he is about. His communication of this work may be useful, and I am sure it will be agreeable to me. If you and he are still in Ireland, pray give my best services to him; but say no more than may be proper of all I have writ to you.

I know very well the project you mean, and about which you say, that Pope and you have often teased me. I could convince you, as he is convinced, that a publication of any thing of that kind would have been wrong on many accounts, and would be so even now. Besides, call it pride if you will, I shall never make, either to the present

ſent age, or to poſterity, any apology for the part I acted in the late queen's reign. But I will apply myſelf very ſeriouſly to the compoſition of juſt and true relations of the events of thoſe times, in which both I, and my friends, and my enemies, muſt take the merit, or the blame, which an authentic and impartial deduction of facts will aſſign to us. I will endeavour to write ſo as no man could write, who had not been a party in thoſe tranſactions, and as few men would write, who had been concerned in them. I believe I ſhall go back, in conſidering the political intereſts of the principal powers in Europe, as far as the Pyrenean treaty; but I ſhall not begin a thread of hiſtory till the death of Charles the ſecond of Spain, and the acceſſion of queen Anne to the throne of England. Nay, even from that time downward, I ſhall render my relations more full, or *piu magra*, the word is father Paul's, juſt as I have, or have not, a ſtock of authentic materials. Theſe ſhall regulate my work, and I will neither indulge my own vanity, nor other men's curioſity, in going one ſtep farther than they carry me. You ſee, my dear Swift, that I open a large field to myſelf: with what ſucceſs I ſhall expatiate in it, I know as little, as I know whether I ſhall live to go through ſo great a work; but I will begin immediately, and will make it one principal buſineſs of the reſt of my life. This advantage, at leaſt, I ſhall reap from it, and a great advantage it will be, my attention will be diverted from the preſent ſcene. I ſhall grieve leſs at thoſe things which I cannot mend; I ſhall dignify my

retreat; and ſhall wind up the labours of my life in ſerving the cauſe of truth.

You ſay, you could eaſily ſhew, by comparing my letters for twenty years paſt, how the whole ſyſtem of my philoſophy changes by the ſeveral gradations of life. I doubt it. As far as I am able to recollect, my way of thinking has been uniform enough for more than twenty years. True it is, to my ſhame, that my way of acting has not been always conformable to my way of thinking. My own paſſions, and the paſſions and intereſts of other men ſtill more, have led me aſide. I launched into the deep before I had loaded ballaſt enough. If the ſhip did not ſink, the cargo was thrown over-board. The ſtorm itſelf threw me into port. My own opinion, my own deſires, would have kept me there: the opinion, the deſires of others, ſent me to ſea again. I did, and blamed myſelf for doing what others, and you, among the reſt, would have blamed me, if I had not done. I have paid more than I owed to party, and as much at leaſt as was due to friendſhip. If I go off the ſtage of public life, without paying all I owe to my enemies, and to the enemies of my country, I do aſſure you the bankruptcy is not fraudulent. I conceal none of my effects.

Does Pope talk to you of the noble work, which, at my inſtigation, he has begun in ſuch a manner, that he muſt be convinced, by this time, I judged better of his talents than he did? The firſt epiſtle, which conſiders man, and the habitation of man, relatively to the whole ſyſtem of univerſal being.

The

The ſecond, which conſiders him in his own habitation, in himſelf, and relatively to his particular ſyſtem. And the third, which ſhews how—

——————— A univerſal cauſe
Works to one end, but works by various laws.

How man, and beaſt, and vegetable are linked in a mutual dependency, parts neceſſary to each other, and neceſſary to the whole; how human ſocieties were formed; from what ſpring true religion and true policy are derived; how God has made our greateſt intereſt, and our plaineſt duty, indiviſibly the ſame. Theſe three epiſtles, I ſay, are finiſhed. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble ſubject; he pleads the cauſe of God, I uſe Seneca's expreſſion, againſt that famous charge which Atheiſts in all ages have brought, the ſuppoſed unequal diſpenſations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting. You admit it indeed for an extreme good purpoſe, and you build on this admiſſion the neceſſity of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments. But what if you ſhould find, that this future ſtate will not account, in oppoſition to the atheiſt, for God's juſtice in the preſent ſtate, which you give up? Would it not have been better to defend God's juſtice in this world, againſt theſe daring men, by irrefragable reaſons, and to have reſted the proof of the other point on revelation? I do not like conceſſions made againſt demonſtration, repair or ſupply them how you will. The epiſtles I have mentioned will compoſe a firſt book; the plan of the

ſecond is ſettled. You will not underſtand by what I have ſaid, that Pope will go ſo deep into the argument, or carry it ſo far as I have hinted. You enquire ſo kindly after my wife, that I muſt tell you ſomething of her. She has fallen upon a remedy, invented by a ſurgeon abroad, and which has had great ſucceſs in caſes ſimilar to her's. This remedy has viſibly attacked the original cauſe of all her complaints, and has abated, in ſome degree, by one gentle and uniform effect, all the grievous and various ſymptoms. I hope, and ſurely with reaſon, that ſhe will receive ſtill greater benefit from this method of cure, which ſhe will reſume as ſoon as the great heat is over. If ſhe recovers, I ſhall not, for her ſake, abſtract myſelf from the world, more than I do at preſent in this place. But if ſhe ſhould be taken from me, I ſhould moſt certainly yield to that ſtrong deſire, which I have long had, of ſecluding myſelf totally from the company and affairs of mankind; of leaving the management, even of my private affairs, to others; and of ſecuring, by thoſe means, for the reſt of my life, an uninterrupted tenor of philoſophical quiet.

I ſuppoſe you have ſeen ſome of thoſe volumes of ſcurrility, which have been thrown into the world againſt Mr. Pulteney and myſelf, and the Craftſman, which gave occaſion to them. I think, and it is the ſenſe of all my friends, that the perſon who publiſhed the Final Anſwer *, took a right turn,

* This pamphlet was written by lord Bolingbroke, in his own vindication, in 1731. It is intituled, "A Final Anſwer to the Remarks on the Craftſman's Vindication of his two honourable Patrons;

turn, in a very nice and very provoking circumſtance. To anſwer all the falſities, miſrepreſentations, and blunders, which a club of ſuch ſcoundrels, as Arnall, Concanen, and other penſioners of the miniſter, crowd together, would have been equally tedious and ridiculous, and muſt have forced ſeveral things to be ſaid, neither prudent, nor decent, nor perhaps ſtrictly honourable to be ſaid. To have explained ſome points, and to have ſtopped at others, would have given ſtrength to that impertinent ſuggeſtion. Guilt alone is ſilent in the day of inquiry. It was therefore right to open no part of the ſcene of the late queen's reign, nor ſubmit the paſſages of her adminiſtration, and the conduct of any of her miniſters, to the examination of ſo vile a tribunal. This was ſtill the more right, becauſe, upon ſuch points as relate to ſubſequent tranſactions, and as affect me ſingly, what the Craftſman had ſaid, was juſtified unanſwerably; and what the remarker had advanced, was proved to be infamouſly falſe. The effect of this paper has anſwered the deſign of it; and which is not common, all ſides agree, that the things ſaid ought to have been ſaid. The public writers ſeem to be getting back, from theſe perſonal altercations, to national affairs, much againſt the grain of the miniſter's faction. What the effect of all this writing will be, I know not; but this I know, that when all the information which can be given, is given;

" trons; and to all the Libels which have come, or may come, from " the ſame Quarter, againſt the Perſon laſt mentioned in the Craftſ- " man of 22d of May."

when

when all the ſpirit which can be raiſed, is raiſed, it is to no purpoſe to write any more. Even you men of this world have nothing elſe to do, but to let the ſhip drive till ſhe is caſt away, or till the ſtorm is over. For my own part, I am neither an owner, an officer, nor a foremaſt-man. I am but a paſſenger, ſaid my lord Carbury.

It is well for you I am got to the end of my paper; for you might elſe have a letter as long again from me. If you anſwer me by the poſt, remember, while you are writing, that you write by the poſt. Adieu, my reverend friend.

## From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

Drayton, Sept. 7, 1731.

TO ſhew how ſtrictly I obey your orders, I came from the ducheſs of Dorſet's country-houſe to my own, where I have rid and walked as often as the weather permitted me. Nor am I very nice in that; for, if you remember, I was not bred up very tenderly, nor a fine lady; for which I acknowledge myſelf exceedingly obliged to my parents: for had I had that ſort of education, I ſhould not have been ſo eaſy and happy, as I thank God, I now am. As to the gout, indeed, I believe I do derive it from my anceſtors; but I may forgive even that, ſince it waited upon me no ſooner; and eſpecially ſince I ſee my elder and two younger brothers ſo terribly plagued with it; ſo that I am now the only wine-drinker in my family; and

and upon my word, I am not increaſed in that ſince you firſt knew me.

I am ſorry you are involved in law-ſuits; it is the thing on earth I moſt fear. I wiſh you had met with as complaiſant an adverſary as I did; for my lord Peterborow plagued Sir John * all his life-time; but declared, if ever he gave the eſtate to me, he would have done with it; and accordingly has kept his word, like an honourable man.

I hope I ſhall ſoon hear of the duke and ducheſs of Dorſet's ſafe landing; and I do not queſtion the people of Ireland's liking them as well as they deſerve. I deſire no better for them; for, if you don't ſpoil him there, which I think he has too good ſenſe to let happen, he is the moſt worthy, honeſt, good-natured, great-ſouled man that ever was born. As to my ducheſs, ſhe is ſo reſerved, that perhaps ſhe may not be at firſt ſo much admired; but, upon knowledge, I will defy any body upon earth, with ſenſe, judgment, and good nature, not only not to admire her, but muſt love and eſteem her as much as I do, and every one elſe does, that is really acquainted with her. You know him a little; ſo, for his own ſake, you muſt like him; and till you are better acquainted with them both, I hope you will like them for mine. Your friend Biddy † is juſt the ſame as ſhe was; laughs ſedately, and makes a joke ſlily. And I am, as I ever was, and hope I ever ſhall be, your moſt ſincere friend, and faithful humble ſervant,

E—— G.——.

* Huſband to lady B—— G——. † Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

From

From the Same.

Nov. 4, 1731.

I BELIEVE in my conſcience, that though you had anſwered mine before, the ſecond was never the leſs welcome. So much for your topſcript, not poſtſcript; and in very ſincere earneſt I heartily thank you for remembering me ſo often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are over; for I never was for your Hyde-park courſes, although my courage ſerves me very well at a hand-gallop in the country for ſix or ſeven miles, with one horſeman, and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be cloathed when he can run faſt enough to keep up with my horſe, who has yet only proved his dexterity by eſcaping from ſchool. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I ſhould have the happineſs to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horſes to ſhew their art; or that think a poſtilion's cap, with a white frock, the moſt becoming dreſs. Theſe and their grooms I am moſt bitterly afraid of; becauſe, you muſt know, if my complaiſant friend, your preſbyterian houſekeeper, can remember any thing like ſuch days with me, that is a very good reaſon for me to remember that time is paſt; and your toupees would rejoice to ſee a horſe throw an ancient gentlewoman.

I am ſorry to hear you are no wiſer in Ireland than we Engliſh; for our birth-day was as fine as

hands

hands could make us; but I queſtion much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my ducheſs's being dreſſed in your manufacture *; if your ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiſs. And I dare ſay you will ſoon find that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or elſe Ireland has ſtrangely depraved your taſte, and that my own vanity will not let me believe, ſince you ſtill flatter me.

Why do you tantalize me? Let me ſee you in England again, if you dare; and chooſe your reſidence, ſummer or winter, St. James's-Square, or Drayton. I defy you in all ſhapes; be it dean of St. Patrick's governing England or Ireland, or politician Drapier. But my choice ſhould be the parſon in lady Betty's chamber. Make haſte then, if you have a mind to oblige your ever ſincere and hearty old friend,

Lady BETTY.

## Mr. GAY, and the Duke of Queenſberry.

Indorſed, received Nov. 8, 1731.

FOR about this month or ſix weeks paſt, I have been rambling from home, or have been at what I may not improperly call other homes, at Dawley, and at Twickenham; and I really think, at every one of my homes you have as good a pre-

* The ducheſs appeared at the caſtle in Dublin, wholly clad in the manufactures of Ireland, on his majeſty's birth-day in 1753, when the duke was a ſecond time lord lieutenant.

tenſion

tenſion as myſelf. For I find them all exceedingly diſappointed by the law-ſuit that has kept you this ſummer from us. Mr. Pope told me, that affair was now over, that you have the eſtate which was your ſecurity; I wiſh you had your own money; for I wiſh you free from every engagement that keeps us from one another. I think you decypher-ed the laſt letter we ſent you very judiciouſly. You may make your own conditions at Ameſbury, where I am at preſent; you may do the ſame at Dawley; and Twickenham, you know, is your own. But, if you rather chooſe to live with me (that is to ſay, if you will give up your right and title) I will purchaſe the houſe you and I uſed to diſpute about over-againſt Ham walks, on purpoſe to entertain you. Name your day, and it ſhall be done. I have lived with you, and I wiſh to do ſo again in any place, and upon any terms. The ducheſs does not know of my writing; but I pro-miſed to acquaint the duke the next time I wrote to you, and for aught I know he may tell the ducheſs, and ſhe may tell Sir William Wyndham, who is now here; and for fear they ſhould all have ſomething to ſay to you, I leave the reſt of the paper till I ſee the duke.

## The DUKE.

Mr. Gay tells me, you ſeem to doubt what au-thority my wife and he have to invite a perſon hither, who, by agreement, is to have the govern-ment of the place during his ſtay; when at the ſame time it does not appear, that the preſent

maſter of theſe demeſnes has been conſulted in it. The truth of the matter is this: I did not know whether you might not have ſuſpected me for a ſort of a pert coxcomb, had I put in my word in the late correſpondence between you and my wife. Ladies (by the courteſy of the world) enjoy privileges not allowed to men; and in many caſes the ſame thing is called a favour from a lady, which might perhaps be looked upon as impertinence from a man. Upon this reflection, I have hitherto refrained from writing to you, having never had the pleaſure of converſing with you otherwiſe; and as that is a thing I moſt ſincerely wiſh, I would not venture to meddle in a negociation that ſeemed to be in ſo fair a way of producing that deſirable end. But our friend John has not done me juſtice, if he has never mentioned to you how much I wiſh for the pleaſure of ſeeing you here; and though I have not till now avowedly taken any ſteps towards bringing it about, what has paſſed conducive to it has been all along with my privity and conſent, and I do now formally ratify all the preliminary articles and conditions agreed to on the part of my wife, and will undertake for the due obſervance of them. I depend upon my friend John to anſwer for my ſincerity. I was not long at court, and have been a country gentleman for ſome time.

## To Mr. G A Y.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I AM now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almoſt as lame as your letter itſelf, for want of that limb from my lady Ducheſs, which you promiſed, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true ſtep even on Ameſbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal falſe ſtep is worſe than a political one; nay worſe than a thouſand political ones, for which I appeal to Courts and Miniſters, who hobble on and proſper, without the ſenſe of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is inſulting me, for I can as ſoon fly as do either. It is your pride or lazineſs, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expenſive. No honour is loſt by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may beckon a black-guard-boy under a gate, near your viſiting place, *(experto crede)* ſave eleven pence, and get half a crown's worth of health. The worſt of my preſent misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digeſt neither for want of exerciſe; and, to encreaſe my miſery, the knaves are ſure to find me at home, and make huge void ſpaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for loſing your great acquaintance; in ſuch a caſe, philoſophy teaches that we muſt ſubmit, and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refuſing his penſion, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford;

ford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed; and entirely devoted to new principles; ſo it appeared to me the two laſt times I was there.

I find by the whole caſt of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever: juſt the reverſe of Mr. Pope, who has always loved a domeſtic life from his youth. I was going to wiſh you had ſome little place that you could call your own, but, I profeſs, I do not know you well enough to contrive any one ſyſtem of life that would pleaſe you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the ducheſs, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent deſire of perpetually ſhifting places and company, with a rooted lazineſs, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and ſix horſes is the utmoſt exerciſe you can bear; and this only when you can fill it with ſuch company as is beſt ſuited to your taſte, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am ſo much later in life, can, or at leaſt could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horſe. You mortally hate writing, only becauſe it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you eaſy in your fortune: You are merciful to every thing but money, your beſt friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be aſſured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your abſence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Ameſbury write domeſtic libels to divert the family and neighbouring ſquires for

five miles round? or venture ſo far on horſeback, without apprehending a ſtumble at every ſtep? can you ſet the footmen a laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the ducheſs's women admire your wit? in what eſteem are you with the vicar of the pariſh? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot diſtinguiſh rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are ſenſible that I know the full extent of your country ſkill is in fiſhing for roaches, or gudgeons at the higheſt.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore deſire you will ſhow this letter to the ducheſs, to improve her grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how uſeful you are likely to be in the family. Her grace ſhall have the honour of my correſpondence again when ſhe goes to Ameſbury. Hear a piece of Iriſh news, I buried the famous General Meredyth's father laſt night in my cathedral, he was ninety-ſix years old: ſo that Mrs. Pope may live ſeven years longer. You ſaw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was among you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My ſtint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have ſociety, if I could get what I like, people of middle underſtanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

To

## To Sir CHARLES WOGAN*.

SIR,

I RECEIVED your packet at leaſt two months ago, and took all this time not only to conſider it maturely myſelf, but to ſhew it to the few judicious friends I have in this kingdom. We all agreed that the writer was a ſcholar, a man of genius and of honour. We gueſſed him to have been born in this country from ſome paſſages; but not from the ſtyle, which we were ſurprized to find ſo correct, in an exile, a ſoldier, and a native of

* In or about the year 1731, Mr. Wogan, a gentleman of an ancient and good family in Ireland, ſent a preſent of a caſk of Spaniſh Caſſala wine to the Dean, alſo a crimſon velvet bag, with gold and ſilk ſtrings, in which were incloſed, a paraphraſe on the ſeven penitential pſalms of David, and ſeveral original pieces in verſe and proſe, dedicated to the reverend Dr. Swift, D. S. P. D. (whom he never ſaw) which are now in the poſſeſſion of Dean Swift, Eſq. This Mr. Wogan was a gentleman of great bravery and courage, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in ſeveral battles and ſieges. He was appointed, by the chevalier de St. George, in the year 1718, to take the princeſs Sobieſki (grand-daughter of the famous James Sobieſki, king of Poland, who raiſed the ſiege of Vienna), to whom he was married by proxy in Poland: who, in her journey to Rome, was, by order of the imperial court, made a priſoner in Tyroll, and cloſely confined in the caſtle of Inſpruck for ſome time, when Mr. Wogan undertook to ſet her at liberty, and bring her ſafe to Rome, which he effectually performed, by carrying her through all the guards: for which dangerous and gallant ſervice he was made a Roman knight, an honour that was not conferred on a foreigner for many centuries before. This gentleman ſoon after went into the ſervice of Spain, where he got a government and other military commands, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf in many engagements, being well known all over Europe by the name of Chevalier, or Sir Charles Wogan.

Ireland. The hiſtory of yourſelf, although part of it be employed in your praiſe and importance, we did not diſlike, becauſe your intention was to be wholly unknown; which circumſtance exempts you from any charge of vanity. However, although I am utterly ignorant of preſent perſons and things, I have made a ſhift, by talking in general with ſome perſons, to find out your name, your employments, and ſome of your actions, with the addition of ſuch a character as would give full credit to more than you have ſaid (I mean of yourſelf) in the dedicatory epiſtle.

You will pardon a natural curioſity on this occaſion, eſpecially when I began with ſo little that I did not ſo much as untie the ſtrings of the bag for five days after I received it; concluding it muſt come from ſome Iriſh friar in Spain, filled with monaſtic ſpeculations, of which I have ſeen ſome in my life; little expecting a hiſtory, a dedication, a poetical tranſlation of the penitential pſalms, Latin poems, and the like, and all from a ſoldier. In theſe kingdoms, you would be a moſt unfaſhionable military man, among troops where the leaſt pretenſion to learning, or piety, or common morals, would endanger the owner to be caſhiered. Although I have no great regard for your trade, from the judgment I make of thoſe who profeſs it in theſe kingdoms, yet I cannot but highly eſteem thoſe gentlemen of Ireland, who, with all the diſadvantages of being exiles and ſtrangers, have been able to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their valour and conduct in ſo many parts of Europe, I think,

I think, above all other nations; which ought to make the Engliſh aſhamed of the reproaches they caſt on the ignorance, the dullneſs, and the want of courage, in the Iriſh natives; thoſe defects, wherever they happen, ariſing only from the poverty and ſlavery they ſuffer from their inhuman neighbours, and the baſe corrupt ſpirits of too many of the chief gentry, &c. By ſuch events as theſe, the very Grecians are grown ſlaviſh, ignorant, and ſuperſtitious. I do aſſert, that from ſeveral experiments I have made in travelling over both kingdoms, I have found the poor cottagers here, who could ſpeak our language, to have a much better natural taſte for good ſenſe, humour, and raillery, than ever I obſerved among people of the like ſort in England. But the millions of oppreſſions they lie under, the tyranny of their landlords, the ridiculous zeal of their prieſts, and the general miſery of the whole nation, have been enough to damp the beſt ſpirits under the ſun. I return to your pacquet.

Two or three poetical friends of mine have read your poems with very good approbation; yet we all agree ſome corrections may be wanting, and at the ſame time we are at a loſs how to venture on ſuch a work. One gentleman of your own country, name, and family, who could do it beſt, is a little too lazy; but, however, ſomething ſhall be done, and ſubmitted to you. I have been only a man of rhimes, and that upon trifles; never having written ſerious couplets in my life; yet never any without a moral view. However, as an admirer of Milton,

I will read yours as a critick, and make objections where I find any thing that ſhould be changed. Your directions about publiſhing the epiſtle and the poetry will be a point of ſome difficulty. They cannot be printed here with the leaſt profit to the author's friends in diſtreſs. Dublin bookſellers have not the leaſt notion of paying for a copy. Sometimes things are printed here by ſubſcription; but they go on ſo heavily, that few or none make it turn to account. In London, it is otherwiſe; but even there the authors muſt be in vogue, or, if not known, be diſcovered by the ſtyle; or the work muſt be ſomething that hits the taſte of the publick, or what is recommended by the preſiding men of genius.

When Milton firſt publiſhed his famous poem, the firſt edition was very long going off; few either read, liked, or underſtood it; and it gained ground merely by its merit. Nothing but an uncertain ſtate of my health (cauſed by a diſpoſition to giddineſs, which, although leſs violent, is more conſtant) could have prevented my paſſing this ſummer into England to ſee my friends, who hourly have expected me; in that caſe I could have managed this affair myſelf, and would have readily conſented that my name ſhould have ſtood at length before your epiſtle; and by the caprice of the world, that circumſtance might have been of uſe to make the thing known; and conſequently better anſwer the charitable part of your deſign, by inciting people's curioſity. And in ſuch a caſe, I would have writ a ſhort acknowledgment

ledgment of your letter, and publiſhed it in the next page after your epiſtle; but giving you no name, nor confeſſing my conjecture of it. This ſcheme I am ſtill upon, as ſoon as my health permits me to return to England.

As I am conjectured to have generally dealt in raillery and ſatire, both in proſe and verſe, if that conjecture be right, although ſuch an opinion has been an abſolute bar to my riſing in the world; yet that very world muſt ſuppoſe that I followed what I thought to be my talent; and charitable people will ſuppoſe I had a deſign to laugh the follies of mankind out of countenance, and as often to laſh the vices out of practice. And then it will be natural to conclude, that I have ſome partiality for ſuch kind of writing, and favour it in others. I think you acknowledge, that in ſome time of your life, you turned to the rallying part; but I find at preſent your genius runs wholly into the grave and ſublime; and therefore I find you leſs indulgent to my way by your diſlike of the Beggar's Opera, in the perſons particularly of Polly Peachum and Macheath; whereas we think it a very ſevere ſatire upon the moſt pernicious villanies of mankind. And ſo you are in danger of quarrelling with the ſentiments of Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay the author, Dr. Arbuthnot, myſelf, Dr. Young, and all the brethren whom we own. Dr. Young is the graveſt among us, and yet his ſatires have many mixtures of ſharp raillery. At the ſame time you judge very truly, that the taſte of England is infamouſly corrupted by ſhoals of wretches who

write for their bread; and therefore I had reaſon to put Mr. Pope on writing the poem, called the Dunciad; and to hale thoſe ſcoundrels out of their obſcurity by telling their names at length, their works, their adventures, ſometimes their lodgings, and their lineage; not with A——'s and B——'s according to the old way, which would be unknown in a few years.

As to your blank-verſe, it has too often fallen into the ſame vile hands of late. One Thomſon, a Scotchman, has ſucceeded the beſt in that way, in four poems he has writ on the four ſeaſons: yet I am not over-fond of them, becauſe they are all deſcription, and nothing is doing; whereas Milton engages me in actions of the higheſt importance:

*Modo me Romæ, modo ponit Athenis:* and yours on the ſeven pſalms, *&c.* have ſome advantages that way.

You ſee Pope, Gay, and I, uſe all our endeavours to make folks merry and wiſe, and profeſs to have no enemies, except knaves and fools. I confeſs myſelf to be exempted from them in one article, which was engaging with a miniſtry to prevent, if poſſible, the evils that have over-run the nation, and my fooliſh zeal in endeavouring to ſave this wretched iſland. Wherein though I ſucceeded abſolutely in one important article*; yet even there I loſt all hope of favour from thoſe in power here, and diſobliged the court of England,

* Againſt Wood's copper half-pence.

and

and have in twenty years drawn above one thouſand ſcurrilous libels on myſelf, without any other recompence than the love of the Iriſh vulgar, and two or three dozen ſign-poſts of the Drapier in this city, beſide thoſe that are ſcattered in country towns; and even theſe are half warn out. So that, whatever little genius God has given me, I may juſtly pretend to have been the worſt manager of it to my own advantage of any man upon earth.

Aug. 2.] What I have above written has long lain by me, that I might conſider farther: but I have been partly out of order, and partly plagued with a law ſuit of ten years ſtanding, and I doubt very ill cloſed up, although it concerns two thirds of my little fortune. Think whether ſuch periods of life are proper to encourage poetical or philoſophical ſpeculations.

I ſhall not therefore tire you any longer; but, with great acknowledgment for the diſtinction you pleaſe to ſhew me, deſire to be always thought, with great truth and a moſt particular eſteem, Sir,

Your moſt obedient
and obliged ſervant,
J. SWIFT.

We have ſometimes editions printed here of books from England, which I know not whether you are in a way of getting. I will name ſome below, and if you approve of any, I ſhall willingly increaſe your library; they are ſmall, conſequently

quently more portable in your marches, and, which is more important, the preſent will be cheaper for me.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr. Young's Satires. | Gay's Fables. |
| Mr. Gay's works. | Art of Politicks, and |
| Mr. Pope's works | ſome other trifles in |
| Pope's Dunciad. | verſe, *&c.* |

## From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

Jan. 11, 1731.

IT is well for Mr. Pope your letter came as it did, or elſe I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough ſearch at his houſe; for that I was moſt poſitively aſſured that you were there in private, the duke of Dorſet can tell you. *Non credo* is all the Latin I know, and the moſt uſeful word upon all occaſions to me. However, like moſt other people, I can give it up for what I wiſh; ſo for once I believed, or at leaſt went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have a requeſt, which is purely perſonal to me: *non credo* for that; for I am ſure you would not be ſo diſagreeable as not to have made it, when you know 'tis a pleaſure and ſatisfaction to me to do any thing you deſire, by which you may find you are not *ſans conſequence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr. Pope the other day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit or ſenſe do arm him enough againſt being hurt by malice; and that he

is

is too ſenſible of what fools ſay: the run is much againſt him on the duke of Chandois's * account; but I believe their rage is not kindneſs to the duke, but they are glad to give it vent with ſome tolerable pretence. I wiſh your preſence would have ſuch a miraculous effect as your deſign on Biddy's † ſpeech: you know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept ſtill *per* force, for ſhe conſtantly gets a violent cold that laſts her all winter. But as to that quarrelſome friend of the duke of Dorſet's, I will let her looſe at you, and ſee which can get the better. Miſs Kelly was a very pretty girl when ſhe went from hence, and the beaux ſhew their good taſte by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if ſhe is not mightily altered, ſhe would give up ſome of her airs and equipage to live in England.

Since you are ſo good as to enquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have eſcaped both head-achs and gout: and that yours may not be endangered by reading ſuch a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean,

E—— G——.

* It was ſaid that Mr. Pope intended the character of Timon, in his epiſtle on the uſe of riches in works of taſte, addreſſed to the earl of Burlington, for the duke of Chandois.

† Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

From

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, London, Jan. 18, 1731.

IT is now paſt nine o'clock. I deferred ſitting down to write to you, in expectation to have ſeen Mr. Pope, who left me two or three hours again to try to find lord Burlington, within thoſe walls I have not been admitted this year and half; but for what reaſon I know not. Mr. Pope is juſt this minute come in, but had not the good luck to find him; ſo that I cannot give you any ſatisfaction in the affair you writ laſt about. He deſigns to ſee him to-morrow; and if any thing can be done, he ſays you ſhall hear from him.

By the beginning of my letter you ſee how I decline in favour; but I look upon it as my particular diſtinction, that as ſoon as the court gains a man, I loſe him. It is a mortification I have been uſed to, ſo I bear it as a philoſopher ſhould. The letter which you writ to me and the duke I received; and Mr. Pope ſhewed me that directed to him, which gave me more pleaſure than all the letters you have writ ſince I ſaw you, as it gives me hopes of ſeeing you ſoon.

Were I to acquaint the duke and ducheſs of my writing, I know that they would have ſomething to ſay to you, and perhaps would prevent my ſending the letter this poſt, ſo I chooſe to ſay nothing about it. You are in great favour and eſteem with all thoſe that love me, which is one great reaſon that I love and eſteem them.

When-

Whenever you will order me to turn your fortune into ready money, I will obey you; but I chooſe to leave it where it is, till you want it, as it carries ſome intereſt; though it might be now ſold to ſome advantage, and is liable to riſes and falls with the other ſtocks. It may be higher as well as lower; ſo I will not diſpoſe of it till I hear from you. I am impatient to ſee you, ſo are all your friends. You have taken your reſolution, and I ſhall henceforth every week expect an agreeable ſurprize. The bellman rings for the letter, ſo I can ſay no more.

## From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

Feb. 23, 1731.

I LIKE to know my power (if it is ſo) that I can make you uneaſy at my not writing; though I ſhan't often care to exert it, leſt you ſhould grow weary of me and my correſpondence; but the ſlowneſs of my anſwers does not come from the emptineſs of my heart, but the emptineſs of my head; and that you know is nature's fault, not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been ſo long in faſhion: but every day convinces me more of the neceſſity of it, not but that I often wiſh againſt myſelf; as for example, I would fain believe you are coming to England, becauſe moſt of your acquaintance tell me ſo; and yet I turn, and wind, and ſift your letters to find any thing like it being true; but inſtead of that, there I find a law-ſuit, which is a worſe tie by the leg

leg than your lameneſs. And pray what is "this "hurt above my heel?" Have you had a fellow-feeling with my lord lieutenant * of the gout, and call it a ſprain, as he does? who has lied ſo long and often to diſguiſe it, that I verily think he has not a new ſtory left. Does he do the ſame in Ireland; for there I hoped he would have given a better example?

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or elſe you could never have thought of any thing ſo much to my taſte as this piece of marble you ſpeak of for my ſiſter Penelope †, which I deſire may be at my expence. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time nor year, but ſhe died ſoon after we came there, and we did not ſtay quite two years, and were in England ſome months before king William died. I wiſh I had my dame Wadgar's, or Mr. Ferrer's memorandum head, that I might know whether it was at the time ‡ of gooſeberries.

* The duke of Dorſet.

† Lady Penelope Berkeley died in Dublin, while her father was in the government, and was interred in St. Andrew's church under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when Dr. Swift cauſed a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar piece, with this inſcription.

"Underneath lieth the body of the lady Penelope Berkeley,
"daughter of the right honourable Charles earl of Berkeley.
"She died September the 3d, 1669.

‡ In the petition of Francis Harris to the lords juſtices, upon loſing her purſe, there are theſe verſes.

"Yes, ſays ſhe, the ſteward I remember, when I was at my
"lady Shrewſbury's,
"Such a thing as this happened juſt about the time of gooſe-
"berries."

This ſteward, was Mr. Ferrers; and dame Wadgar, was the old deaf houſekeeper in lord Berkeley's family, when he was one of the lords juſtices of Ireland.

Surely your Iriſh air is very bad for darts; if Mrs. Kelly's are blunted already, make her croſs father let her come over, and we won't uſe her ſo in England. If my ducheſs * ſees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it muſt be purely from great complaiſance, for that never was her taſte here, though ſhe is as early a riſer as the generality of ladies are: and I believe, there are not many dreſſing rooms in London, but mine, where the early idle come.

Adieu abruptly; for I will have no more formal humble ſervants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was aſking you your catechiſm.

## To Mr. FAULKNER.

Mr. FAULKNER,

WITHOUT the leaſt regard to your wager, I do aſſure you, upon my word and reputation, that I am not the author of one ſingle line or ſyllable of that pamphlet, called, An infallible Scheme to pay the Debts of the Nation; and, as it is a very unjuſt, ſo it is equally an imprudent and fallible proceeding, to pronounce determinately on our taſte and knowledge of ſtyle or manner of writing, where very good judges are often deceived; and in this caſe, few men have ſuffered ſo much as myſelf, who have borne the reproach of many hundred printed papers, which I never ſaw. I do likewiſe proteſt in the ſame manner, that I did not write the epigram upon Taylor †, nor heard of it until Mr. Pilkington ſhewed it me in

* The ducheſs of Dorſet. † The famous oculiſt.

manuſ-

manuſcript. Therefore, pray deſire your wagerer, from me, to be more cautious in determining on ſuch matters, and not to venture the loſs of his money and credit with ſo much odds againſt him.

I am, your humble ſervant,

J. SWIFT.

Deanry-Houſe,
Mar. 29, 1732.

If this fancy ſhould hold, of taxing me with all the papers that come out, and at the ſame time I ſhould take a fancy to be a writer, I ſhall be diſcovered when I have no mind, for it will be only to catechiſe me whenever I am ſuſpected.

## To Lady ACHESON.

### An April-fool Letter.

1732.

A Gentleman called here laſt night upon ſome buſineſs, who took Mr. ——'s houſe yeſterday at dinner, in his return from Wicklow. He tells me that Mrs. —— was brought to-bed yeſterday morning at five o'clock of a half child, juſt as if it were divided in two equal parts. It had one eye, half a noſe and mouth, one leg, and ſo from top to bottom. They could ſee it was a boy, or rather half a boy: it was dead born, but ſhe is very well. It was thought that this was the cauſe of all her cholics. Mrs. Brent tells me ſhe has known the like more than once. I am glad the poor woman had her mother and ſiſter with her.

Are you not undone for want of Monky? How are you? Does your milk agree with you? We ſhall

ſhall ſee you no more at church until Monky returns. Adieu, &c.

I mend a little.

Saturday Morning.

## From Lady ACHESON.

1732.

I AM greatly ſurprized at the account you give me of poor Mrs. ——; but ſince it was ſo, I am heartily glad ſhe has got rid of it. Mrs. Morris's gout ſeized her all over on Thurſday, ſo that ſhe keeps her bed. None of them know any thing of this matter: they ſent a boy yeſterday to Delginney (I will not mention this thing to them till he returns) to let them know ſhe was not able to go to the country. I am ſorry that you mend but a little: this bad weather has encreaſed my cough; the milk agrees very well with me. I will be at your church to-morrow. I am, yours, &c.

Saturday Morning.

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, March 19, 1732.

I HOPE this unlucky accident of hurting your leg will not prevent your coming to us this ſpring, though you ſay nothing about it. All your friends expect it, and particularly my landlord and landlady, who are my friends as much as ever;

and I ſhould not think them ſo, if they were not as much yours. The downs of Ameſbury are ſo ſmooth, that neither horſe nor man can hardly make a wrong ſtep, ſo that you may take your exerciſe with us with greater ſecurity. If you prevail with the ducheſs to ride and walk with you, you will do her good; but that is a motive I could never prevail with her to comply with. I wiſh you would try whether your oratory could get over this difficulty. General Dormer, Sir Clement Cotterell, and I, ſet out to-morrow morning for Rouſham, in Oxfordſhire, to ſtay ten days or a fortnight. The ducheſs will undertake to recommend the lords of her acquaintance to attend Mr. Ryves's cauſe, if it ſhould come on before our return: the duke will do the ſame. Her grace too has undertaken to anſwer your letter. I have not diſpoſed of your South-ſea bonds; there is a year's intereſt due at Lady-day. Were I to diſpoſe of them at preſent, I ſhould loſe a great deal of the premium I paid for them: perhaps they may fall lower, but I cannot prevail with myſelf to ſell them. The rogueries that have been diſcovered in ſome other companies, I believe, make them all have leſs credit. I find myſelf diſpirited, for want of having ſome purſuit. Indolence and idleneſs are the moſt tireſome things in the world. I begin to find a diſlike to ſociety. I think I ought to try to break myſelf of it, but I cannot reſolve to ſet about it. I have left off almoſt all my great acquaintance, which ſaves me ſomething in chair-hire, though in that article the town is ſtill very expenſive. Thoſe

who were your old acquaintance, are almoſt the only people I viſit; and indeed, upon trying all, I like them beſt. Lord Cornbury refuſed the penſion that was offered him; he is choſen to repreſent the univerſity of Oxford, in the room of Mr. Bromley, without oppoſition. I know him, and I think he deſerves it. He is a young nobleman of learning and morals, which is ſo particular, that I know you will reſpect and value him; and, to my great comfort, he lives in our family. Mr. Pope is in town, and in good health. I lately paſſed a week with him, at Twickenham. I muſt leave the reſt to the ducheſs; for I muſt pack up my ſhirts, to ſet out to-morrow, being the 14th of March, the day after I received your letter. If you would adviſe the ducheſs to confine me four hours a-day to my own room, while I am in the country, I will write; for, I cannot confine myſelf as I ought.

## To Mr. GAY.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I HAD your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I ſuppoſe he ſtayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon ſomething; there is no writing I eſteem more than fables, nor any thing ſo difficult to ſucceed in; which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admir'd your happineſs in ſuch a kind of performances which I have frequently endeavoured at in vain. I remember I acted as you ſeem to hint; I found a moral firſt, and ſtudied for a fable, but

could do nothing that pleaſed me, and ſo left off that ſcheme for ever. I remember one, which was to repreſent what ſcoundrels riſe in armies by a long war, wherein I ſuppoſed the lion was engaged; and having loſt all his animals of worth, at laſt ſerjeant Hog came to be brigadier, and corporal Aſs a colonel, *&c.* I agree with you likewiſe about getting ſomething by the ſtage, which, when it ſucceeds, is the beſt crop for poetry in England; but, pray, take ſome new ſcheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The preſent humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your preſent ſituation at the court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but thoſe circumſtances may have altered (at leaſt the former) ſince I left you. My ſcheme was to paſs a month at Ameſbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and ſometimes at Riſkins, without going to London, where I now can have no occaſional lodgings: but I am not yet in any condition for ſuch removals. I would fain have you get enough againſt you grow old, to have two or three ſervants about you and a convenient houſe. It is hard to want thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectuti*, when a man grows hard to pleaſe, and few people care whether he be pleaſed or not. I have a large houſe, yet I ſhould hardly prevail to find one viſiter, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: ſo that, when I am not abroad on horſeback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful, if a friend will paſs the evening with me. I am now

with

with the remainder of my pint before me, and ſo here's your health—and the ſecond and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my lady ducheſs—and I tell you that I fear my lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of philoſophers) would ſtarve me, for even of port wine I ſhould require half a pint a day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unleſs your duke and ducheſs have mended you. Your colick is owing to intemperance of the philoſophical kind; you eat without care, and if you drink leſs than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, becauſe I imagined the cauſe was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of ſchemes by court-hopes and court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the ſame defect, and it is of all others the moſt mortal to converſation: neither is my lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule *Vive la bagatelle!* but the doctor is the king of inattention. What a vexatious life ſhould I lead among you? If the ducheſs be a *reveuſe*, I will never go to Ameſbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the ſteward and chaplain.

MADAM,

I mentioned ſomething to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge-acquaintance, whom we forget of courſe when we return to town, and yet I am aſſured that if they meet again next ſummer, they have a better title to reſume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of correſponding with your grace to be better eſtabliſhed upon your return to Ameſbury; and I ſhall at this time deſcend to forget, or at leaſt ſuſ-

pend my reſentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I ſtill keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no ſooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you ſo far, that you wanted preſence of mind to blot out the laſt line, where that command ſtared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worſt; and fortune is ever againſt me, but never ſo much as by purſuing me out of mere partiality to your grace, for which you are to anſwer. By your connivance, ſhe has pleaſed, by one ſtumble on the ſtairs, to give me a lameneſs that ſix months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myſelf by continuing a month at Ameſbury, and breeding confuſion in your grace's family. No diſappointment through my whole life has been ſo vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I ſhall ever live to ſee the inviſible lady, to whom I was obliged for ſo many favours, and whom I never beheld ſince ſhe was a bratt in hanging-ſleeves. I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, madam, your grace's moſt obedient, and moſt humble, *&c.*

## From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

London May 13, 1732.

I AM ſorry my writing ſhould inconvenience your eyes; but I fear, it is rather my ſtyle, than my ink, that is ſo hard to be read: however, if I do

not

not forget myſelf, I will enlarge my hand to give you the leſs trouble. Their graces are at laſt arrived in perfect health, in ſpite of all their perils and dangers; though I muſt own, they were ſo long in their voyage, that they gave me an exceeding heart-ach; and if that would be any hinderance, they ſhall never have my conſent to go back to Ireland, but remain here, and be only king of Knowle * and Drayton; and I do not think it would be the worſe for him, either in perſon or pocket. I dare ſay, he won't need a remembrancer's office for any thing you have ſpoke to him about; but however, I will not fail in the part you have ſet me.

I find you want a ſtrict account of me, how I paſs my time. But firſt, I thank you for the nine hours out of the twenty-four you allowed me for ſleeping; one or two of them, I do willingly preſent you back again. As to quadrille, though I am, generally ſpeaking, a conſtant attendant on it every day, yet I will moſt thankfully ſubmit to your allowance of time; for, when complaiſance draws me on farther, it is with great yawnings, and a vaſt expence of my breath, in aſking, Who plays? Who's called? And What's trumps? If you can recollect any thing of my former way of life, ſuch as it was, ſo it is. I never loved to have my hands idle; they were either full of work, or had a book; but as neither ſort was the beſt, or moſt uſeful, ſo you will find forty years have done no more good to

* Knowle, a fine old ſeat of the duke of Dorſet's, near Seven Oaks, in Kent

my head, than they have to my face. Your old friend Biddy is much your humble ſervant, and could ſhe get rid of her cough, her ſpleen would do her and her friend no harm; for ſhe loves a fly ſedate joke, as well as ever you knew her do. The duke and ducheſs are juſt come in, who both preſent their ſervice to you, and will take it as a favour, if you will beſtow any of your time that you can ſpare upon * lord George.

Adieu, for the ducheſs, the counteſs of Suffolk, Mr. Chardin, and I, are going to quadrille.

## From Mr. GAY.

DEAR SIR, London, May 19, 1732.

TO-MORROW we ſet out for Ameſbury, where I propoſe to follow your advice, of employing myſelf about ſome work againſt next winter. You ſeemed not to approve of my writing more fables. Thoſe I am now writing, have a prefatory diſcourſe before each of them, by way of epiſtle, and the morals of them moſtly are of the political kind; which makes them run into a greater length than thoſe I have already publiſhed. I have already finiſhed fifteen or ſixteen; four or five more would make a volume of the ſame ſize as the firſt. Though this is a kind of writing that appears very eaſy, I find it is the moſt difficult of any that I ever undertook. After I have invented one fable, and finiſhed it, I deſpair of finding out another; but I have

* Lord George Sackville was at this time a ſtudent in the univerſity of Dublin.

a moral or two more, which I wiſh to write upon. I have alſo a ſort of ſcheme to raiſe my finances by doing ſomething for the ſtage: with this, and ſome reading, and a great deal of exerciſe, I propoſe to paſs my ſummer. I am ſorry it muſt be without you. Why can't you come and ſaunter about the downs a-horſeback, in the autumn, to mark the partridges for me to ſhoot for your dinner? Yeſterday I received your letter, and notwithſtanding your reproaches of lazineſs, I was four or five hours about buſineſs, and did not ſpend a ſhilling in a coach or chair. I received a year's intereſt on your two bonds, which is 8l. I have four of my own. I have depoſited all of them in the hands of Mr. Hoare, to receive the half year's intereſt at Michaelmas. The premium of the bonds is fallen a great deal ſince I bought yours. I gave very near 6l. on each bond, and they are now ſold for about 50s. Every thing is very precarious, and I have no opinion of any of their public ſecurities; but, I believe, the parliament next year intend to examine the South-Sea ſcheme. I do not know, whether it will be prudent to truſt our money there till that time. I did what I could to aſſiſt Mr. Ryves; and I am very glad that he has found juſtice. Lord Bathurſt ſpoke for him, and was very zealous on bringing on his cauſe. The ducheſs intended to write in my laſt letter, but ſhe ſet out all on a ſudden, to take care of lord Drumlanrig *, who was taken ill of the ſmall-pox at Wincheſter ſchool. He is now perfectly well recovered, (for he had a

* Her ſon.

favourable

favourable kind) to the great joy of our family. I think ſhe ought, as ſhe intends, to renew her correſpondence with you at Ameſbury. I was at Dawley on Sunday. Lady Bolingbroke continues in a very bad ſtate of health, but ſtill retains her ſpirits. You are always remembered there with great reſpect and friendſhip. Mrs. Pope is ſo worn out with old age, but without any diſtemper, that I look upon her life as very uncertain. Mr. Pope's ſtate of health is much in the ſame way as when you left him. As for myſelf, I am often troubled with the colick. I have as much inattention, and have, I think, lower ſpirits than uſual, which I impute to my having no one purſuit in life. I have many compliments to make you from the duke and duchеſs, and lords Bolingbroke, Bathurſt, Sir William Wyndham, Mr. Pulteney, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Lewis, *&c.* Every one of them is diſappointed in your not coming among us. I have not ſeen dean Berkeley, but have read his book *, and like many parts of it; but in general think, with you, that it is too ſpeculative, at leaſt for me. Dr. Delany I have very ſeldom ſeen; he did not do me the honour to adviſe with me about any thing he has publiſhed. I like your thoughts upon this ſort of writing, and I ſhould have adviſed him, as you did, though I had loſt his good opinion. I write in very great haſte; for I have many things to do before I go out of town. Pray make me as happy as you can, and let me hear from you often. But

* 'Alciphron: Or, The Minute Philoſopher.' Printed at London, in 1732, in two volumes 8vo.

I am

I am ſtill in hopes to ſee you, and will expect a ſummons one day or other to come to Briſtol, in order to be your guide to Ameſbury.

## From Lady CATHERINE JONES.

June 15, 1732.

THE return of my humble thanks to Mr. Dean, by the date it bears, looks more like a ſlumber of gratitude, than the quick ſenſe of that rare virtue which I owe to you, Sir, for the trouble you have ſo willingly undertaken, in executing what I ſo much deſired; ſince the manner you have done it in, anſwers my wiſhes in every reſpect. The propoſal you made, I acquainted my ſiſter Kildare, and niece Fanny Coningſby with; for being but one part of the family, I cannot act farther than they will conſent, which is, that they will ſettle twenty ſhillings *per* year, that you may never be liable to any more trouble upon the ſame occaſion.

I need not inform you, Mr. Dean, that the world teaches us, that relations and friends look like two different ſpecies: and though I have the honour to be allied to my lord Burlington, yet ſince the death of my good father and his, the notice he takes of me, is, as if I was a ſeparated blood; or elſe, I am vain enough to ſay, we are ſprung from one anceſtor, whoſe aſhes keep up a greater luſtre than thoſe who are not reduced to them.

I cannot

I cannot conclude without ſaying, that were I worthy in any way to have the pleaſure of ſeeing dean Swift, I do not know any paſſion, even envy would not make innocent, in my ambition of ſeeing the author of ſo much wit and judicious writing, as I have had the advantage of. Your moſt humble and obliged ſervant,

CATHERINE JONES.

Your opinion of Mr. French is juſt, and his due.

## From Lord BOLINGBROKE.

July 18, 1732.

I WRITE this letter, in hopes that Pope, a man ſcattered in the world (according to the French phraſe) will ſoon procure me an opportunity of conveying it ſafely to you, my reverend Dean. For my own part, half this wicked nation might go to you, or half your beggarly nation might come to us, and the whole migration be over before I knew any thing of the matter. My letter will concern neither affairs of ſtate, nor of party; and yet I would not have it fall into the hands of our miniſters: it might paſs in their excellent noddles for a piece of a plot againſt themſelves, if not againſt the ſtate; or, at leaſt, it might furniſh them with an opportunity of doing an ill-natured, and diſappointing a good-natured thing; which being a pleaſure to the malicious and the baſe, I ſhould be ſorry to give it on any occaſion, and eſpecially on this, to the *par nobile fratrum* *.

* 'Sir Robert Walpole, and his brother Horace.'

After

After this preamble, I proceed to tell you, that there is in my neighbourhood, in Berkſhire, a clergyman, one Mr. Talbot, related to the ſolicitor-general, and protected by him. This man has now the living of Burfield *, which the late biſhop of Durham held before, and, for aught I know, after he was biſhop of Oxford. The living is worth 400l. *per annum* over and above a curate paid, as Mr. Correy, a gentleman who does my buſineſs in that country, and who is a very grave authority, aſſures me. The parſonage-houſe is extremely good, the place pleaſant, and the air excellent, the diſtance from London a little day's journey, and from hence (give me leave to think this circumſtance of ſome importance to you) not much above half a day's, even for you who are no great jockey. Mr. Talbot has many reaſons, which make him deſirous to ſettle in Ireland for the reſt of his life, and has been looking out for a change of preferments ſome time. As ſoon as I heard this, I employed one to know whether he continued in the ſame mind, and to tell him, that an advantageous exchange might be offered him, if he could engage his kinſman to make it practicable at court. He anſwered for his own acceptance, and his kinſman's endeavours. I employed next ſome friends to ſecure my lord Dorſet, who very frankly declared himſelf ready to ſerve you in any thing, and in this, if you deſired it. But he mentioned a thing, at the ſame time, wholly unknown to me, which is, that your deanry is not in the nomination of

* A rectory in Berkſhire.

the

the crown, but in the election of the chapter. This may render our affair perhaps more eaſy, more hard I think, it cannot be; but in all caſes, it requires other meaſures to be taken. One of theſe I believe muſt be, to prepare Hoadly, biſhop of Saliſbury, if that be poſſible, to prepare his brother the archbiſhop of Dublin. The light, in which the propoſition muſt be repreſented to him, and to our miniſters, (if it be made to them) is this; that though they gratify you, they gratify you in a thing advantageous to themſelves, and ſilly in you to aſk. I ſuppoſe it will not be hard to perſuade them, that it is better for them you ſhould be a private pariſh prieſt in an Engliſh county, than a dean in the metropolis of Ireland, where they know, becauſe they have felt, your authority and influence. At leaſt, this topic is a plauſible one for thoſe who ſpeak to them, to inſiſt upon, and coming out of a whig's mouth may have weight. Sure I am, they will be eaſily perſuaded, that quitting power for eaſe, and a greater for a leſs revenue, is a fooliſh bargain, which they ſhould by conſequence help you to make.

You ſee now the ſtate of this whole affair, and you will judge better than I am able to do, of the means to be employed on your ſide of the water: as to thoſe on this, nothing ſhall be neglected. Find ſome ſecure way of conveying your thoughts and your commands to me; for my friend has a right to command me arbitrarily, which no man elſe upon earth has. Or rather, diſpoſe of affairs ſo as to come hither immediately. You intended

to

to come ſome time ago. You ſpeak, in a letter Pope has juſt now received from you, as if you ſtill had in view to make this journey before winter. Make it in the ſummer, and the ſooner the better. To talk of being able to ride with ſtirrups, is trifling: get on Pegaſus, beſtride the hippogryph, or mount the white nag in the Revelations. To be ſerious; come any how, and put neither delay nor humour in a matter which requires diſpatch and management. Though I have room, I will not ſay one word to you about Berkeley's or Delany's books. Some part of the former is hard to be underſtood; none of the latter is to be read. I propoſe, however, to reconcile you to metaphyſics; by ſhewing how they may be employed againſt metaphyſicians; and that whenever you do not underſtand them, no-body elſe does, no not thoſe who write them.

I know you are inquiſitive about the health of the poor woman who inhabits this place: it is tolerable, better than it has been in ſome years. Come and ſee her; you ſhall be nurſed, fondled, and humoured. She deſires you to accept this aſſurance, with her humble ſervice. Your horſes ſhall be grazed in ſummer, and fothered in winter; and you and your man ſhall have meat, drink, and lodging. Waſhing I can't afford, Mr. Dean, for I am grown ſaving. Thanks to your ſermon about frugality.

From

## From Lady BETTY GERMAINE.

Drayton, July 19, 1732.

I BELIEVE you won't wonder at my long ſilence, when I tell you, that Mrs. Floyd came ill here, but that ſhe kept pretty much to herſelf; and ever ſince ſhe has been here, till within theſe two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may eaſily gueſs what I muſt have ſuffered for a ſo long tried, prudent, uſeful, agreeable companion and friend. And God knows, ſhe is now exceſſively weak, and mends but ſlowly: however, I have now great hopes, and I am very good at believing what I heartily wiſh. As I dare ſay you will be concerned for her, you may want to know her illneſs, but that is more than I can tell you. She has fancied herſelf in a conſumption a great while: but though ſhe has had the moſt dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors ſaid, it was not that; but none of them did ſay what it was. The doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one, (but lives fourteen long miles off) has lately been left ten thouſand pounds, and now hates his buſineſs; he ſays, it is a ſharp humour that falls upon her nerves, ſometimes on her ſtomach and bowels; and indeed what he has given her, has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions of things ſhe has been forced to take. After this, you will not expect, I ſhould have followed your orders, and rid, for I have ſcarcely walked; although I dare,

dare not be very much in her room, becauſe ſhe conſtrained herſelf to hide her illneſs from me.

The duke and ducheſs of Dorſet have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will ſoon. I don't know, whether you remember Mrs. Crowther, and Mrs. Acourt: they and Mr. Perſode are my company; but as I love my houſe full, I expect more ſtill. My lady Suffolk talks of making me a ſhort viſit. I have been ſo full of Mrs. Floyd, I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I am ſuch a dunderhead, that I really do not know what my ſiſter Pen's age was; but I think, ſhe could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgot; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly know my own, for my mother and nurſe uſed to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young lady ſtill, ſo will not allow myſelf to be more than forty-eight next birth-day; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wiſh I never had been born. So adieu, dear Dean.

## From Mr. GAY and the Ducheſs of QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, Ameſbury, July 24, 1732.

AS the circumſtances of our money affairs are altered, I think myſelf obliged to acquaint you with them as ſoon as I can; which, if I had not received your letter laſt poſt, I ſhould have done now. I left your two South-Sea bonds, and four

of my own, in Mr. Hoare's hands, when I came out of town, that he might receive the intereſt for us, when due; or, if you ſhould want your money, that you might receive it upon your order. Since I came out of town, the South-Sea company have come to a reſolution to pay off 50 *per cent.* of their bonds, with the intereſt of the 50 *per cent.* to Michaelmas next. So that there is now half of our fortunes in Mr. Hoare's hands at preſent, without any intereſt going on. As you ſeem to be inclined to have your money remitted to Ireland, I will not lay out the ſum that is paid into his hands in any other thing, till I have your orders. I cannot tell what to do with my own. I believe I ſhall ſee Mr. Hoare in this country very ſoon; for he has a houſe not above ſix miles from us, and I intend to adviſe with him; though, in the preſent ſituation of affairs, I expect to be left to take my own way. The remaining 50 *per cent.* were it to be ſold at preſent, bears a premium. I do not know whether I write intelligibly upon the ſubject. I cannot ſend you the particulars of your account, though I know I am in debt to you for intereſt, beſide your principal; and you will underſtand ſo much of what I intend to inform you, that half of your money is now in Mr. Hoare's hands, without any intereſt. So ſince I cannot ſend you the particulars of your account, I will now ſay no more about it.

I ſhall finiſh the work I intended, this ſummer; but I look upon the ſucceſs in every reſpect to be precarious. You judge very right of my preſent ſituation,

ſituation, that I cannot propoſe to ſucceed by favour; and I don't think, if I could flatter myſelf that I had any degree of merit, much could be expected from that unfaſhionable pretenſion.

I have almoſt done every thing I propoſed in the way of fables; but have not ſet the laſt hand to them. Though they will not amount to half the number, I believe they will make much ſuch another volume as the laſt. I find it the moſt difficult taſk I ever undertook; but have determined to go through with it; and, after this, I believe I ſhall never have courage enough to think any more in this way. Laſt poſt I had a letter from Mr. Pope, who informs me, he has heard from you; and that he is preparing ſome ſcattered things of yours and his for the preſs. I believe I ſhall not ſee him till the winter; for, by riding and walking, I am endeavouring to lay in a ſtock of health, to ſquander in the town. You ſee, in this reſpect, my ſcheme is very like the country gentlemen in regard to their revenues. As to my eating and drinking, I live as when you knew me; ſo that in that point we ſhall agree very well in living together; and the ducheſs will anſwer for me, that I am cured of inattention; for I never forget any thing ſhe ſays to me.

The ducheſs here takes up the reſt of the line.

For he never hears what I ſay, ſo cannot forget.

If I ſerved him the ſame way, I ſhould not care a farthing ever to be better acquainted with my Tunbridge acquaintance, whom, by my attention to

him, I have learned to ſet my heart upon. I began to give over all hopes, and from thence began my neglect. I think this a very philoſophical reaſon, though there might be another given. When fine ladies are in London, it is very genteel and allowable to forget their beſt friends; which, if I thought modeſtly of myſelf, muſt needs be you, becauſe you know little of me. Till you do more, pray don't perſuade Mr. Gay, that he is diſcreet enough to live alone; for I do aſſure you he is not, nor I either. We are of great uſe to one another; for we never flatter nor contradict, but when it is abſolutely neceſſary, and then we do it to ſome purpoſe; particularly the firſt agrees mightily with our conſtitutions. If ever we quarrel, it will be about a piece of bread and butter; for ſome body is never ſick, except he eats too much of it. He will not quarrel with you for a glaſs or ſo; for by that means he hopes to gulp down ſome of that forty millions of ſchemes that hindred him from being good company. I would fain ſee you here, there is ſo fair a chance that one of us muſt be pleaſed; perhaps both, you with an old acquaintance, and I with a new one: it is ſo well worth taking a journey for, that if the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet muſt go to the mountain. But before either of our journeys are ſettled, I deſire you would reſolve me one queſtion, whether a man, who thinks himſelf well where he is, ſhould look out for his houſe and ſervants before 'tis convenient, before he grows old, or before a perſon, with whom he lives, pulls him by the ſleeve in private (according

ing to oath) and tells him, they have enough of his company? He will not let me write one word more, but that I have a very great regard for you, *&c.*

The duke is very much yours, and will never leave you to your wine *. Many thanks for your drum——I wiſh to receive your congratulations for the other boy, you may believe——

## To Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Aug. 12, 1732.

I KNOW not what to ſay to the account of your ſtewardſhip, and it is monſtrous to me that the South-ſea ſhould pay half their debts at one clap. But I will ſend for the money when you put me into the way, for I ſhall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miſeries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worſe than ever; ſo that I ſhall ſoon petition the ducheſs, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thouſand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me ſix hogſheads of wine, which will ſupport me a year; *proviſæ frugis in annum copia.* Horace deſired no more; for I will conſtrue *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get ſome lucky hint, which muſt come by chance, and it ſhall be

* When the Dean was with Mr. Pope at Twickenham, he uſed to deſert them ſoon after ſupper, with, "Well, gentlemen, I leave you to your wine."

a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*, and you ſhall not finiſh it in haſte, and it ſhall be diverting, and uſefully ſatirical, and the ducheſs ſhall be your critic; and betwixt you and me, I do not find ſhe will grow weary of you till this time ſeven years. I had lately an offer to change for an Engliſh living, which is juſt too ſhort by 300l. a-year, and that muſt be made up out of the ducheſs's pin-money before I can conſent. I want to be miniſter of Ameſbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riſkins, and Prebendary of Weſtminſter, elſe I will not ſtir a ſtep, but content myſelf with making the ducheſs miſerable three months next ſummer. But I keep ill company: I mean the ducheſs and you, who are both out of favour; and ſo I find am I, by a few verſes wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. Delany has got a wife with 1600l. a-year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thouſand; I wiſh you would enquire of ſuch a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profeſs I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thouſand pounds more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which laſt evil at Ameſbury, you muſt learn to domineer and be peeviſh, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the ſervants, with ſome other leſſons, which I ſhall teach you, and always practiſed myſelf with ſucceſs. I believe I formerly deſired to know whether the vicar of Ameſbury can

play

play at back-gammon? pray aſk him the queſtion, and give him my ſervice.

## To the DUCHESS.

MADAM,

I was the moſt unwary creature in the world, when, againſt my old maxims, I writ firſt to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condeſcenſion of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended cauſes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay laſt in London, talking with him on ſome poetical ſubjects, he would anſwer, "Well, I am determined not to accept the employ-"ment of Gentleman-uſher;" and of the ſame diſpoſition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly deſpair.—As to yourſelf, I will ſay to you (though compariſons be odious) what I ſaid to the queen, that your quality ſhould be never any motive of eſteem to me; my compliment was then loſt, but it will not be ſo to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters, than I could by ſix months converſing. Your pen is always more natural and ſincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourſelf the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted ſo indiſcreetly that I have you at mercy; and although you ſhould arrive to ſuch a height of immorality as to deny your hand,

yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in ſwearing this muſt come from you only.

I will anſwer your queſtion. Mr. Gay is not diſcreet enough to live alone, but he is too diſcreet to live alone; and yet (unleſs you mend him) he will live alone even in your grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the ſubject of bread and butter, is the moſt uſual thing in the world; parliaments, courts, cities, and kingdoms quarrel for no other cauſe; from hence, and from hence only ariſe all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between thoſe who are in the miniſtry, and thoſe who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the church, the law, and the army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we ſay, It is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no buſineſs of mine. Therefore I deſpair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjuſted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet ſhould come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Ameſbury, ſhe offer'd fifty guineas to have you both at her houſe for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your queſtion I anſwer, that your grace ſhould pull me by the ſleeve till you tore it off, and when you ſaid you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you ſay of my lord duke, unleſs I ſee three

or

or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay muſt give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not aſhamed of you though you be duke and ducheſs, though I have been of others who are, *&c.* and I do not doubt but even your own ſervants love you, even down to your poſtilions; and when I come to Ameſbury, before I ſee your grace, I will have an hour's converſation with the vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobſon and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were god-mother to her ſon Jacky.

I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect, your grace's moſt obedient, *&c.*

## From the Earl of PETERBOROW to Mr. POPE

1732.

I AM under the greateſt impatience to ſee Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount, and muſt ſignify my mind to him by another hand; it not being permitted me to bold correſpondence with the ſaid Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this Proteſtant land, moſt eſpecially under the care of Divine Providence, that nothing can ſucceed or come to a happy iſſue without bribery; therefore let me know what he expects, to comply with my deſires, and it ſhall be remitted unto him.

For,

For, though I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conſcience: every one muſt confeſs that gratification and corruption are two diſtinct terms; nay at worſt many good men hold, that, for a good end, ſome very naughty meaſures may be made uſe of.

But, Sir, I muſt give you ſome good news in relation to myſelf, becauſe I know you wiſh me well: I am cured of ſome diſeaſes in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was poſſeſt with violent and uneaſy paſſions, ſuch as a peeviſh concern for truth, and a ſaucy love for my country.

When a Chriſtian prieſt preached againſt the ſpirit of the Goſpel, when an Engliſh judge determined againſt Magna Charta, when the miniſter acted againſt common-ſenſe, I uſed to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myſelf in temper. As I have no flattering hopes, ſo I baniſh all uſeleſs fears: but as to the things of this world, I find myſelf in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident, from a late parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a perſonal eſtate, as Sir Robert Sutton.

If the tranſlator of Homer find fault with this unheroic diſpoſition, or (what I more fear) if the Drapier of Ireland accuſe the Engliſhman of want of ſpirit; I ſilence you both with one line out of your own Horace *Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis e pluribus una?* for I take the whole to be ſo corrupted,

rupted, that a cure in any part would but little avail.

Yours, &c.

## To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

I NEVER knew or heard of any perſon ſo volatile and ſo fixt as your lordſhip: you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the ſame time remember to do offices of favour and kindneſs to the meaneſt of your friends; and, in all the ſcenes you paſſed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witneſs againſt you; for, being the moſt inſignificant of all your old humble ſervants, you were ſo cruel as never to give me time to aſk a favour; but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I deſired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capricioufneſs of fortune in regard to your lordſhip. She hath forced courts to act againſt their oldeſt and moſt conſtant maxims; to make you a general becauſe you had courage and conduct; an ambaſſador becauſe you had wiſdom and knowledge in the intereſts of Europe; and an admiral on account of your ſkill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the uſual method of court proceedings, I ſhould have been at

the head of the army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the dean of St. Patrick's.

The archbiſhop of Dublin laments that he did not ſee your lordſhip till he was juſt upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found ſucceſs in that journey; elſe I ſhall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordſhip's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the leaſt advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember lord Oxford's miniſtry uſed to tell me, "That, not knowing where to write to you "they were forced to write at you." It is ſo with me; for you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that "you know not where to lay your head;" and I think you have no houſe. Pray, my lord, write to me, that I may have the pleaſure, in this ſcoundrel country, of going about, and ſhewing my depending parſons a letter from the earl of Peterborow.

I am, &c.

## From Mrs. CÆSAR*.

Aug. 6, 1732.

PERMIT me to congratulate you upon the return of Mrs. Barber, with thanks for pleaſures enjoyed in her company; for had ſhe not come recommended by the dean of St. Patrick's, likely I

* Wife to the treaſurer of the navy during lord Oxford's adminiſtration, in the reign of queen Anne.

had

had paſs'd her by unheeded, being apt to follow a good author, in ſhunning thoſe of my own coat. But hold; I muſt look if it runs not from corner to corner, which I more fear than length. For Pope ſays, Though ſometimes he finds too many letters in my words, never too many words in my letters. So with Mr. Cæſar's, and my beſt wiſhes, thou worthy, witty, honeſt dean, farewel.

M. ADELMAR CÆSAR.

## From Lady WORSLEY *.

SIR, Aug. 6, 1732.

I FLATTER myſelf, that if you had received my laſt letter, you would have favoured me with an anſwer; therefore I take it for granted it is loſt.

I was ſo proud of your commands, and ſo fearful of being ſupplanted by my daughter, that I went to work immediately, that her box might not keep her in your remembrance, while there was nothing to put you in mind of an old friend, and humble ſervant. But Mrs. Barber's long ſtay here (who promiſed me to convey it to you) has made me appear very negligent. I doubt not but you think me unworthy of the ſhare you once told me I had in your heart. What if I am a great-grandmother, I can ſtill diſtinguiſh your merit from all the reſt of the world; but it is not conſiſtent with your good

* Frances lady Worſley, wife of Sir Robert Worſley, bart. and mother of lady Carteret, wife of John lord Carteret, afterwards earl Granville.

breeding

breeding to put one in mind of it; therefore I am determined not to uſe my intereſt with Sir Robert for a living in the Iſle of Wight, though nothing elſe could reconcile me to the place. But if I could make you archbiſhop of Canterbury, I ſhould forget my reſentments, for the ſake of the flock, who very much want a careful ſhepherd. Are we to have the honour of ſeeing you, or not? I have freſh hopes given me; but I dare not pleaſe myſelf too much with them, leſt I ſhould be again diſappointed. If I had it as much in my power, as my inclination, to ſerve Mrs. Barber, ſhe ſhould not be kept thus long attending; but I hope her next voyage may prove more ſucceſsful. She is juſt come in, and tells me you have ſprained your foot, which will prevent your journey till the next ſummer; but aſſure yourſelf the Bath is the only infallible cure for ſuch an accident. If you have any regard remaining for me, you'll ſhew it by taking my advice; if not, I'll endeavour to forget you, if I can. But, till that doubt is cleared, I am, as much as ever, the dean's obedient humble ſervant,

F. WORSLEY.

## From Alderman BARBER.

SIR, London, Aug. 24, 1732.

I WISH Dr. Delany had complied with your requeſt ſooner, in acquainting me with your intentions in favour of Mr. Pilkington. I could have been glad alſo, that he had acquainted you, as I deſired him, with the particulars how I ſtood circumſtantiated

cumſtantiated in relation to the chaplain; for I flatter myſelf that your uſual good-nature would have induced you to comply with my requeſt, in writing a letter to me, in an authoritative way, in your recommendation of Mr. Pilkington; which would have given me a good excuſe for my refuſing a gentleman, whom my deputy and common-councilmen had recommended to me above ſix months ago.

Another accident happened in this affair, by the doctor's not receiving a letter I ſent him, which, by miſtake, came not to his hands (though at home) until many hours after my man had left it at his lodgings; which letter, had he ſeen in time, would have prevented ſome little difficulties I lie under in this affair, and which I muſt get over as well as I can.

For, Sir, when I reflect on the many obligations I have to you, which I ſhall ever acknowledge, I am glad of any occaſion to ſhew my gratitude; and do hereby, at your requeſt, make Mr. Pilkington my chaplain, when mayor. I wiſh it may anſwer his expectations; for the profits are not above one hundred and twenty pounds, if ſo much, as I am told. He conſtantly dines with the mayor; but I am afraid can't lie in the hall, the rooms being all of ſtate. For your ſake I will ſhew him all the civilities I can. You will recommend him to Jo. (Dr. I mean) Trapp. The mayor's day is the 30th of October; ſo that he may take his own time.

It would add very much to my felicity, if your health would permit you to come over in the ſpring, and

and ſee a pageant of your own making. Had you been here now, I am perſuaded you would have put me to an additional expence, by having a raree-ſhew (or pageant) as of old, on the lord-mayor's day. Mr. Pope and I were thinking to have a large machine carried through the city, with a printing-preſs, author, publiſhers, hawkers, devils, &c and a ſatirical poem printed and thrown from the preſs to the mob, in public view, but not to give offence; but your abſence ſpoils that deſign.

Pray God preſerve you long, very long, for the good of your country, and the joy and ſatisfaction of your friends; among whom I take the liberty to ſubſcribe myſelf, with great ſincerity, Sir, your moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

J. BARBER.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

END OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME.